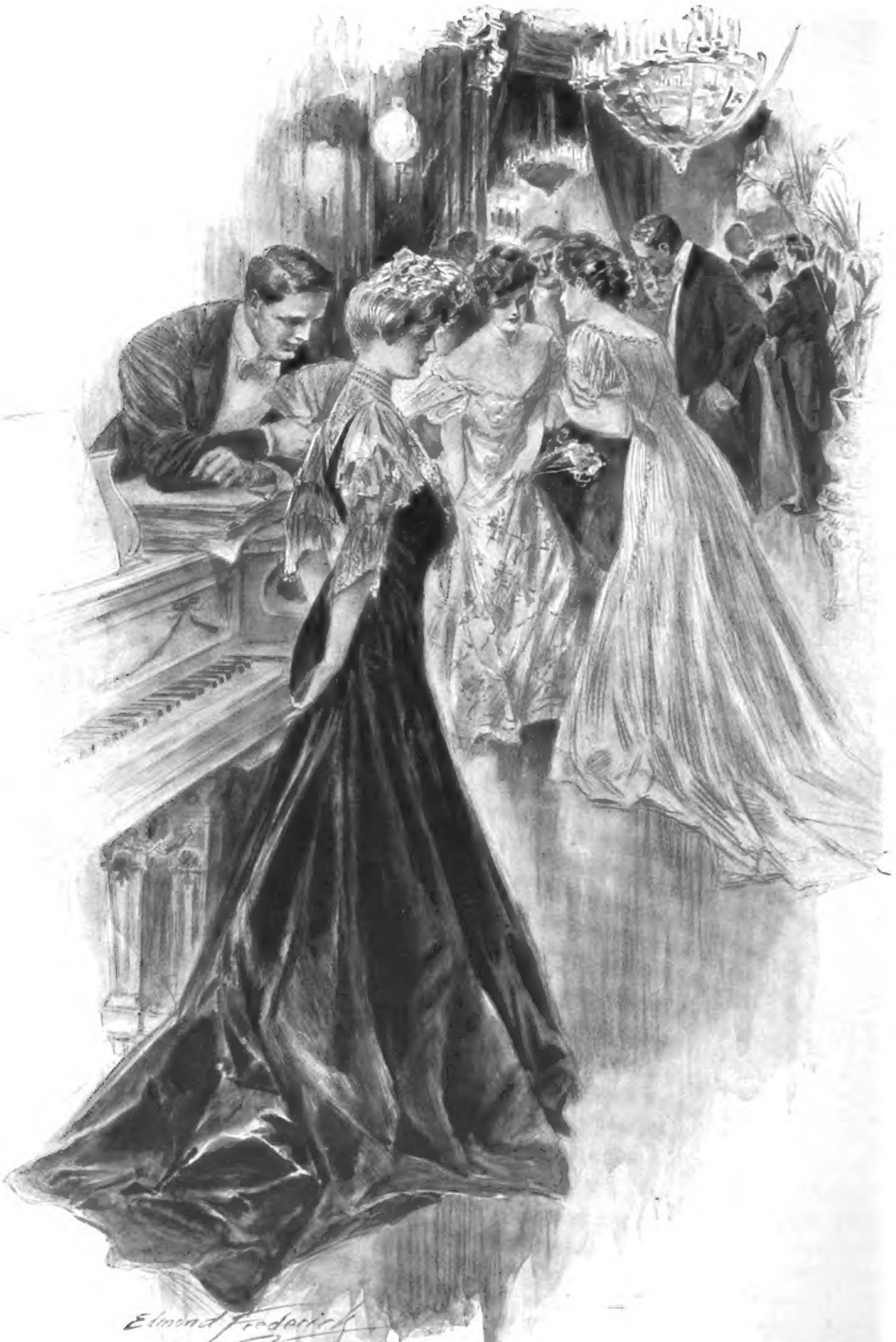
June


Edmond Frederick

"WELL, PRINCESS, IS THE PUMPKIN IN WAITING—AND THE FOUR GRAY RATS?"

—*"Cinderella Dines," page 745.*

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EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XVI. JUNE, 1907. No. 6.

Making an Individual of the Indian

By J. M. OSKISON

A NEW series of Indian portraits is needed. The "noble red man" of Fenimore Cooper and of Catlin, the fierce figure in war-paint and feathers, lost his romantic interest when he was confined to a reservation and fed on rations. He became of no more interest than any other stall-fed creature. Admiration of the untamed savage gave way to contempt for the dirty beggar in the streets and under the car windows. This period did not have its picture-makers, yet the public got a vivid impression of it, nevertheless.

Now the stall-fed reservation dweller has been supplanted in turn by the new man, Indian only in blood and traditions, who is stepping up to take his place in the life of the West. The pictures that are to represent the new Indians will include a short-haired, dark-faced man dressed in black slouch hat, dingy white cotton shirt, blue overalls, and hobnailed shoes. He may be a Kiowa farmer who gathered 600 bushels of corn from twenty acres of cultivated land last year, or one of the 391 Pine Ridge Indians who put up 6,700 tons of hay to carry their stock through the winter. Or he may be Plenty Buffalo, who has worked with team and scraper on the Huntley irrigation project in Montana for six months; or Bert Fredericks, the Hopi night foreman on the tunnel at the Zuñi dam in Arizona.

The pictures will also depict the Indian woman as mistress of a prairie cabin, feeding the chickens or carrying food to the calves and pigs. They will include a group of children, dressed very like white children, trotting off to day-school at eight o'clock with their noon lunches in packages under their arms. A big canvas to hang beside the old painting of the war-dance will show 2,000 Sioux attending a convocation of the Episcopal Church at White Swan, South Dakota, and listening to addresses from Bishop Hare, or from their own clergyman, Amos Ross, a full-blood.

The point is that the modern Indian must be

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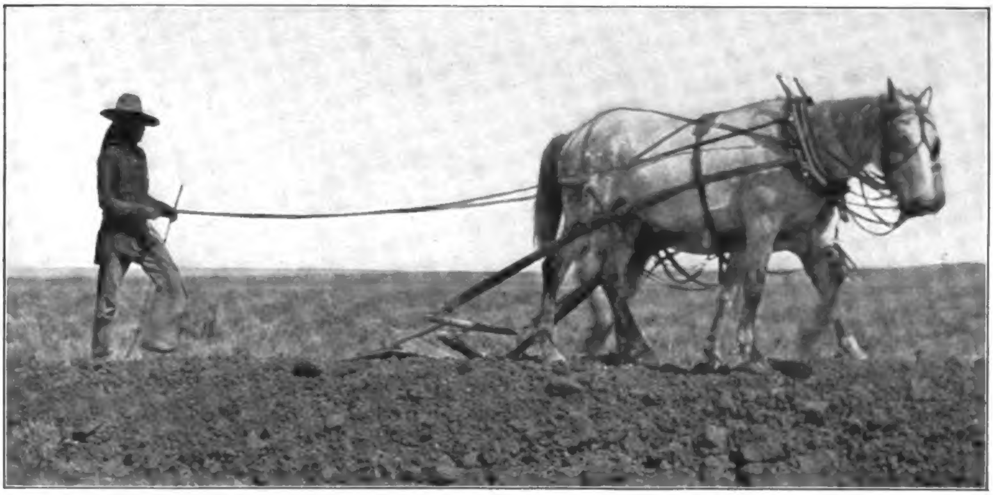
AN INDIAN CAR-TENDER IN A CONSTRUCTION CAMP.

thought of as an individual, not merely as a unit in certain tribal groups. For of the eighty-one tribes of "reservation" Indians now in charge of agents and superintendents, comprising 190,000 individuals, sixteen tribes, with some 53,000 members, are self-supporting, in the sense that they are provided by the government with neither work nor rations. Except for two Sioux groups, and the aged, sick and infirm, only a few hundred adult reservation dwellers receive rations regularly. Even taking into account the children in government schools, nine out of ten Indians of all ages have been weaned from this pauperizing source of supply. In certain of the tribes eighty per cent. are judged to be capable of using their individual shares of the tribal funds held in trust by the United States. All of the members of six tribes are occupying their allotments, and from sixty to ninety per cent. of six other tribes are doing so. At fifty of the eighty-one agencies complete registers



"BIRD-IN-THE-MORNING," A CROW INDIAN SCRAPER DRIVER.

of the family and marriage relationships existing among the Indians have been completed.

Every effort of the Indian Office and of the Indian's friends since the Dawes Land Allotment Act was passed in 1887 has been directed toward getting every tribesman into his own house, on his own land, and at work for himself. The effort has begun to tell. At first cabins replace the tepees on the northern reservations and the brush shelters of the Southwest; millet is then sown and cut for cattle feed. The following year the land produces wheat or corn. Near the cabin a garden is started, where squashes, melons, potatoes, beans, carrots, and the other familiar vegetables are grown. Indian women make quilts and jams, and the children learn at school that the clever worker with the needle or the patient handler of the hoe is the one who is popular with the teacher and among the white people who are crowding in on every side. The attempt to make the Indian realize his individual responsibility has indeed begun to show result.

Photograph by Cheyne's Studio, Hampton, Va.

CHARLES DOXON, AN ONONDAGAN,
Director of Manual Training Work at Hampton Institute.

The "County Fair" that was held from October 3 to October 6, 1906, at Black Pipe, on the Rosebud reservation in South Dakota, clearly reflected the "new" Indian. Reuben Quick Bear, a full-blooded Sioux Indian, provided the site, a clipped pasture big enough to include a mile race-track, and invited entries for a list of "events" long enough to satisfy any hard-working committee on arrangements. The "large and enthusiastic attendance," usually reported on the occasion of a county fair, was described by an Indian reporter for *The New Era*, "the only magazine published on the reservation"—a monthly edited by the students of the Rosebud school.

The Indians camped in a great hollow square surrounding the track. Near at hand was a fine, running stream that furnished water for the horses; there was good pasturage; and plenty of fuel for the camps could

THE SEWING ROOM IN A SCHOOL AT PINE RIDGE, SOUTH DAKOTA.

be obtained in the woods bordering the creek.

For two days the races, the exhibits, the games, and the "Farmers' Institute" engaged the attention of the visitors. On the third day Reuben Quick Bear announced the prize winners among the exhibitors, and distributed the prizes. To Zander Big Crow was awarded a clock for owning the best improved and best equipped allotment on the reservation. Wooden Ring won a watch for showing the best collection of domestic animals. Minnie War Bonnet carried away a lamp as evidence that she is the best housekeeper and cook among the women of Rosebud. An appropriate prize was that won by Andrew Long Warrior, the champion vegetable grower, for the committee awarded him a spade. Plenty Bull has the largest area of cultivated land on his allotment; the committee gave him a file to sharpen his plowshare. John Elk-Looks-Back grew the largest melon, and his reward was a long-bladed jack-knife. The best colt and the best calf of 1906 were shown by Willard Standing Bear and Charles Stands-by-Him, respectively. A cane was presented to the tallest man present, named Jumbo Stands-at-Him, and a dollar in cash went to Alice Search-the-Enemy because she was judged to be the prettiest girl in camp.

The enterprising reporter for *The New Era* sought an interview with Reuben Quick Bear after the fair was over. Mr. Quick Bear was enthusiastic. He said that the fair had served to bring to the notice of hundreds of Indians what was being done by their neighbors, and that it would stimulate competition. He had not observed a single case of drunkenness; there had been no disorder. The games and races had been keenly contested, but no bad feeling had resulted, and no gambling had been discovered.

Reuben Quick Bear is a "returned" Carlisle student who has not "gone back to the blanket." He is forty years old, lives in a five-room cottage, owns thirty head of horses and cattle, and has money enough to outfit his five children when they shall be ready to go to school. Mrs. Quick Bear is a "mixed-blood" Sioux and a graduate of the Indian school at Genoa, Nebraska. Quick Bear represents a rapidly increasing proportion of the 190,000 reservation Indians who are being pushed out and away from their old community life, into active individual competition with white men.

But the "middle-period" idea of the res-

PRINTING OFFICE IN A SCHOOL AT PINE RIDGE, SOUTH DAKOTA.

ervation Indian as an overfed loafer is a persistent one. Thus, the agent in charge of the Rosebud Sioux, among whom Reuben Quick Bear promoted his "County Fair," reported last year to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs that the Indian laborers he employed shirked their work. The agent wanted additional white "assistant farmers" hired to take charge of working gangs; he has had four years of experience with Indians at work, and he fears that "it will be several years before they learn to labor as white people do."

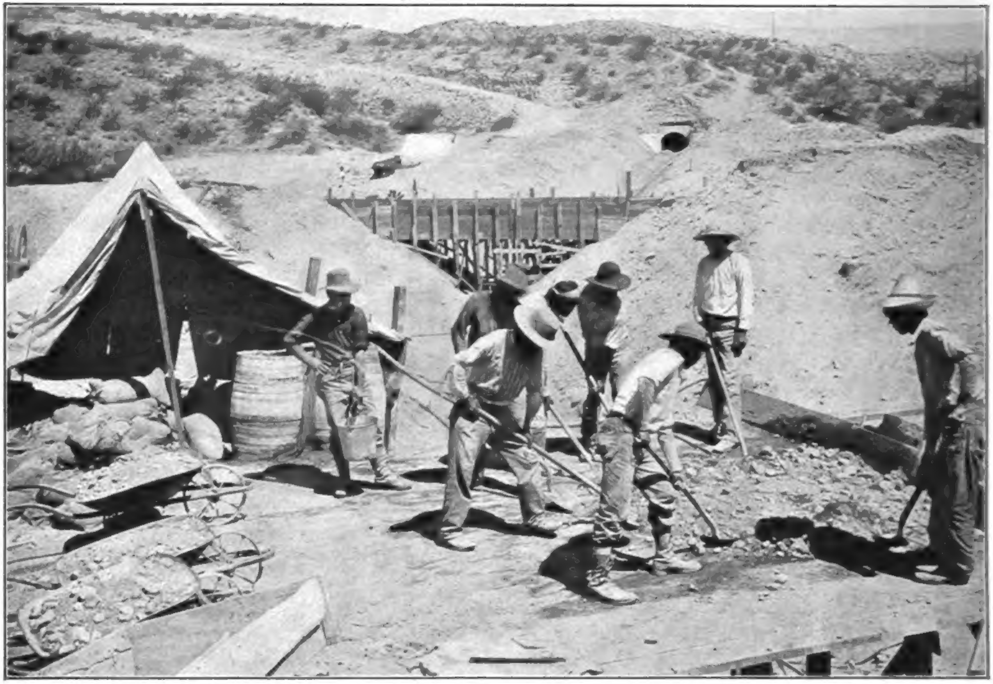
"But what of that?" asks Reuben Quick Bear. "How long has it taken the white laborer to learn to work as he does?"

An office engineer at Washington, with a brown, seamed face, who has been working in the Reclamation Service of the United States since its establishment in 1902, also has theories about the efficiency of Indian labor. He says that the red workmen employed by the government and by contractors on various reclamation projects are fitted only for "pick-and-shovel work." They can't manage teams, he says, and complicated tools "stump" them. Now, the Reclamation Service keeps a photographer in the field, and some of his most telling pictures show the Crow Indians in Montana and the Apaches in Arizona handling scrapers, driving teams, and working in the concrete mixing beds. The engineer in charge of the construction of an irrigation system for the Zuñis reports that a considerable number of this tribe have become fairly skilful drillers, quarrymen, and derrickmen.

Missionary workers say that Indian women make lace quite as beautiful as any made in Italy. Miss Sibyl Carter, who has worked in the Northwest for years, sent some Indian-made lace to the Paris Exposition in 1900, and it was awarded a gold medal. She sent more to the Buffalo fair; it also won a gold medal. A still better exhibit at the St. Louis fair was judged worthy of a grand prize. One of her acquaintances while in Italy watched some young Milanese girls being trained to work the beautiful Venetian patterns.

"How quick they are!" this friend exclaimed. "They learn nearly as fast as Miss Carter's Indian girls."

Down among the Cheyenne and Arapahoe Indians in Oklahoma, Mr. and Mrs. Rowe are conducting, in connection with a missionary station, a workshop called the Mohonk Lodge. In one year the sales of beadwork, leather-work, and baskets amounted to



APACHES MIXING CONCRETE AT A CONSTRUCTION CAMP NEAR LIVINGSTON, ARIZONA.

$5,200. Mrs. Greatnose earned $107.95 and Little Woman $98.50. The Navajo women retain their old skill in making blankets, though they can hardly hope to rival in brilliancy of color and weirdness of design the output of the "real Navajo blanket" factories of New Jersey.

In isolated cases, Indians from the reservations have entered professions; more have become skilled, highly paid workmen; a few have gone from the higher, non-reservation schools into the army, where they make satisfactory soldiers and are well liked; and the Indian Service, in its higher branches, is absorbing an increasing number of those who win through such an academic training as may be had at Carlisle or Hampton Institute.

Dr. Charles Alexander Eastman, a full-blooded Sioux, who is the author of two or three books descriptive of Indian life, is engaged in registering various Sioux tribes and renaming their members. Francis La Flesche, an Omaha, who has done valuable work in preserving Indian music, and has also written a book, is employed at Washington. Angel de Cora, the Indian artist, is now an instructor in Indian art at Carlisle School. Charles Doxon, an Onondaga from a New York reservation, is a teacher and director of manual training work at Hampton Institute.

The roll of these efficient workers is, of course, lengthening. It includes Jim Stewart of the Nez Percés, a good civil engineer, who finds work not only among his own people but among the white settlers of Idaho. Cut Bank John, a Blackfoot, and Henry Jacobs of the Klamath are skilled workmen.

One would be tempted to strike a special medal for Charles Dagenett, the young Indian employment agent, who has undertaken to find work for all of his tribesmen who want jobs in the Southwest. The Indian Office calls him an "outing agent," but he is really an industrial missionary who has the knack of making the Navajo workmen understand that they are more efficient than the available white "hobo" laborer in the West, and that they can get better wages. He brings the Indian and the job together, but he does not stop there. From time to time he visits the labor camps and notes progress, hears complaints, and leaves papers and magazines for those who can read.

Plainly, so far as providing employment is concerned, the government has fulfilled its obligation to fit the Reuben Quick Bear type

APACHES WORKING ON THE SALT RIVER POWER CANAL IN ARIZONA.

of Indian to compete with his white neighbor as an individual. The schools that Indian children attend are also, as a rule, admirably fitted for the work that they must do; and if few boys and girls from the reservation are permitted to attend the district schools of the states, it is not the fault of the government, but of frontier white prejudice. In the matter of teaching Reuben Quick Bear how to live in a cabin instead of a tepee, however, the government has failed to do its plain duty. And its neglect is the cause of perhaps the gravest danger now threatening the Indian.

The modern reservation Indian has left the shifting camp for the small cabin at the urging of the agent or superintendent. Now he finds that twenty-six per cent. of the babies born in his family and in the families of his neighbors die before they are a year old, and that before the age of five, seventeen per cent. more are carried off by disease. He finds that pneumonia is a terrible thing, and that epidemic fevers kill more of his people than they once did. Worst of all, he finds that tuberculosis is increasing at an alarming rate. It is the most serious danger that threatens him as he steps up into the ranks of the country's productive citizens. An increasing number of Indian children are being kept away from schools because of it, and it is killing and disabling hundreds of adults. From the great volumes of reports of agents, agency physicians, and school superintendents are taken such significant statements as these:

Leech Lake, Minn.: Out of an enrolment of 122 in the government boarding-school, ten children were sent away during the year because they had developed incipient tuberculosis.

Pembina, Minn.: Forty-two deaths occurred during the year, twenty-seven of them due to tuberculosis, which "in its many forms continues to be the greatest menace to the health of these people, seeming actually to portend extinction if we consider the full-blood only."

Jocko, Mont.: The physician at the government school examined carefully the fifty-two pupils enrolled, admitting only those who appeared to be healthy. Yet two boys in the school died of tuberculosis within the school year.

Harlem, Mont.: "The Indians are peculiarly susceptible to the ravages of tuberculosis, and a large percentage of the mortality is due to this disease. Instead of awakening them to the danger of close herding, familiar-

CAPTAIN JOHN LONG DAY, A SIOUX INDIAN SCOUT, OF PINE RIDGE, SOUTH DAKOTA.

ity with consumption has caused a stolid apathy among them which makes cleanliness, isolation, and ventilation very hard to enforce."

Mescalero, New Mex.: Of the 500 Indians on this reservation, twenty-six died in the year, and there were only twenty-one births. "The Indian's susceptibility to tuberculosis is well known, and this dread disease is directly responsible for by far the larger proportion of the deaths, as well as the cause of many physical wrecks still living."

The theory that the Indian is peculiarly susceptible to this disease is not sound. It is based on observations of tribes that have given up the open-air life of the camp for cabin homes. The death-rate would be quite as high among whites who made such a radical change in living with no training in adapting themselves. Occupying well-ventilated tepees, changing their camp sites frequently, and observing tribal laws against the fouling of springs and small watercourses, the old Indians could ignore ordinary laws of sanitation without serious results. When they introduced camp habits into the cabin, however, there was a swift, sure penalty, against which they had not been sufficiently warned.

Agency physicians, few in number and already overtaxed by calls to urgent cases, are supposed to look after the sanitary condition of reservation homes. Naturally, the task is left undone. Here is the result on one reservation, as reported by the teachers and field matrons at Pine Ridge:

Of 393 families visited, 271 occupied one-room houses, 30 of which had but one window. Only 8 were without beds; 265 had tables; 389 were provided with chairs; 86 owned sewing-machines; 218 women belonged to church sewing societies. Yet only 76 of the 393 families were reported as having proper ventilation in their houses; many of the windows were nailed down and had never been opened.

The immediate need is for a school and sanitarium in the Southwest to which consumptive Indians, children and adults, may be sent from all of the reservations. Another plan, to be put into effect next year if the appropriation of Congress is large enough, is to establish at agencies and schools open-air camps in charge of directors who shall enforce strict sanitary regulations and teach elementary hygiene. So much must be done as emergency measures, and the broader work of teaching the average Indian how to live in a house as a white man does should not be long delayed.

The segregation and allotment of the Trust Funds now held for the Indians by the government is the necessary next step in the individualization of the tribesmen. This will remove the last great prop upon which even the most progressive Indian has unconsciously leaned. It will, within a period shorter than that which has elapsed since the Dawes Land Allotment Law was passed, do as much as that act has done to give the red man a sense of personal responsibility. With the help of these funds he will build houses and barns and fences; he will buy cattle and horses; he will open stores; he will send his son away to learn the carpenter's trade; he will have his daughter trained as a nurse; he will drain his land, or clear a wooded tract of fertile soil. In many instances, of course, he will spend his share for whisky, at the gambling-table, for organs and folding beds and phonographs and crayon portraits. But many a young white American in the West who inherits a sum of money from his father disposes of his legacy in exactly the same way; and there is no paternal government to stay his extravagance or to guide his investment.

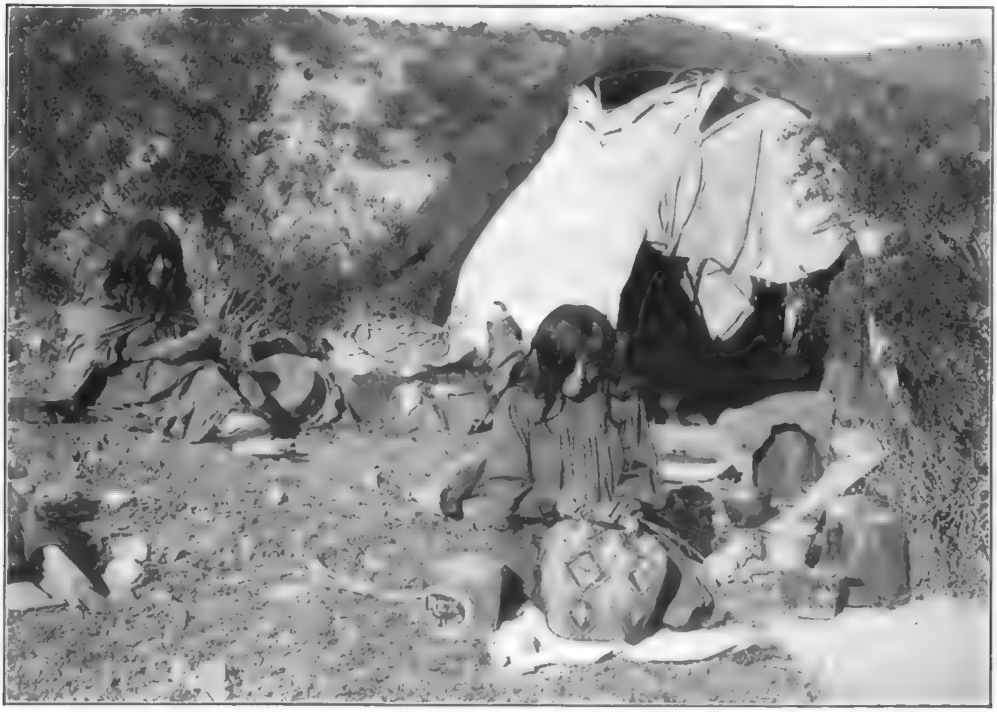
A total of more than $35,000,000 is held by the Treasury of the United States in trust for about 53,000 reservation Indians. But this does not mean that each individual has a $660 share in the big fund to encourage him to live on his expectations. In varying amounts, it is held to the credit of many tribes. To illustrate: the 1,500 Nez Percés of Idaho have but $3,900, while the 2,000 Osages of Oklahoma own nearly $8,500,000. These tribal funds, whatever their size, cannot, under the law as it now stands, be apportioned to the individual Indians. It is becoming more and more desirable that an act, such as was urged upon Congress last year by the Indian Office, shall be passed, allowing the President in his discretion to designate tribes whose funds are to be segregated, and then paid to individuals as fast as they show themselves fit to use money.

Among the Lower Brule Sioux a "Returned Students' and Progressive Association" has been formed. It is made up in part of graduates of Carlisle, Hampton, Haskell, and other non-reservation government schools. It exists primarily to encourage the Indians to stick to their homes and to develop their allotments. For one thing, it is opposing the "work system," inaugurated for want of a better plan when the Bureau of Indian Affairs decided to furnish work instead of rations to able-bodied "reservation" Indians. "For instance," says Henry Leeds, a Hampton graduate and the secretary of the association, "I take my allotment of land, 320 acres. I am without tools and money. I work on some job provided by the government until I can buy horses and a plow and materials to build some sort of house. Then I start my improvements. I get the house up, a garden planted, some pigs and chickens about my house, and—then I have to go back to work again to get money to buy food. The job and my allotment are many miles apart. If I leave my wife and my small child at home and go away to work, I am not sure that they will not be bothered by loafers. If I take them with me, then my garden grows up into weeds, cattle break into my crops, and my pigs and chickens are killed and stolen.

THE REV. WAH-KU-TE-MO-ME, A FULL-BLOODED SIOUX WHO IS THE CONGREGATIONAL MINISTER AT STANDING ROCK, S. D.

"All the time in Washington lies a sum of money to the credit of my people. A little comes to us every year from the interest, but my share is hardly worth driving to the agency for. Now, if I could get my share, my wife's share, and my child's share of the tribal fund, I could afford to stay on my allotment and take care of it until I could make my living from the land." Henry Leeds is typical of an increasing number of Sioux and Crows and Blackfeet and Osages, who are trying to practise the theory that a man has to stand on his own feet. They wonder why the government insists upon keeping this Trust Fund prop under them.

Congress has not been sufficiently impressed by the necessity for apportioning the Indians' money as well as their land. Certain congressmen, in charge of Indian affairs in the House, have objected on the ground that, since the decision as to when an individual Indian is capable of using his money must rest with the agent, too great an opportunity for graft would be offered. Economical-minded objectors point to the vast increase of bookkeeping necessary if the Treasury Department should open an account with each of these 53,000 Indians. Others invoke the old paternalistic argument that by giving an Indian his share of money and land, and conferring citizenship upon him, the government is leaving him exposed to the danger of having his farm sold for taxes and his money taken by process of law to pay outrageous claims. Everywhere there is a general distrust of the power or the inclination of local courts to protect the Indian from the spoiler. But the Indian must take his chances with the whites at some time, and, considering the personnel of the Bureau of Indian Affairs since it was taken out of politics, this appears to be an appropriate time for this further step.



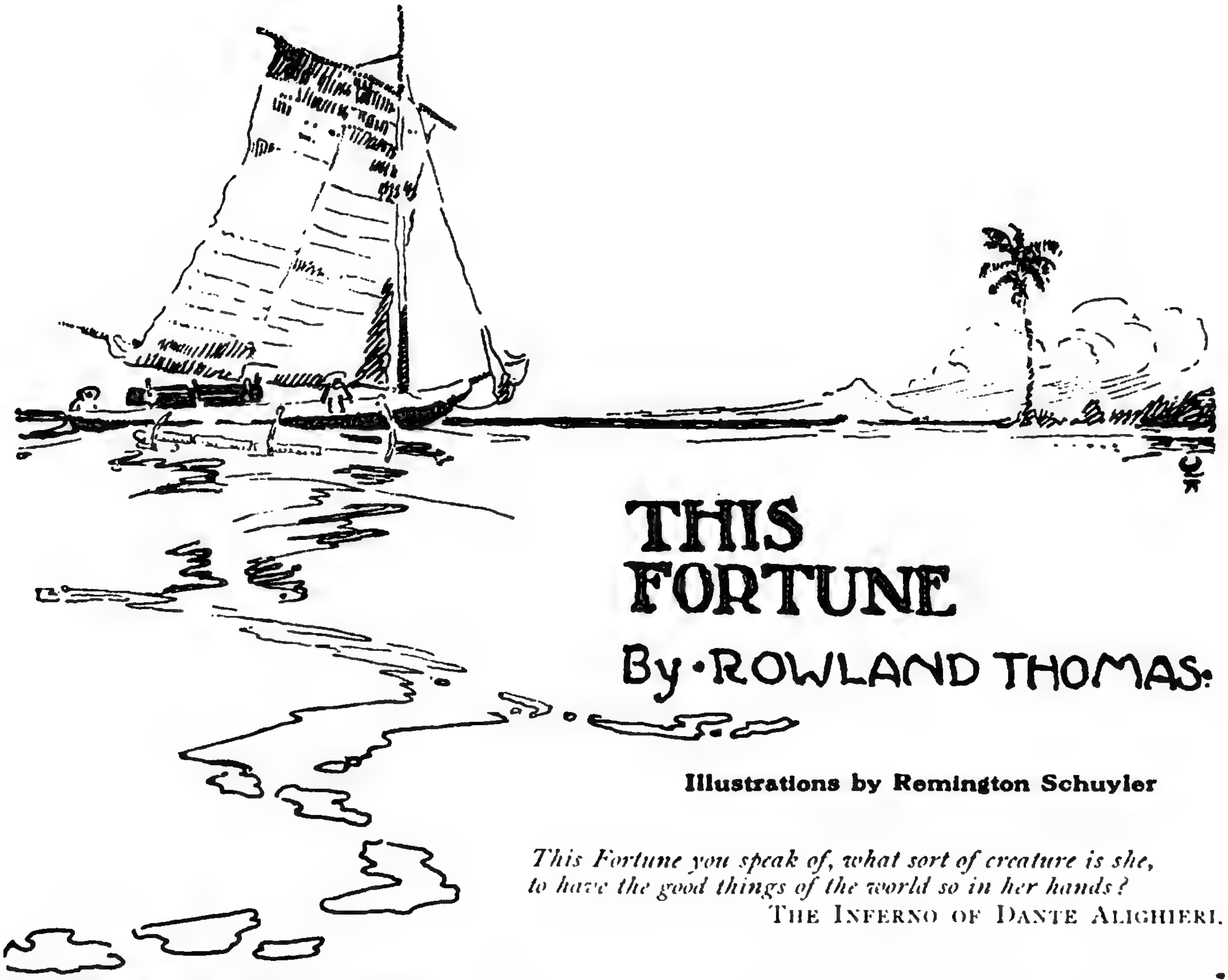
APACHE SQUAWS SUPPLEMENT THE EARNINGS OF THEIR MEN BY MAKING BASKETS.

Certain whole tribes, like the Iowas and Sacs and Foxes of Kansas, the Oneidas of Wisconsin, and the Omahas of Nebraska, some of whom are now members of the local common school boards of the State, are ready to receive their proportionate shares of the tribal funds. Other tribes, like the Kiowas of Oklahoma, where not three per cent. know the value of money, or the Piutes of Nevada, where the percentage is even smaller, must defer any general payment to individuals. But even among the Kiowas and Piutes it is desirable that the fit minority shall be given the chance to use their money for developing their property.

A NAVAJO INDIAN AT WORK WITH A STEAM DRILL.

The Commissioner of Indian Affairs has suggested that it will help us to understand the condition of our Indian if we can imagine that, three centuries ago, the Chinese had invaded North America and driven the white settlers back and back, and had finally penned them on reserved tracts and fed them rice for thirty years. "To what condition would the white Americans of to-day have been reduced?" he asks. "In spite of their vigorous ancestry they would surely have lapsed into barbarism and become pauperized. That our red brethren have not been wholly ruined by our treatment of them is the best proof we could ask of the sturdy traits of character inherent in them."

The Indian has not been ruined, but he has deteriorated. His body is not the thing of steel and sinew it once was. His sense of humor has suffered, and his imagination has taken on a somber tint. But good food, hard work, and a sense of self-respect that comes from owning a home and seeing a family dependent on its head will restore the tribesman's efficiency. Indian workmen who have been employed for some time are placed alongside fresh recruits to the job. The comparison is eloquent—"the men who have done some work are found to be fully twice as valuable as the newcomers." Indians learn to work with unusual quickness; they have grasped the idea that there is to be competition between them and the white men of the West. They know that in the future they must enter the lists, not as tribal groups with an agent at their back, but as individuals with only the government's good-will and Godspeed behind them. It is the government's part first to grant the Indian his full individual rights and then to safeguard his interests and to insist that no unfair advantage be taken of him until he is able to care for his own in every way.



THIS FORTUNE

By · ROWLAND THOMAS ·

Illustrations by Remington Schuyler

> *This Fortune you speak of, what sort of creature is she, to have the good things of the world so in her hands?*
>
> THE INFERNO OF DANTE ALIGHIERI.

MID-HEAVENS high, the morning sun blazed above the forlorn little lumber-port, calling the inhabitants thereof to arise and make hay diligently during the few weeks it still had to shine before the change of monsoons and the rainy season blotted the world in mist. The call seemed to arouse little enthusiasm. Over the channel where the Rio Bagalayag winds out by the bar a pair of gulls wheeled aimlessly, plunging into the yellow water now and then and rising with harsh cries. Out beyond them, in the distance where Point Bagalayag wavered in the heat, a lorcha drifted with limp sails, becalmed in the lee of Mount Bagalayag. In the one street of Bagalayag itself, the grassy lane which follows the curve of the shore, two Chinamen with a cross-cut saw were gnawing a plank from a four-foot log of *molave*, sawing steadily with the patient endurance of their race, brown arms swinging in and out, brown bodies swaying. At the end of each stroke they grunted rhythmically, and the music of their industry—*Ugh! Kch-chee-e-e-Arghh! Kch-chee-e-e-Ugh!*—was the only sound in Bagalayag that morning save the raucous complaint of the distant gulls.

As a matter of fact, Bagalayag was merely waiting in hushed expectancy for something inevitable to happen. On the shady side of the nipa church, which still manages to rear its rickety walls at the corner of the brown and weedy Plaza, the populace was gathered —41 men, 52 women, 52 babes in arms, and 73 children of varying sex and age, speechless for once, with the smoke of their cigarettes dissolving above them like unfragrant incense. And the gaze of all that multitude was fixed unwinkingly on a tin-roofed house —the only one in town—which stands on the other side of the street, close to the water's edge.

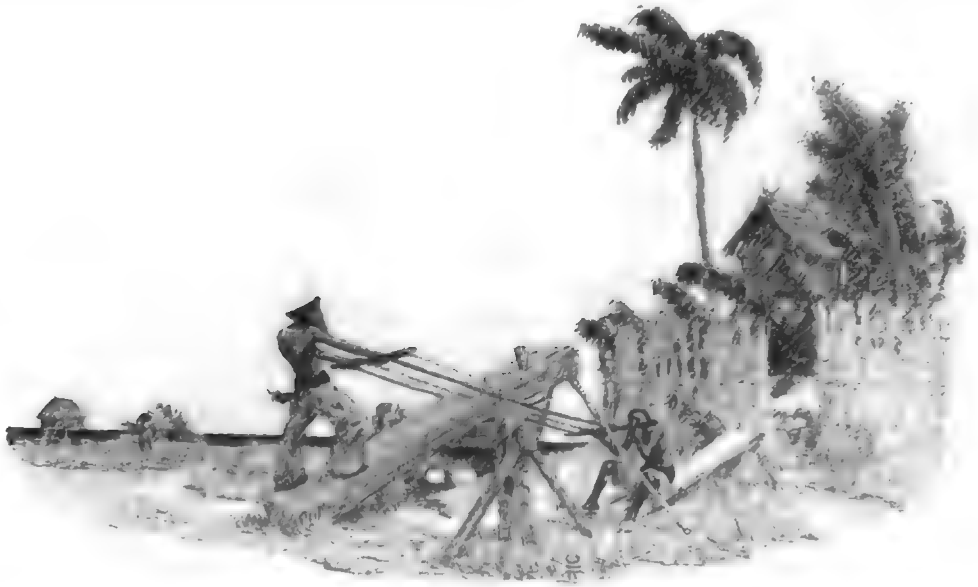
In that pretentious dwelling an unprecedented event seemed likely to happen, for in its upper chamber one of the lords of the earth lay deathly sick of a fever. Bagalayag as yet recorded no death of a white man in its simple annals, therefore it sat and smoked and waited—all except the stolid, alien Chinamen, who cared nothing for life nor death nor anything but planks.

Occasionally a voice floated out from the

Tin-Roofed House, weak and thin but full of helpless rage, and at the sound the inhabitants of Bagalayag wagged their heads and spoke softly. "The Señor Ess-soffti is not dead—yet," they murmured.

In Hamburg, far enough from Bagalayag in miles, there is a house which sells anything from elephants to orchids. Every product of the animal or vegetable kingdom, from one pole to the other, 'round with the equator and back again, is included in the complete line which the *Hamburgische Gesellschaft* carries, for this body corporate is a true body, whose busy nerve-ends net the round world. Men on grimy ships whose battered fore feet are set across uncharted leagues of sea, men who rot in unheard-of towns—yet continue to live and trade in defiance of every hygienic law—men who plod untracked continents and unknown, sleeping islands with savage followers, are the organs by which it acts.

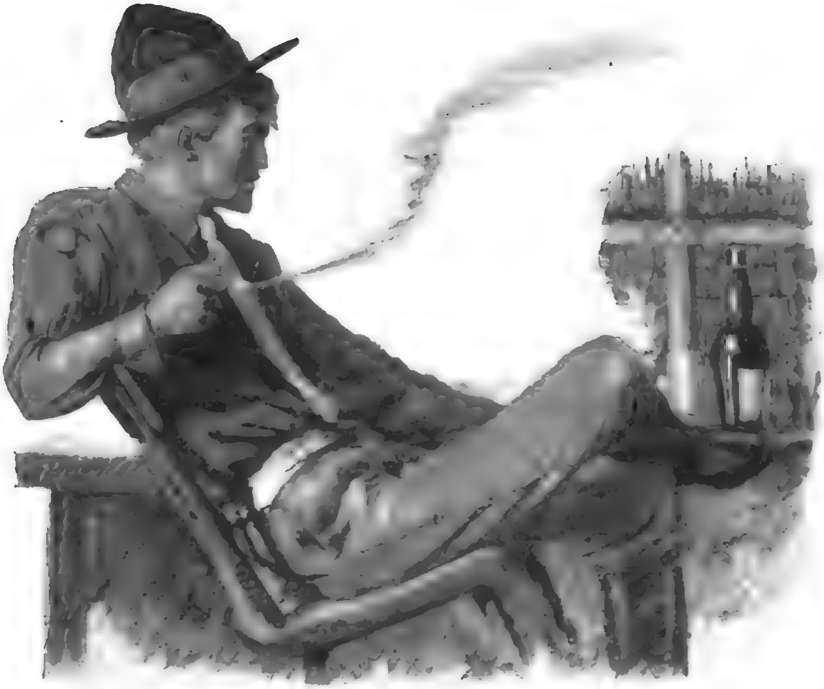
Set above all these is the good Right Eye of the Company, the man who by virtue of wild-wood lore and craftsmanship and first-hand knowledge of the far nooks and byways of the earth, by right of energy and perseverance, outranks the army of traders and collectors, and stands next the Brain. Herr Felix Schrofft is his name, always spoken with respect and envy by his associates and rivals in his strong man's calling. And now, become the Señor Ess-soffti on liquid Malay tongues, he lay at bay in the Tin-Roofed House and held the breathless attention of the populace of Bagalayag in Mindoro.



GNAWING A PLANK FROM A FOUR-FOOT LOG OF *MOLAVE*.

The arena where he fought, that small, bare upper chamber, was very simply furnished with a round table, a couple of chairs, a camphor-wood chest, a bamboo cage containing a parrot, and a folding cot upholstered in the severest taste with dingy gray canvas. The table held the fly- and lizard-bitten fragments of a meal, the chairs were draped with the muddy garments their owner had flung there hastily three days before, a litter of other clothing sprawled from beneath the lid of the chest, and on the cot, which stood before a seaward-facing window, was stretched the redoubtable Señor Ess-soffti himself, not at all in the mental attitude which our Christian convention prescribes for those *in articulo mortis*. Despite the pallor of the cheeks beneath the smut of the newly sprouted beard and the yellow gleam of the eyeballs and the leaden inertness of the shrunken limbs that barely hollowed the taut canvas where they lay, the shaggy wizened monkey of a man was plainly beset by the very worst of tempers, which only his extreme weakness kept from violent expression.

So he lay chafing there that morning, just as he had lain for days. Occasionally his restless eyes met the beady ones of the par-



"I AM A MAN REDUCED TO THREE APPETITES AND A SENSE OF HUMOR."

rot, and the imprisoned bird shrieked with silly laughter. On such occasions the Señor Ess-soffti shook his fist, a menace which showed mostly in the convulsions of his face, and muttered weakly, "Sing, you defil, sing!" falling thereafter into a murmured torrent of words as he consigned to lasting torment the Philippine Islands and all things in them.

Even a hide-bound moralist, knowing all the circumstances, might have found some palliation for Herr Schrofft's unspiritual estate. Fever had stricken him at an inopportune season, and for the first time in his life he faced a possibility of failure with which he could not cope. Even now the freighter Sarstoon had turned her stubby nose Mindoro-ward at Schrofft's suggestion. In ten days she would be lying off Bagalayag, waiting for the cargo he had promised her, and even when one has no fever, ten days are little time in which to fell and trim a hundred cubic meters of a wood so dense that it eats an ax like granulated metal, and float it down the miles of oozing mud they call the Rio Bagalayag, and load it before the northwest monsoon—already threatening in the clouds—comes to lash the open roadstead into a fury of spume and breaking rollers. He could foresee it all, the excessive sympathy of the Sarstoon's skipper, the meek explanation of the House to the impatient customer, the commiseration and sly elation of his acquaintances and rivals that he had failed at last, the universal grunt of "hard luck, Schrofft"—hard luck in a trade whose frankly brutal creed discredits a man for one adverse stroke of fortune as for any other sign of personal weakness and unfitness. All that must come unless he could devise some means to thwart Dame Fate. And so, not finding the means, he cursed the officious beldame heartily.

Suddenly he noticed that the drone of the saw had ceased. Doubtless the coolies had stopped to wipe their streaming faces, but Schrofft was in no mood to seek excuses for them. "Loaf, you defils, loaf!" he shouted venomously.

As if in response to his taunt the music of the saw began again, but mingled with it came the chatter of many voices and the soft flop, flop of many padding feet. Raising his head a wearisome half-inch to peer from the window, Herr Schrofft saw with supreme disgust the sprung masts and frowsy rigging of the monthly packet from Batangas in the river. Somehow or other the hours had dragged by unnoted, it was afternoon, and the crazy lorcha had drifted to her haven in spite of calm and childish seamanship; while he, Herr Schrofft the indomitable, had one day less in which to do his work. For the first time in his illness the hard-pressed little man groaned for sympathy, and pitying, sentimental, Teutonic tears burned his eyes. "If only I had one white man with me," he muttered.

The confusion without came nearer, drawing down the street, and presently the staircase of the Tin-Roofed House clattered under booted feet and its fabric trembled slightly. The invalid's face brightened with interest. No native of the Philippines has the combined weight and energy necessary to make a house shake when he walks. *Deus ex Machina!* That was a favorite phrase of Schrofft's, almost the only Latin of Gymnasium days that had stuck. Perhaps the Man had come with the Hour. Schrofft watched the door with feverish intentness.

It opened and a white man entered, white at least in fundamental coloring, although his skin was a raw, beefy red from newly acquired sunburn, tall, broad-shouldered, clad serviceably in sombrero, the relic of an army shirt, the ruins of khaki riding-breeches, and, most incongruously, a pair of handsome riding-boots whose russet leather was cleaned and polished till it glittered. So far all was well, but the face—the hollowed cheeks, the dark puffy rims beneath the eyes, the wavering glance of the bright blue eyes themselves, the nervous twitching of the full red lips, set in a smile of deprecating impudence, the keen, high-bred features blunted and battered by dissipation, all spoke of one thing. Schrofft sized up his visitor with narrowed lids and spoke his opinion briefly. "I haf no use for bums," he said.

Like a mask, the wheedling smirk dropped from the newcomer's face. "Hock the Kaiser, a wandering Dutchman!" he cried airily, advancing to the cot.

Schrofft's little eyes burned red. "I am Herr Felix Schrofft, Explorer for the *Hamburgische Gesellschaft*," he said with dignity, "and I haf no use for bums. Get out."

"'Tis a certain matter of delayed remittances," the stranger explained, as he unceremoniously dumped the encumbering garments from a chair and sat down by the table. "I must identify myself, Herr Softy. I am Richard Roe, ward of the famous John Doe, Esquire, of whom you may have heard. While the remittances delay I wander seeking whom and what I may devour." Mr. Richard Roe gazed ruefully at the dusty viands before him. "As usual, I seem to have come to the wrong shop," he murmured. "But here at least are cigarettes."

While the match flared Schrofft stared at his tormentor with at least as much of bewilderment as of wrath. "If I could hold my revolver," he said at last, "I think I would shoot you. I haf no use for bums."

Through a cloud of smoke, Mr. Richard Roe gazed whimsically at the invalid. "The question seems to be," he suggested mildly, "whether the bum has a use for you." He crossed one leg over the other and became pleasantly didactic. "I am not always what you see me now, Herr Softy. One short week ago I sat in Don Miguel Rafferty's establishment in Batangas, wooing fickle Fortune at the wheel. The jade stripped me, I was sold out, up against it; so I became a thorough bum in manners, morals, and in dress. The boots, I admit," he digressed, glancing complacently at his well-shod foot, "are somewhat out of character. Otherwise I am a bum pure and simple, as you have three times observed, but of a quality of which you never dreamed, a masterless man reduced to his primal elements, three appetites and a sense of humor. Herr Softy, beware of me. I am a dangerous character."

Mr. Richard Roe approached the cot once more. "Speaking of revolvers," he remarked, "reminds me that I left my own in Batangas in care of Uncle Monte de Piedad." He drew Schrofft's weapon from beneath the pillow and inspected it rapidly. "A poor thing, but a Colt's," he muttered.

Herr Schrofft, his eyes still closed, groaned weakly. It was hard that his respectable and well-ordered brain should conjure up a nightmare of vagabondage like this, and supply fitting words for the figure.

"I came southward to Mindoro," the drawling voice went on, "and at the first stroke I am half a man again. I have a gun. Here is a Tin-Roofed House in which to sleep, here is tobacco to smoke; through the chinks in the floor I perceive sleeping chickens which promise food, and best of all here is a companion for my solitude."

"*Herr Gott!*" Schrofft groaned again, "I am going crazier every minute." Suddenly he opened his eyes, for the door swung on its hinges and a head surmounted by a shock of coarse black hair was thrust within. At the sight all his aggressiveness returned. "Son of fifty fathers!" he screamed. "Because you think I am dying you run away, and now you have the shamelessness to come back! Go and be a muchacho for the Devil! I shall not die; in two days I shall be strong enough to kill you."

"It was only his canny Filipino way," Mr. Richard Roe broke in, coming to the rescue of the unfaithful servant. "He wanted an alibi for the inquest. Slave," he announced sternly, "I have saved your life. Fetch more cigarettes and a bottle of whatever burning water the market offers. Then kill three chickens and cook them with plenty rice—and no grease. The Señor Softy and I will have a mucho grande chow-chow to celebrate my home-coming. *Sigue! Pronto! Madili!*"

Schrofft glared hopelessly at Mr. Richard Roe. "Then you are real!" he cried. "That boy, he sees you also, he hears you, he obeys! *Mein Gott!* You are a bum, you haf no home, you haf no money, you haf no grub, you haf no chob. And I would gif a hundert dollars for just one *man!*"

"Alas," said Mr. Richard Roe hollowly, "I am not a man, and the hundred is safe. I am the stuff that dreams are made of—bad dreams. But I have my better impulses, and I feel them stirring at the prospect of food. I will be a ministering angel to you, an airy, fairy army nurse, pressing my cool hand softly on your fevered brow." He suited the action to the word, save that the hand was hot and gritty. "Herr Softy, your pulse is rapid, your temperature is rising, you tremble on the verge of a paroxysm of fever. Where is the quinine?"

The recurrent hot stage of his disease had indeed seized the patient, and as it grew upon him he lost more and more his grip of reality, under the mad contradictions of Mr. Richard Roe's speech and conduct and the potent spell of the drug which he administered with a lavish hand. Dimly, as in a dream, the room stretched wider and wider about him, and as the pulse boomed and roared in his ears he saw in the distance a phantasm which he knew was called Mr. Richard Roe, sitting at a table and going through the motions of a real man. It drank thirstily from a bottle which a frightened muchacho brought, it smoked endless cigarettes, it dismembered a steaming chicken with its fingers and ate it daintily, ate another, stretched back in its chair and grunted with content. Phantom or reality, Mr. Richard Roe began to be a comfort. Schrofft closed his eyes and dozed.

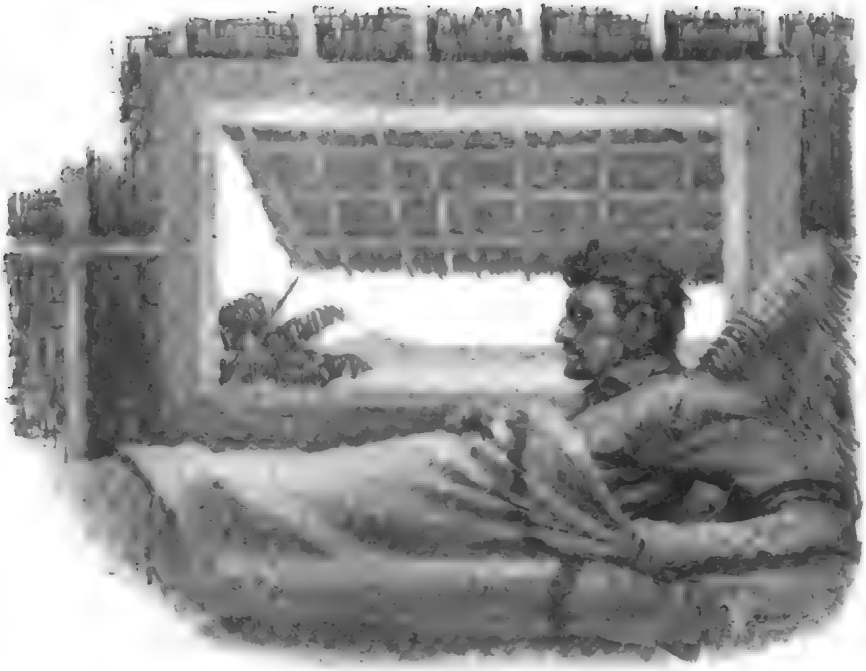
Suddenly through his slumber cut a well-remembered sound. *Ugh! Kch-chee-e-e-Arghh! Kch-chee-e-e-Ugh!* He woke to a moment of clear-headedness and the sense of his predicament. It was almost sunset; only eight days were left. "My trees, my trees!" he quavered, trying weakly to sit up. "I must go and get them."

Instantly the "cool hand" rested on his forehead, and, not unkindly, he was shoved back on his pillows. "You've been dreaming," the voice of Mr. Richard Roe said soothingly. "What's the matter?"

Brokenly, still as in a dream, Schrofft heard his own voice go croaking on, speaking ramblingly of trees, always of trees. The clump of iron-woods that grow at the corner where the mangroves are thickest on the bank, thirty miles up-stream. The twelve huge trees that stand up so high and have their tops knit together. Those were the ones; they must be cut without delay. He must start at once, because, you see, the Sarstoon would be in on the 18th, and if she didn't get the trees the monsoon would change. And then her voyage would be wasted, and the customer would not have for six more months the wood of unique density that he wanted for non-magnetic gears, and the House would have to bear the blame—when it was all the fault of a fool named Schrofft, who got fevers when there was work to do.

At a great distance he saw Mr. Richard Roe, sitting with crossed legs, smoking in long meditative puffs, and inspecting him narrowly with keen, unwavering blue eyes. "You're a game little man," said Mr. Richard Roe approvingly. After a long time he spoke again. "Thirty miles up, you say. Is there any one about who knows an iron-wood when he sees it?"

There was a new, compelling quality in the voice which Schrofft had not heard before. "That coward muchacho, that Juan, he knows. He has been there," said Schrofft.



THE SHAGGY, WIZENED MONKEY OF A MAN WAS BESET BY THE WORST OF TEMPERS.

"And the tools, where are they?" asked the compelling tones.

"In the canoes, all ready," Schrofft answered obediently.

"I can't understand his getting so excited about a few trees," Mr. Richard Roe muttered to the ceiling. "*I* never could. But he's a game little man, and if he wants 'em as bad as all this, by Jove, he's got to have 'em." He rose lazily and stood towering above the cot. "It's all right, Schrofft; go to sleep. I'll have your trees here by the eighteenth."

"You can't," Schrofft objected sleepily, with the unmalicious frankness of one who states a well-known fact. "You're nothing but a bum."

"Go to sleep," Mr. Richard Roe repeated soothingly. "Perhaps, since there's so much hurry, I'd better start to-night. There's a lovely moon now, like a Swiss cheese. Last night it made me think of beer."

"Those trees on the right bank," Schrofft muttered, trying to rise once more.

Strong hands pressed him back and held him there. "Schrofft," Mr. Richard Roe said slowly and impressively, "pay attention just one minute and then you can go to sleep. When I want anything I go and get it. Same as I came here and got grub. Same as I'd go to the devil for a drink when I want *that.* I never happened to want trees, but I'll get some for you."

Under the spell of the assuring voice and the comforting grip of the hands on his shoulders, Schrofft's eyelids drooped lower and lower, till even the clatter of energetic feet descending the stairs did not cause them to flutter.

He must have dreamed still more then, for strange things happened. Outside in the village—even in peaceful Bagalayag—a riot rose, voices of men angry and protesting, voices of women tearful and imploring, voices of children shrill with excitement, and, dominating all, a languid, vibrant voice, speaking sometimes in English, sometimes in Spanish, sometimes in crude but vigorous Bisayan, threatening, cajoling, domineering. Gradually all the others died away into a murmur of resignation, and then suddenly the song of the saw stopped with a spluttering drawl like the squawk of a frightened hen. "Come along, you chaps," said the masterful voice. "Got a job for you other place. Sabe?"

The response slid in falsetto semitones from a Mongolian tongue. "Got plenty worl-luk this side. No can do."

"Sure can do," said the master. "Got to do. Sabe? Come along, you beggars, before I tie your pigtails together."

Then gradually all the tumult ceased and restful quiet enveloped the Tin-Roofed House and endured so long that Schrofft craftily opened his eyes a crack and gazed about his chamber. It was quite empty. The heavy lids drooped once more and he fell into a deep, untroubled sleep. And as he slept the cooling sweat bathed his worn body. Together, the drug and the excitement of the day had conquered his disease; the fever was broken.

The first impression borne in on Schrofft's consciousness when he woke next morning, sufficiently clear in mind but weak beyond belief in body, was that Bagalayag was uncommonly quiet, even for Bagalayag. The droning saw was silent, there was no rustle of bare feet on the grassy ways, no low murmur of gossip from sleepy tongues, no straw-muffled booming of rice mortars, no whine of carabao or shriek of wooden axle-box as the *tuba* was brought in from the palm-grove. For a moment Schrofft lay with an empty mind. Then Memory returned. "*Himmel*," he muttered. "I did not dream it *all!*"

At the sound a doddering old man rose from the corner and approached the cot. "Does the señor want anything?" he asked.

"Where is everybody," Schrofft demanded. "Where is Juan?"

"They are all gone," said the old man. "Only I am left behind. The Señor Duque took them all."

"The Señor Duque took them all!" Schrofft echoed. Dukes are rare in Mindoro.

"Si, señ-o-o-r. El Duque de la Calle Milochentaitres in America. He took them all, the men, the boys, the Chinese pigs who saw, all Bagalayag but me—because I am very old. Only I am left, and the women and children who hide in the houses to pray. They go to cut down trees—all the trees in Mindoro, I think. It is an order from Ouashingtone. The Señor Duque says so."

The Duke of 1083d Street, in America! Decidedly, if Schrofft had been delirious, all Bagalayag now outdid him in delusion.

"Does the señor want anything?" the old man repeated. "If we had guessed that the señor had El Duque de la Calle Milochentaitres for a friend, we would not have left him alone to be sick. It was very wicked—but the Duque says he will forgive us if we get the trees."

At the mention of trees Schrofft's lips had contracted. But his mind, as unstrung as his body, was at the mercy of every emotional catspaw that ruffled it, and the childlike awe and faith in the voice of the old man brought a long-forgotten sensation clutching at his diaphragm. "We have been very wicked, but the Duke says he will forgive us if we get the trees!" For all his weakness Schrofft chuckled a little at the audacity of it. An unwonted feeling of dependence took hold on the self-reliant little man. He combated it feebly. "He cannot do it, he is only a bum," Reason urged. But the protest of Reason was purely formal, for triumphant Cheerfulness retorted, "He can do anything—when he wishes."

"What would the señor like for breakfast?" the old man's voice broke in. "He may have six little oysters, or two eggs passed through water, or a cup of milk with one egg in it, or a very small fish not fried—the Duque says to fry is not good for sick ones. But cooked on a sharp stick, as He Himself showed me."

Once more Schrofft relaxed in the new and comfortable sense of utter dependence. "Oysters," he murmured unctuously, and gave himself up to the anticipation of the plump, brassy-flavored morsels that were soon to cool his throat. *Deus ex Machina!* A God from the Machine of Things had taken his affairs in hand.

As the days wore on the words became more than a mere phrase. In the long, lazy, roseate hours which a convalescent knows, Schrofft thought much, and the well-timed arrival of the mysterious Mr. Roe at the crisis of his illness and his fortunes, the unbelievable eccentricity of the man, the nonchalant confidence with which he undertook a task in which he had no part, either through interest or training, all combined to rouse in his mind the superstition which is a fundamental element in all us Aryans. The manifestation took the disguise of Hero-Worship. An unreasoning faith in Mr. Richard Roe got hold of Schrofft.

The atmosphere in which he lived strengthened the conviction. Mr. Roe was absent only in the body; the power of his masterful personality still molded life and thought in Bagalayag. The blear-eyed, tottering attendant he had left for Schrofft, anxious, fussy, mentally helpless, had one warrant for all his load of troublesome attentions. "The Señor Duque told me to do it." As Schrofft grew stronger and strolled out into the village he found its people under the same spell.

Women and children had gradually stolen out from the shacks; one by one they took up their daily occupation; the patter of their anxious prayers was no longer one of the street-sounds of Bagalayag; they asked Schrofft trustingly, "When will the Duque bring back our husbands?"

And Schrofft answered just as trustingly, "On the eighteenth!"

Dimly he felt the thrill of the contrast—saw primeval Nature and the lean, sardonic American face each other, and many times, as the slow days passed, he looked away to the black mantle of forest that clothed all the land to the south, close-fitting and unbroken up to the rough crest of Mount Bagalayag itself. "He'll do it," he repeated continually.

DIMLY HE SAW PRIMEVAL NATURE AND THE AMERICAN FACE EACH OTHER.

And Mr. Richard Roe did do it. On the evening of the seventeenth a shrill clamor of women's voices ran through the town, and their owners gathered on the river-bank to meet an unwieldy raft that was warping in on the brown and sluggish current. The huge, sullen logs seemed bound to sink in spite of the bulk of chambered bamboo which buoyed them, but standing springily erect on their backs, Mr. Richard Roe dominated the raft as he did all things else. When it grounded he swung himself to the shoulders of two of his men and was borne triumphantly ashore.

"By Jove, Schrofft," was his greeting. "Glad to see you looking that way." He flipped a hand behind him and added casually, "There are your trees," and that was all of the little epic of the forest which Schrofft ever heard from his lips, except for fragments which he tossed out to laugh at. But from the tales which the restored husbands of Bagalayag chattered to their wives he gathered a picture of heart-breaking toil and endurance and cheerful, laughing resourcefulness which filled him with yearning admiration for its central figure.

That night, had Mr. Richard Roe so chosen, he might have become hereditary lord of Bagalayag in Mindoro and laughed at the law, the Constitution, and the flag, schoolhouses, benevolent assimilation, and human progress. Like a travel-worn, unshaven monarch, he sat in Schrofft's long cane chair, puffing contentedly at Schrofft's cherished china pipe, while the unfaithful servant, Juan, knelt at his feet and revived the tarnished glories of the gleaming boots, and his primitive worshipers poured in a stream of tribute, herbs of the field and fruits, flesh and fish and fowl, indigestible sweets and death-dealing drinks of home manufacture. On all alike he smiled kindly yet wearily, with the affable condescension of one who by divine right might be severe yet chooses to be kind. But once his smile broadened into feeling.

"You won't find Lame Duck and Gouty Hen bringing me any thanks for stringing 'em that way," he remarked to Schrofft, who sat in the background, proud as the mother of one chicken.

"Lame Duck and Gouty Hen!" Schrofft echoed, puzzled.

"My untamed Chinamen," the Duke of 1083d Street explained. "That was a stroke of genius, taking them. They did the work while the Filipinos did the kicking. We sawed the trees down, you know—may not be the way to do it, but we *did* it—and we three took turns——"

"Lame Duck and Gouty Hen!" Schrofft spluttered with delight. "*Mein Gott!* Such names!" Then he became serious. "How can I pay you! When you came I say to you, 'I would gif a hundert dollars for a man,' and you *are* a man, the finest I efer——"

"Oh, that's all right," said Mr. Richard Roe benevolently. "It was good sport. I wouldn't work that hard for money."

"Of course there's the—the other side too—" Schrofft stumbled over his words, bashful as a maiden with her suitor. "I cannot thank you. You save my life, you save my reputation, you——"

"Cut out the thanks, Schrofft," Mr. Roe interrupted with a touch of smiling haughtiness. "I don't like 'em. You'd better be clearing out now," the weary monarch added to his thronging admirers. "You're nice little brown men enough, but I'm sleepy. *Sigue Dagupan*, the whole bunch."

Two mornings later, after breakfast, Herr Schrofft again brought up the subject of Mr. Richard Roe's reward. In the intervening day the Sarstoon had come, and gone with her hard-won load, and Schrofft's admiration for his miraculous helper had grown exceedingly. With the passion for work still on him Mr. Richard Roe had been everywhere, and everywhere had been effective, on the beach, in the canoes, on the Sarstoon's deck and in her hold, even on her bridge.

Mingled with the boundless admiration was another feeling which filled Schrofft with confusion, while it opened a vista to the skyline of his lonely life. Since young Erich Schmidt was killed before his eyes, twenty years gone in Africa, he had wanted no friend, no bunkie, *kein Kamerad*. But now—Mr. Richard Roe sat across his table, irresistibly reminiscent of some wandering, roué god who needed but a whiff of Olympian air to refresh his eternal youth. Sun and wind and work had erased the signs of dissipated strength, sleep had rubbed out the aging lines of work, and now he sat in the sala of the Tin-Roofed House, lean, brown, and hard, with his rumpled yellow hair, and trace of yellow beard, and sparkling eyes, half smiling at Life and Fate—not defiantly or deprecatingly, but with the faint amusement one may find in the vagaries of equals one knows well.

Mingled emotions made expression difficult for Schrofft, and he gave speech its most practical form. "Here is the hundert," he said gruffly, and pushed a chunky little bag across. "It don't pay you, nothing efer can, but——"

"The hundred," said Mr. Richard Roe. He stared at the bag as if surprised, but he drew it to him. "Oh, yes. I'll take it if you like, Schrofft, of course. Much obliged." As he weighed it in his hand his eyes darkened suddenly and the under lids drew tight, as if he were gazing at something far out over the blue water before him. Almost unconsciously he untied the string that bound it, and a little stream of gold ran chinking out. "Yellow ones," Mr. Roe muttered.

"It's not much," Schrofft said apologetically, "but— What are you going to do now?"

Still unconsciously, Mr Roe's long, supple fingers had arranged the heap into four little orderly piles, and he was shoving them back and forth as if they might be counters in some game. "Four stacks of blue ones," he muttered.

"What will you do now?" Schrofft repeated.

"Eh?" said Mr. Richard Roe. "Oh, yes. What'll I do? Well, Schrofft, I never bother to plan that out far ahead."

"I'll tell you," said Schrofft, gathering head for a flood of speech. "You stay with me. I—I called you a bum once. I take it back. You're all right. The quickness to decide, the way to make everything do what you want, the good luck, you have it all!"

"If I *did* have luck," Mr. Roe muttered, "that'd be enough to clean out Rafferty's bank. By Jove, I'll do it. I'll play the twelve."

"You come with me,'' Schrofft urged. "You are young, you have had your fling, now it's time to settle down. I'll help you, I'll be what you call—the balance w'eel. I teach you all I know, and in two, three year you'll be the boss of us all. You'll have a chob better'n mine."

He hesitated, for Mr. Roe was gazing at him with a whimsical smile. "Go on, Schrofft," he said. "What kind of a job is yours? What do you get out of it?"

"Ten thousand marks a year, and expenses," said Schrofft, uneasy for some mockery to come.

"Ten thousand marks! That's $2,500," Mr. Roe commented. "*And* expenses. That's a lot of money, Schrofft. But I live simply; my expenses wouldn't be high enough to make it pay. So I'll go back to Batangas and play the twelve. Twelve trees, you know."

Desperately, imploringly, Schrofft argued with him, dangled larger and juicier bait before his eyes. "You might be a partner in the House!" he cried. But Mr. Richard Roe was unmoved even at that prospect, and at last Schrofft lost his temper.

"You *are* a bum," he shouted angrily. "It's chust what I say before, you haf no home, no food, no chob, no money, and—and you do not care!" he finished helplessly.

"Money could not buy the glorious uncertainty I enjoy," Mr. Roe replied pleasantly. "Calm down, Schrofft. I'm going out to have 'em get a canoe ready for me."

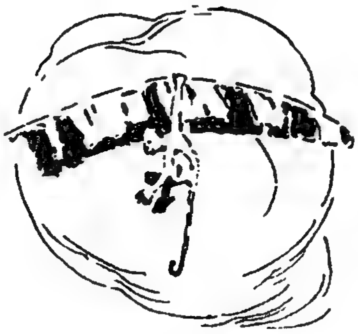
Late that afternoon he left, with his tattered clothing and his gleaming boots and his little bag of gold, and his smile which he shed benignantly on the worshipers who thronged the beach. Only three residents of all Bagalayag were missing. Down the street Lame Duck and Gouty Hen stolidly made up lost time—*Ugh! Kch-chee-e-e-Arghh! Kch-chee-e-e-Ugh!* And up in the sala of the Tin-Roofed House a shaggy little man, his back resolutely turned to the window and the leave-taking, puffed savagely at a big china pipe and exploded every now and then, "Chust a bum! A good-for-nothin' bum. *Mein Gott!*" But when the sun was gone and all the shadows on the mountain had thickened into one, he laid down the pipe and went to the window and gazed out long over the darkening sea. "My poor little bum god from the machine," he said wistfully. "Now I must forget him."

It was not so easy to forget Mr. Richard Roe. The memory of him clung to Schrofft even after his work was done in Mindoro and he had bidden Bagalayag an eternal farewell. In Manila, Mr. Richard Roe's image dogged his busy footsteps, and when at last he climbed the side of the Rosetta Maru, bound for Hongkong and home, Mr. Roe was at the surface of his thoughts. "*Mein Gott!*" Schrofft mused, as he leaned on the rail that first night out and saw Bolinao loom faintly in the gulf of blackness to leeward. "He saved my life, and now I leave him in the Philippines."

He leaned there, absorbed in the vision of the companionship which could never be, till the last shadow of the islands had faded in the night. Then brusquely, as if he awakened himself, he turned forward to the smoking-room and the nightcap of rum and lime juice which was his concession to the luxury of rest. "My poor little bum god," he muttered. "If he was here I'd buy him a drink. He's had too many drinks already, though, poor devil."

At the door of the smoking-room he stopped abruptly. "Butterflies!" he muttered in disgust, and turned aside to a settee which stood near in the shadow, to wait for his drink till they were done. And then suddenly he leaned forward and gazed into the brightly lighted room, for a voice there had set all his nerves aquiver. "*So?*" he murmured incredulously. "*Kann nicht sein!*"

Inside the room three men were sitting at a little table with a bottle between them, all dressed alike in spotless and unrumpled linen. Their likeness ended with their dress. One was a boy, the down still soft on his chin,



but his cheeks were pasty and he had the dead eyes of an evil old man. The second was a flabby man of middle age, whose red face was an expressionless mask from which watchful eyes looked out. And the third, brilliant, flashing, shedding a glow of life and strength around him, was Mr. Richard Roe.

"How'd you clean up over here this time, Billy?" asked the boy, in a dry, professional tone.

"Well enough," Mr. Richard Roe answered. "Went on my uppers once, down in Mindoro."

"I'm on 'em all the time," said the wan youth. "Never saw such luck as I have."

"Get a mascot, Mike," Mr. Richard Roe advised mockingly. "That's what I did. Finest little manikin of a mascot the Luck Machine ever ground out. Found a little German down there, down on *his* luck, sick, almost crying for some trees he'd got to cut or lose his job. I got 'em for him. The little beggar was so glad he gave me a hundred, and I played it on the twelve at Rafferty's—there were twelve trees—and the twelve came. They wouldn't let me bet again, so I came up to Manila."

"Hell!" said the aged young man disgustedly. "What's thirty-six hundred? I could cash up that myself."

"And," said the older man, speaking through motionless lips, "the lucky devil struck Manila just when that tin-horn Haines had sold a mine down Mindanao way. Haines got to working his bellows out at the Country Club, wanting to back the wheel, no limit, and Billy took him up and played the twelve, and the twelve came up—twice running."

The aged young man stared at Mr. Richard Roe with dropped jaw. "Good Lord"—his voice was an awestruck whisper—"that's—that's over a million!"

"Considerably over," Mr. Richard Roe agreed, smiling coolly at the disconcerted young man. "Unfortunately, Mr. Haines couldn't cash it all, so I have his notes for everything but a decent number of thou's. You can have the notes if you want 'em, Mike. And get a mascot."

The aged young man went off into a stream of oaths. "Where you goin' now, Billy?" he asked at last. "Goin'—home?" His voice dropped as he spoke the tabooed word, and for a moment, through the lines with which greed and cunning and indulgence had marked him, the face of a wistful, heartsick youngster came out dimly.

"*And* a wife, *and* a baby," said Mr. Roe, smiling pleasantly. "No, thank you, Mike. I'm going over to Siam and buy a small tin mine. It's a thing I've always wanted. Perhaps I may breed a line of white elephants on the side." Abruptly, as if a sudden thought had come to him, he rose and filled the glasses, emptying the bottle. "Gentlemen," he cried, holding his glass aloft, "I ask for bottoms up. To the Señor Ess-soffti, the prince of mascots. May he live long and die busy." The glasses clinked and were emptied, and Mr. Roe set his on the table. "Good night, gentlemen," he said, and departed.

But his progress was soon interrupted, for blinded by the sudden darkness of the deck he lost his way, and was nearly sent sprawling by the legs of a man who sat huddled on a settee, a shabby little man, even in the dark. "What the devil—" Mr. Roe began with lofty displeasure. He checked himself. "I beg your pardon," he said, with the elaborate courtesy of one who having the divine right to be insolent yet chooses to be kind.

Shrinking as at a blow, the shabby little man drew in his legs. Even in the gloom the motion had an appealing humbleness that went to the ready sympathy of Mr. Richard Roe. "It's all right, old chap," he said. "No harm done. Good night."

The shabby little man mumbled something inarticulate, and Mr. Roe, immaculate, self-sufficient, free from care, strode on and left his mascot staring blindly out at the dim, jumbled waters flashing by. "What luck!" the mascot mumbled to the waters, after a long time. And then again, "What luck!"

CINDERELLA DINES

By A. E. MORAN and MADGE C. JENISON

Illustrations by Edmund Frederick

"OH! Why did I ever ask that girl?" wailed Mrs. Elliot. "Why did I ask her, Letty, when I know how unreliable she is? Grippe! People ought to be inoculated for grippe every year. To think that at the eleventh hour—at the fifty-ninth minute, she should ruin my nicest dinner!"

The young matron paused on the threshold of her softly lighted dining-room and crushed in her hand the telegram that she had just opened. Her chin quivered pathetically. Letty stood mute, looking at her cousin with round eyes of horror. Letty was fifteen and a half—she insisted upon the half—tall and spindling, with a long braid of tawny hair. She adored Cousin Marian. It had been rapture to stay two months with the Elliots, while the family went South, to help Cousin Marian don her pretty clothes and to drive with her about the parks. To-night the girl was to have a solitary, skirmished feast in the billiard-room, but she had slipped down to admire Cousin Marian's dinner-table—and now behold! the pretty festive room, fragrant with flowers, shining with its array of bridal silver, with its spot of glowing fire so carefully adjusted to be bright, yet not too warm—was become the background of a harrowing tragedy.

Mrs. Elliot had sunk into a chair and begun to wipe her eyes, discreetly, as one must, or work havoc to a completed toilet.

"A round table," she went on, "and every place will have to be moved. One man will have to go in alone and oh, if you knew how hard Henry Cuthbert is to talk to! Why Dick likes him so much I can't think. I depended on Helen Joyce to manage him—she has a gift for making people do the talking themselves, and they always have so much better time when they do."

Mrs. Elliot's eyes filled again as a new view of the disaster presented itself to her mind.

"How shall I tell Bates?" she questioned, her voice sinking eerily. "If I touch the table he'll be mortally offended—and he's the grumpiest thing at times like this. Dick will have to speak to him— But even then Henry Cuthbert is an extra man. Oh, Letty, I wish you were grown up!" she moaned, and patted her eyes afresh.

Letty's face had been doleful, but now the color swept over it suddenly. She stood a moment in meditation and then she looked up with the backward jerk of her head that was often necessary to free her braid from entangling hooks and buttons.

"I could wear one of your gowns, Cousin Marian," she suggested, and sinking on the edge of the window-seat, she regarded her weeping idol with bated breath.

"Wear one of my gowns?" repeated Mrs. Elliot, uncomprehending. When the suggestion struck her in its full force, she paused suddenly in the act of mourning and sat up straight.

"I wonder if—Letty—Letty, do you think you could? Stand up and just let me look at you. Do you suppose you could talk and not give yourself away? Oh! my dear, I declare if you could——"

Letty broke in with a gasp.

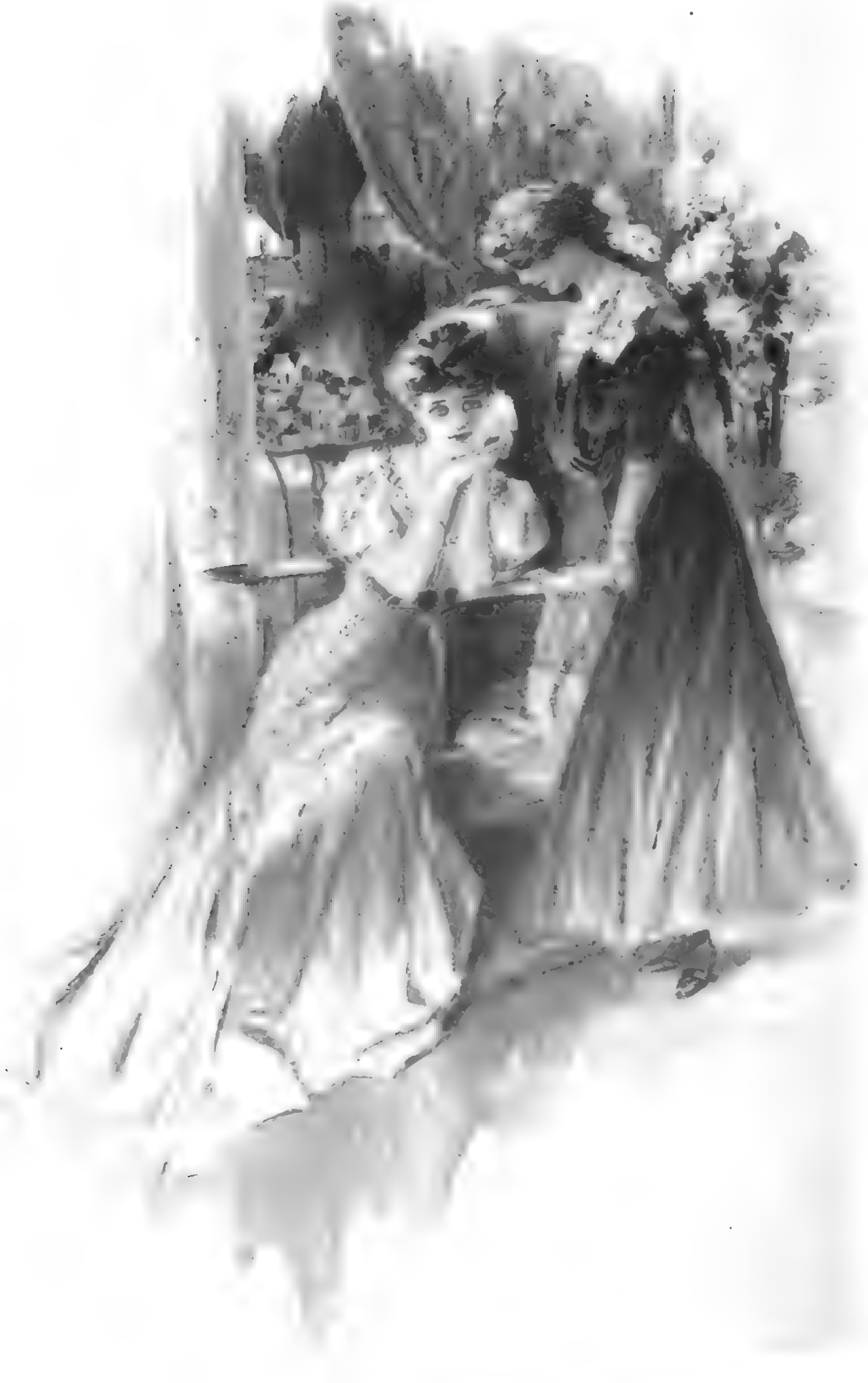
"Cousin Marian," she said, clasping her hands tightly together and speaking word by word as solemnly as though she were being married—"If you'll just let me try it—I'll talk—I'll talk—and I'll keep it up, and I'll be your humble slave as long as I live."

Mrs. Elliot had an adventurous spirit beneath her nerves, and she began to laugh excitedly.

"You're too thin to go décolleté, child," she said, taking hurried stock of the situation. "You're all bones and angles. But there's my black velvet with the duchesse yoke."

"O-o-oh, Cousin Marian," breathed Letty, ecstatic.

Cousin Marian measured with her eye the



"OH, LETTY, I WISH YOU WERE GROWN UP!" SHE MOANED.

slender, lad-like figure, and cast an anxious glance at the clock.

"You could have a wide girdle. That fulness in the waist would do very well for you. Letty, we'll try. Be quick and let's just try."

Letty made a dash for the staircase.

"Tell Martha to get plenty of hairpins," panted Mrs. Elliot in pursuit. I'll come to your room with the gown. Hurry, child! Be quick!"

All the years of Letty's life had not afforded her so many diverse sensations as were compressed into the next twenty minutes. Never had she been so pulled and pushed, so patted and twisted; but physical pangs she bore with the exaltation of an early martyr. Her feet, which had grown beyond the rest of her, were squeezed with difficulty into a pair of ravishing beaded slippers. Her hands, in a state of schoolgirl grubbiness that made her cousin sigh despairingly, were hastily, and far from gently, manicured by Martha. Her head was skewered mercilessly with hairpins. The black velvet dress, very full as to the waist and sweeping as to the skirt, was folded in here and pieced out there, while throughout the process of enchantment Mrs. Elliot crammed into the girl's ears as much of warning and advice as a voluble tongue could compass.

"I'll have to give you Mr. Cuthbert, Letty. Remember, he's an archeologist. He was in Dick's club at college. He's going to sail in a few days for Egypt or Asia or somewhere near there to hunt for what-do-you-call-'em—those things in tumuli—" She paused as an expression of panic appeared on Letty's face.

"I'm sure I don't know anything about them, my dear, but they're very interesting to some people. You find skeletons in them. But you needn't talk about that. Ask him whether he cares for class reunions, and whether he approves of international athletics. I know he's the sort of man that likes to be asked whether he approves of things. He'll probably hardly look at you—he never has at me. I'll put Dr. Goodwin on your other side. He's taking in Winifred Clay and he's so crazy about her that he'll hardly know you're there. Hold your head straight, dear child—I know I'm pulling your hair, but I must get it at the right angle."

"It doesn't hurt as much as my feet," said Letty, disposed to look on the bright side of things.

The first guest rang the door-bell before the last hook was fastened, and the hostess had only one breathless moment to view the result of her labors. She stood back flushed and exultant to take in the tall figure in the rich gown, with the fair hair piled in a coronet above the girl's crimson cheeks and shining eyes.

"Why, Letty!" exclaimed Mrs. Elliot, clapping her hands, "I really believe you're going to grow up pretty. Perhaps you won't have to talk. Some women can just smile. But for heaven's sake, dear, remember not to raise your hands too high—those lace ruffles on your sleeves will fly back, and you have the sharpest elbows! Men hate thin arms. Fasten those corals round her neck, Martha; pull the strings farther apart— Now, my dear, be careful. I must fly. Those are the Parkes'. I know his laugh, and she always goes right down."

"Cousin Marian," cried Letty in an imploring whisper as her cousin disappeared down the hall in a swirl of pale blue draperies. Mrs. Elliot paused at the head of the stairs and Letty came toward her on tiptoe, stumbling over the velvet skirt.

"Please," she gasped, clinging to the balustrade, "when you speak to me, call me Letitia— And tell Cousin Dick— Please, won't you?"

"Very well," assented Mrs. Elliot, with something approaching a giggle, and sped to her station in the drawing-room.

Letty followed shortly, finding the combination of trained skirt and French heels most perilous in the descent of stairways. But she presented herself in safety, and endured unflinching the ordeal of introduction to an oldish young lady in white satin and a tall young man with a soft foreign accent, discovering with surprise and relief that people in evening dress are no harder to meet than those in ordinary clothes.

Dick Elliot came and shook hands with her—his manner unctuous, his eyes full of deviltry.

"Well, princess, how is your godmother? Is the pumpkin in waiting—and the four gray rats?" he whispered, taking her big spangled fan.

In a moment he was called away and Letty sat down in a tentative manner on the piano-bench, watching the people about her, and feeling as if the curtain had suddenly gone up upon life. The drawing-room filled rapidly, and Mrs. Elliot, laughing and chattering, seemed to talk to every one at once. The girl was too much interested to remember that she was herself to be more than a spectator, until she saw her hostess coming across the room followed by a dark, grave man who lent ear to that lady's speeches with somewhat preoccupied deference.

"Letitia," said Cousin Marian impressively, "let me present Mr. Cuthbert. Mr. Cuthbert, my cousin, Miss Kent. You've not met before, I think. Le—Letitia, you must make Mr. Cuthbert tell you all about those wonderful voyages of his."

Letty flushed and wondered whether she ought to shake hands. Her tongue felt thick and dry. Mr. Cuthbert's eyes, black behind his pince-nez, considered her coolly.

"I am to have the honor, Miss Kent," he said formally, and crooked an arm toward her as Mrs. Elliot melted away. Letty's heart went out to him. Oh, the rapture of being called Miss Kent! They fell into the line that was moving toward the dining-room, and Letty reached her place at table without mishap, though her train seemed to flow in several directions at once. They sat down and she took in with one comprehensive glance the table and its guests, then turned a glowing face upon her partner. He smiled involuntarily.

"What a lovely thing!" he said, glancing from her to the centerpiece of daffodils, as he took up his oyster fork.

"Yes, aren't they lovely?" said Letty, finding tongue with a rush. "I've been growing some in my window-garden at home—it's wonderful. We're studying plant-life"—she stopped short and gripped her fork, her brows drawing together—"I have attended a course of lectures on botany this winter," she concluded, lifting her chin a little.

"Is that one of the new fads?" inquired her companion with polite interest. "I hadn't heard of it. Do you find it worth while?"

"I've been rather interested," said Letty magnificently—as if in the press of daily interests botany had an extremely questionable value.

"That was pretty business with daffodils in Miss Dardenton's last play," offered Cuthbert, wondering what he had said that he should be snubbed.

"It's yellow roses," corrected Letty. "Oh, I just love Miss Dardenton! Don't you think she's perfectly splendid?"

Cuthbert turned toward her an amused face, and Letty remembered with trepidation that Cousin Marian had said that enthusiasm was very young.

"What did you think of her play?" he asked. In his voice was a note of indulgence that struck Letty with alarm. She sought about in her mind for some speeches of her mother's.

"It's a delicious little fantasy, isn't it?" she returned, with her most grown-up air. "But it's hardly worthy of her talents."

"Well, do you know, I liked it," answered Cuthbert with a confidential frankness that made his companion feel all of twenty-five. "I like pretty little things of that sort a great deal better than these problem plays that people make so much of. But perhaps you prefer Ibsen and Sudermann and the other new men?"

"Problem plays? Mother doesn't—" Letty stopped short. "My mother has such a feeling against them that I don't go to many," she explained with a certain precision of accent. "But I went to 'The Doll's House' the other day with Cousin Marian."

"Did you care for that?" asked Cuthbert, as in duty bound.

"It wasn't specially interesting," said Letty cautiously, as she tasted her soup. "I like to see a play where more things happen. Nora just goes out and slams the door and you are never sure what comes after."

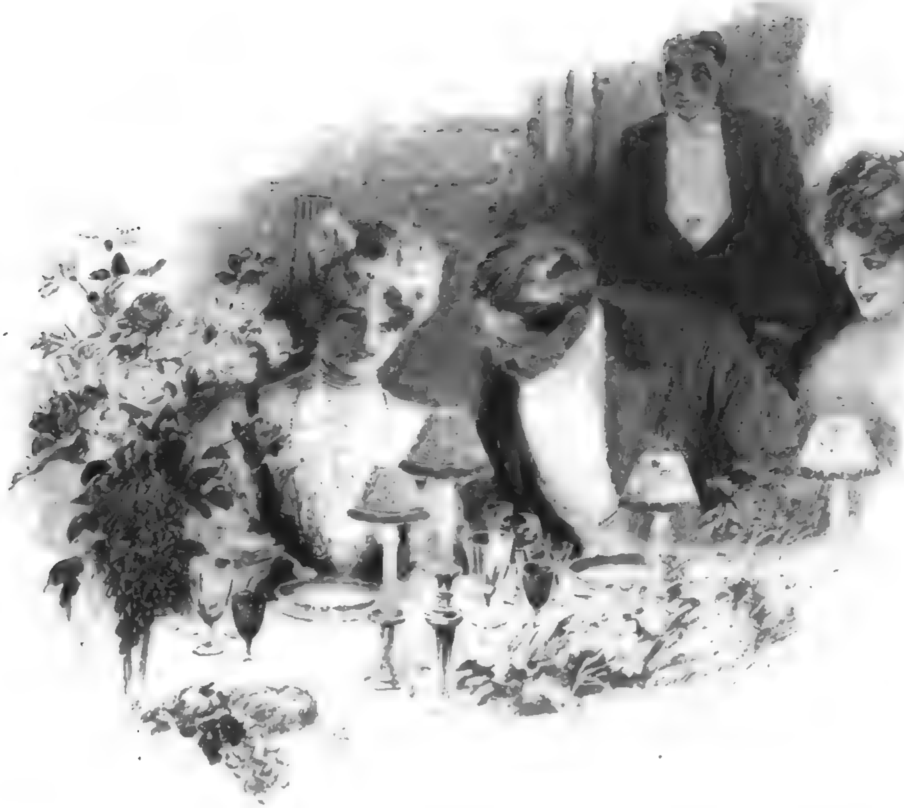
"It seems unsatisfactory to me, too," the man agreed. "Don't you think all of Ibsen less convincing acted than read?"

"I've never read any," was the prompt reply. "I wouldn't for worlds read a play beforehand. It spoils all the excitement."

"As a rule there is so little excitement to spoil," said he, returning to that air of frankness that was at once disconcerting and delightful.

"Not in that," Letty acknowledged; "but if you haven't read it, you keep hoping that there will be."

Cuthbert laughed, considering the girl beside him with freshened interest, and the apprehensive Letty, staring at her plate, tried to think what she had said that was amusing. Silence seemed best for the moment, and she took refuge in eating, though she was far too uplifted to be hungry. Her eye ran about the table. Mrs. Elliot, listening with bright eyes and little nods of the head to the foreign young man, sent her a smile of encouragement. In a moment Mr. Cuthbert conscientiously produced a new topic of conversation.



THE APPREHENSIVE LETTY TRIED TO THINK WHAT SHE HAD SAID THAT WAS AMUSING.

"Since Mrs. Elliot is your cousin, you must be related to another friend of mine, Richardson Kent," he said.

"Oh! do you know my cousin, the advocate? That's what we call him at home," explained Letty, as the man looked surprised. "Yes, he's a relation, but I'm not at all fond of him. I consider him a stuck-up pig."

Cuthbert could only gasp at such frankness.

"He always talks to you from off a pedestal—way up—" continued Letty vindictively. "Don't you hate people who treat you that way, as if you were so young?"

"Well, really, I think I might like it,' said Cuthbert, and laughed again.

"I don't," said Letty, making a vicious jab at the potatoes on her plate.

There was no posing about Miss Kent, at any rate, Cuthbert reflected—you got her real opinions.

"Kent's not a bad sort with men," he suggested deferentially. "I camped with him in the Nipigon country last year, and he's a great chap in the woods. He tells a good story and is a capital shot."

"What were you shooting?" asked Letty eager to change the subject and scenting a story.

"Deer," said Cuthbert. "It's the only big game."

"Oh!" cried Letty, "please tell me about it. I love to hear about hunting." She turned upon him an intent child's face, her cheeks pinker than her corals. The man proceeded, in pleased obedience, to produce a deer story, and she gave herself up to the bliss of being entertained, secure in the knowledge that hunting was a subject of which even a grown woman might safely confess ignorance. The clear gaze fixed upon his face beguiled Cuthbert into further and further detail; one whole course and part of another passed without mishap, and Mrs. Elliot observed them complacently, reflecting that she had never known Henry Cuthbert to talk so much.

In the midst of this blissful tranquillity an expression of anxiety came of a sudden to Letty's face. She asked questions at random, started to raise a hand to her hair, but, remembering politeness and her sharp elbows, clasped her fingers tightly in her lap. At length she turned appealingly to Cuthbert.

"Look at my back hair when I bend my head forward," she murmured in desperation. "Is it coming down? Does it look all right?"

The man took a surprised glance at the fluffy waves that were drawn up from the nape of a white neck.

"I see nothing wrong," he assured her.

"O-oh, thanks!" sighed Letty with relief. Then suddenly she sat up very stiff and straight. "It's a new way of dressing it and it feels queer," she added coldly.

Cuthbert had never seen a girl who was so friendly one moment and so distant the next. Puzzled anew, he was seeking some words that would reestablish cordial relations, when the woman on his other side addressed him for the first time, and he turned his attention to her. Letty had leisure for a glance about the table. Dr. Goodwin was bending devotedly toward Miss Clay—a charming sight in Letty's estimation. The men on either side of Cousin Marian were laughing over one of that lady's speeches. As the girl stared at her, fascinated, Mrs. Elliot leaned forward to say smilingly, "Won't you have some sauce, Letitia?" and Letty became aware with a start of the servant waiting at her elbow. She served herself hastily. How many things one had to remember at a dinner party! A moment later, Henry Cuthbert turned to her again.

"Are you interested in Browning, too, Miss Kent?" he asked, with a smothered sigh.

"I think he's dreadful," said Letty, once more off her guard. "I don't see how people can like him better than Tennyson. Don't you love 'The May Queen'?"

"I'm afraid I scarcely remember it," her listener acknowledged after an instant's hesitation.

"I like that part," Letty said, "about the March morning, when she heard the angels calling:

It was when the moon was setting and the dark was over all;
The trees began to whisper and the wind began to roll,
And in the wild March morning, I heard them call my soul!"

Cuthbert nodded, and thought to himself, as her voice thrilled over the words, that the lines did shake one up.

"I woke up one morning, just a little while ago," she went on, her mind intent on her story, "and the wind sounded like that. It was just beginning to be day—you know how it looks. I came down-stairs for a drink and something was moving outside that window, there—it looked like a ghostly arm with a flowing sleeve. Goodness, but I was frightened! I was stiff. I couldn't move for a moment, and then I ran over and pulled back the curtain—and what do you think it was?" She paused and laughed softly. "It was the branch of a tree with some dead leaves hanging on it, swaying in the wind. It seems funny now," she concluded, agreeing with Cuthbert's friendly smile, "but it was awful that minute while I was standing there."

"I know a worse ghost story than that," said Cuthbert with a reflective frown.

"Oh, tell me!" exclaimed Letty. "I'd love—I've always been interested in ghosts."

"It's not a pleasant story—and I don't want to spoil your appetite for that ice," Cuthbert objected.

"It looks too pretty to eat, but nothing could spoil my appetite for ice-cream," said Letty, with a cheerful lack of tact. "Please tell me. Was it here? Lately?"

"It was in Egypt—two years ago," Cuthbert explained without enthusiasm.

"Oh! when you went to search tumbrils," said Letty with an unlucky remembrance of her cousin's hints on archeology.

"Search tumbrils?" Cuthbert stopped short —then the ends of his dark mustache quivered slightly. Letty crimsoned. It was an instant before she spoke.

"I think it's very rude of you to laugh," she said with bitter indignation.

"Laugh! Why, Miss Kent, I assure you——"

"Yes, you did! I saw you," the girl broke in hotly.

"Indeed, I had no idea of laughing. It —was an entirely natural——"

"You're not telling the truth," said Letty, at her bluntest.

Cuthbert flushed to his forehead. "Really—" he began, his voice cold.

Mrs. Elliot had signaled and Letty rose.

"You're not! You're not!" she whispered fiercely, and followed the other women from the room.

Mrs. Elliot drew her to a sofa and sat down beside her, patting her hand now and then for encouragement. Coffee was served and all the ladies seemed to talk at once. Letty was silent, but she lent one ear to their delightful gossiping even while her thoughts were busy with Mr. Cuthbert's detestable conduct. She felt sore and wretched, but she held her head high above her velvet and lace, and she was thinking with regret of cutting things that she might have said, when the men came trooping in. "Miss Kent?" she heard some one say beside her, in very humble tones, and looked round to see the offender at her elbow. Her heart softened unexpectedly. How could she help it? His deference was so charming.

"Isn't there anything I can do to make my peace?" the enemy continued. "Your slip of the tongue did seem funny—I'm trying to tell the truth, you see—one is always so supercilious about the things one knows—but I had no idea of offending you—I——"

"Oh, it's all right!" broke in Letty, very uncomfortable, and wriggling upon the sofa after the manner of fifteen and a half. "Let's not talk about that—I'd rather hear your ghost story."

Cuthbert looked down at her with a sigh of relief.

"It's too long to tell you now, but perhaps if I may have another chance of meeting you before I sail—" He paused expectantly.

Letty met his eyes with blank incomprehension. Then she realized with a sensation amounting to rapture that this man—this grown-up man—was asking leave to call on her. Her eyes grew wide and she faltered. "Oh!" she broke in at last. "You don't—you don't know how old I am."

Cuthbert looked utterly bewildered. "Is that necessary?" he stammered.

"I'm not sixteen yet—not for five months," confessed Letty, sorely pressed. "Cousin Marian just dressed me up to-night to fill a place. I'd love to talk to you again, but—you see——"

The silence was eloquent. Cuthbert stared at her for one dumfounded moment, then he threw back his head with a peal of laughter that made Mrs. Elliot, across the room, look toward them with secret misgiving. He sat down beside the girl and considered her with eyes that danced behind his glasses, but his deference was not one whit abated as he asked:

"Do you mean that Mrs. Elliot would not approve?"

"Mrs. Elliot? Oh, no!—but mother doesn't let me—" She stopped miserably.

The man came to the rescue.

"Let me stop in and take you and Mrs. Elliot for a ride some afternoon," he said. "That would be more informal. Could I do that? Will you be here any afternoon this week?"

"I'm going home to-morrow, but I always stop in on Fridays after my music lesson," said Letty, restored to her accustomed enthusiasm.

"Friday it is, then," said Cuthbert, "if your cousin permits. Will you shake hands on it?"

Letty grasped his hand, beaming, and Cuthbert went to find his hostess. He spent some time saying good night. The last guest had no sooner crossed the threshold than Mrs. Elliot swooped down upon Letty and embraced her rapturously.

"You're a great success at dinner parties, you dear child. Why, you're a wonder! I'm proud of you."

Dick Elliot came in, laughing, from the hall, glad to give vent to the amusement that his every glance at Letty had kept fresh throughout the evening.

"Well, Miss Letitia," he cried boisterously, "how did you enjoy the party?"

Letty had flopped upon the floor and was tenderly removing a French slipper from her right foot.

"Oh, Cousin Dick!" she said, and turned a radiant glance upon him. "I think it was perfectly splendid!"

"And how did you like old Cuthbert?"

Letty was nursing her foot in both hands. "He's simply grand!" she answered with conviction.

Mrs. Elliot took her husband's arm, and spoke in his ear as they went up-stairs behind the stately Letty, who walked on air, her slippers in her hand.

"Henry Cuthbert is coming to take us for a ride on Friday," she said.

"Friday!" exclaimed Dick Elliot, turning toward her. "He sails day after to-morrow—Thursday."

Mrs. Elliot looked at him triumphantly, with an eye on the unconscious Letty. "Not for a month," she breathed, and smothered her laughter in his sleeve.

"Not for a month!" cried Dick, stopping short.

He broke into a low whistle as he looked from his laughing wife to the unconscious figure above them. From the top step Letty turned to smile at them a dreamy good night.

It Has to Come in America

By ERNEST POOLE

Author of "The Voice of the Street," etc., etc.

"THERE isn't any big story about him," said his friend. "He just worked. I mean he did till he disappeared. I knew him better than any one, because in the Life Class his easel was next to mine; but he never said much about himself; he talked only about the Old Masters, who were as priests to him. He had a queer beginning. The first thing he can remember is a big, bare, ugly orphan asylum somewhere. What made him think of Art in such a place nobody knows. But he did think of it, got hungry for it, began having dreams about pictures. And one night he got out of the window and ran away—to be an artist. He was only fourteen, and small for his age. But he worked his way somehow to Chicago, and came here to the Art Institute School, one day six years ago, a hungry-looking little chap in asylum clothes. And he's been here off and on ever since.

"No one knew how he lived in those first years—until one day I happened to see him working as a waiter in a lunch-room. Then I found that all through the winter he had been getting up before daybreak, reaching the lunch-room at six-thirty, and working till nine; from there he came here and worked at his easel till a quarter of twelve; then to the lunch-room for the rush hours, and back here at two; more painting till five; then an hour's rest, and the lunch-room from six till seven-thirty; and after that he was usher in a theatre. That's an awful day. You know working at an easel isn't the same as being lazy.

"But it didn't seem to hurt the little chap. When he was standing at his easel, or perched 'way up on a four-foot stool with a drawing-pad across his knees, those big eager eyes of his looked as if there was just one place on earth for him, and he'd found it. He was a fast worker; he began in the Elementary Class, worked right up through the Intermediate into the Antique, next the Gallery, and later the Life Class, and last winter he was with me in Advanced Life. And he has a future. His work is crude but powerful, and has grown better steadily month by month. His pictures have already won medals; and when I last saw him, he was delighted over his first three commissions for portraits. I don't know where he is now. But one thing I'm sure of. If he's alive—he's painting. That's all. The Art was born in him, and it simply had to come. And it has to come in America."

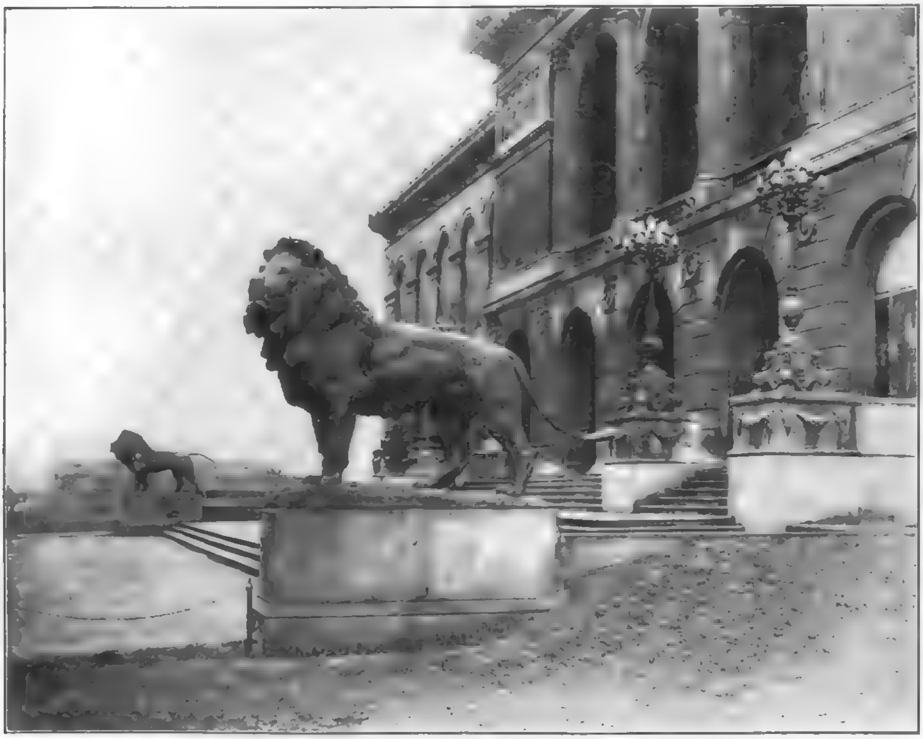
It has to come. For America is ever vital with millions of fresh lives—and inevitably develops. For a century we have been straining to draw riches from mines and prairies and forests and mills; absorbed for a century in *things*; and now we are beginning to turn to *ideals*: first to the rugged old social ideals of justice, equality, freedom for all; and then to esthetic ideals of the Beauty that uplifts and forever endures. And as the people rise to the task, and the fight for justice and freedom everywhere sharpens in the political fields, it is a relief to turn just for a moment to the more peaceful phase of our growth, to the stories—joyous, dramatic, inspiring—of those who are working for Beauty; and to find that in Chicago, the very center of the Rush and the Grab, there is rising a great Western home of Art. It is a place of life and high spirits and fun—for the 2,000 young artists are boys and girls of twenty; a place of privation and sacrifice—for hundreds live only from hand to mouth; and a place of deep enthusiasms, of day- and night-work—for Americans are not afraid of labor.

There was a Norwegian, a tall young giant, who at first barely spoke English and had few friends. Many such young foreigners are here—Germans, Italians, Bohemians, Poles, and Greeks—and even Japanese; for Chicago is a huge caldron in which the world's races are mixed. No one knew what had brought the young giant from Norway. Afterward they learned how he had come over to be a mechanic; had happened one Sunday into the galleries; then had come every Sunday; and at last had entered the school studios to make a life work of Art. He had no money. So, though the tuition fees were very low—$25 for twelve weeks, $6 for thirty-six evenings—he had to work out his tuition as a janitor. He did odd jobs for food. He slept in one corner of an attic rented by five young students. They had three double-decker bunks for six. He slept in an upper bunk, and always came in late. The others had just enough to live on; each brought in provisions haphazard, as he found a quarter or a nickel in his pocket at night; they cooked on one rickety stove, and traded suppers. But the giant never brought anything in, and quietly refused all invitations to eat. He said he took his supper outside. Once at the supper hour he had been seen in an alley munching crackers.

So passed six months. In the early summer he got a job at painting the iron beams of the Wabash Avenue Elevated Railroad. He joined in the suppers now, and as his English grew better he joked and laughed at his companions' yarns, and told strange legends of the old Norwegian fiords where he had fished and climbed as a youngster. His roommates became his warm friends. Many others came to like him. His work at the easel went on and swiftly improved, when he was not at work on the railroad.

One night in September he did not come home, but they thought nothing of this, till the next morning one of them happened to read this obscure item in the paper: "Death on the Elevated. Young iron painter falls from scaffolding between two cable-cars, and is crushed. Body taken to city morgue. Unknown."

And the attic was silent that night. The next day there was a collecting of quarters and nickels and dimes all through the studios. And in the evening, in a little burial-place in the sand hills south of the city, a score of young art students stood with uncovered heads, in silence, without clergy, listening to the thuds of the heavy clods that two of them shoveled into the grave.



Photograph by Frederick O. Bemm, Chicago.

THE LION-GUARDED PORTAL OF THE CHICAGO ART INSTITUTE.

And that was all, except a letter from the boy's old father, a telegrapher in a lonely little town in Norway. From the letter it appears that the giant had never missed a week in writing home—and had always been eagerly telling about the new home here that was soon to be ready for the old man.

A COSTUME PARTY PIRATE.

But in a month the attic — being full of Youth — forgot, and grew merry as before. Its inmates went on laughing at Poverty, made shrewd contrivances against it, hatched wise, impractical schemes to make huge fortunes, went on trading suppers and tobacco and working at odd jobs for a living — went on working hard at their easels.

They had glorious vacations. One summer two of them, having grown rich to the extent of $83 and one satchel, set out together for Europe. At the start they made an art patron of an old Irish brakeman, by sketching his portrait, and so they rode free on a fast freight to New York. There they shipped on a big cattle-boat, were deathly ill, but somehow tended the cattle; landed in London, saw the galleries; went to Paris, saw the galleries; became inspired, decided to stay on; reached London two weeks after their empty cattle-boat had left, grew humble and repentant in the company's office, told stories that made a tall Englishman laugh; were shipped back free, landed, took a freight-train home — and began again at their easels.

Six more went down to the Ohio, built a house-boat and fared forth to nowhere, with paints and brushes ready to portray sea-serpents, pirates, or Hottentots, anything in fact that had "local color"—but they struck a mud flat instead, and sank, and swam out and came sadly home. These are only two vacation yarns among hundreds.

Some five years ago a serious little German appeared at the studios, and went quietly to work. Every day from nine until twelve and from two until five, he steadily drew. He spoke to nobody. As in autumn the days grew shorter, he went away earlier, always about one hour before it grew dark; but no one knew why—until one morning he walked in, on his face an anxious expression, and under his arm an enormous black and red rooster! Rooster and boy were stopped at the door, but, the anxious expression deepening, the good-natured guard led them into the secretary's office.

"What on earth have you there?" asked that astonished official, swinging around from his desk. "Your lunch?" At this the old bird glared his indignant surprise, and then grew majestic as before.

"No, sir!" said the little German stoutly. "He isn't a lunch! He's a model!" There was a long silence, model and artist eying the secretary.

"Well," said that gentleman, growing red in the face, but restraining his mirth, "why did you bring him? You must know our rule that no model shall crow in hours. Can he pose?"

"Oh, yes, sir! He can! I tell you he's no fool—Ephraim isn't!" From the haughty stare of his eye, old Ephraim certainly wasn't.

"NOT THE SAME AS BEING LAZY."

ART STUDENTS AT PLAY—A BURLESQUE BAND.

"It's this way, sir," continued the boy. "You see I need money to live on, so I keep chickens over on the West Side. I've got over eighty now, and I make $10 a week. And Ephraim is the finest looking rooster I've got. Walk all up and down South Water Street and you won't find another like Ephraim." And then, as the solemn bird still stared, the secretary grew uneasy and ashamed.

"I've no doubt he is handsome—I mean I can see it, and I beg his pardon. But why not paint him at home?"

"Why, you see—" The boy paused, embarrassed. "It isn't very warm in winter in the shed. And my aunt whom I live with, she won't have him in the kitchen. And anyway Ephraim won't pose there. He don't like her. So I hoped you'd let me just try him here. I can't tell you now—I mean I'd rather not—but I've got a fine scheme, if you'll only let me draw Ephraim. Won't you? Just look at him, sir. He hasn't moved an eyelash!" He hadn't. Again there was a long silence.

"Don't you think he's enchanted?" asked the uneasy official.

"No, sir. He's awful human. He eats twice as much as any bird I have." Even this did not disconcert the rooster. And he was certainly a beauty, glossy black with vivid scarlet patches. But one eye was even more uncanny than the other, and as the secretary looked closer, he saw that this eye was of glass! He started.

"Yes, my boy," he said hurriedly, "you can try him in the studio if you like. Only please take him away from here!"

"All right, sir!" cried the delighted lad. "Thanks! Thanks!"

"Remember! No crowing in hours!"

"All right! He won't crow; he won't move an inch. You'll see!"

And so it proved. Whether from sympathy with his young master, from deep devotion to Art, or from pride before the wondering students around him—Ephraim never moved. When put on his stool and shown exactly at what angle to curve his great shining neck, he became statuesque, solemn, and fierce, with only now and then a roll or a flash of his one impressive real eye.

That was five years ago. A few months back a prosperous young man came in to see the secretary. It was the little German. The "fine scheme" had worked out. He is now the acknowledged master on pictures of chickens, ducks, geese, pheasants, and every kind of poultry. Not only are his pictures constantly appearing in all the best American poultry journals, but even in journals of England, Germany, and France. His income is large. He is married and has a snug farm over in Michigan, whither he takes the handsomest birds from all over the country. And if there be any young reader of this tale who is the proud owner of an Ephraim Junior, and wants its likeness painted, let him send his bird to this chicken studio. But as for old Ephraim himself—alas! he continued to be "awful human," eating twice as much as the others. He continued to pose, he even developed a passion for it, and posed by himself all day. The sad result was corpulence, gout, and early decay. Then one long night of agony—and another name to the shining list of Art's martyrs!

A PLACE OF PRIVATION, SACRIFICE, AND DEEP ENTHUSIASMS.

There are many more who in different ways are turning Art to practical uses. In the night-school are over seven hundred students, and here are classes not only in drawing, painting, and sculpture, but in architecture, mural decoration, illustration, cartoons, and the designing of wall-paper, laces, jewelry, book covers, rugs. The best department store in the city takes hundreds of designs for oriental rugs from Art Institute graduates, who have studied for years the work of the Orient, and now themselves make drawings that are sent to Persia, there to be worked out by the proud old descendants of Cyrus—the youngest artists in the world thus becoming masters of the oldest art.

In another department store, some years ago, in a huge dazzling show window, there worked a youngster who attracted big clusters of people out of the street's rush and clatter by the amazing speed with which he painted. "Abraham Lincoln" in two minutes, "Plighting Their Troth" in three minutes and a quarter, and—most astounding record of all—"Brutus Stabbing Cæsar" in one minute and a half! Truly an American artist.

But at night in the school he worked for something different. In the summer he went back to his Western village—and worked. He brought back landscapes that attracted the notice of his teacher. He was sent to Paris—and worked harder. And now his pictures are known in many art centers of the world.

When at last the Art Institute held a special exhibition of his landscapes and gave an evening reception in his honor, he was nowhere to be seen. A friend found him at last, alone in the dark in his studio.

"Why on earth don't you come to the reception?" asked this friend impatiently. "Don't you know that there are people there to meet you who can make your fortune?"

"Yes, I know. And I am grateful. But it's too late."

"What do you mean?" There followed a long silence in the dark.

"My mother—in the village—it was all to be for her. . . . For a year she has been dead."

All do not succeed. As in Rome and Paris and Munich, in the artist quarters, you find endless little tragedies of young people who starve and work day and night at their easels without a spark of talent—so here.

There was a woman of thirty, a court stenographer, who happened into a picture exhibit one evening; and after that she came often, and later she joined a night class. There she soon had warm friends, for her heart was big and her sense of humor delicious; she told stories, some amusing and some very tragic, about scenes she had witnessed in court. Once she described to her teacher three of these scenes, and said that if she could only paint these three in a lifetime she would die happy.

But her work was wretched. She saw this and decided to work harder. She left the night class, gave day and night to her typewriter, brought her savings to $800, left her position, came back to the studios, and entered the all-day classes. Here she worked steadily for a year—even daily through the long hot summer. Her work was still wretched. But instead of becoming jealous she grew only to admire more and more the progress of her more successful friends, became only more reverent before the serene old works of the masters. She sunk herself into the whole—her struggle of relinquishment unseen. When her money was all gone, she simply went back to the old court work.

THE STUDIO BENCH MAKES AN ADMIRABLE DINNER-TABLE.

IT IS EQUALLY PRACTICABLE AS A MOUNTAIN TRAIL.

That was two years ago. And now, as in the beginning, she comes three nights a week to draw, "just for the fun of it." As before, she tells her stories of court life, and is trying to persuade some one who *can* paint to depict them. Five months ago some one told her she ought to write. She began. She has written those same three scenes in a way so vivid, direct, and dramatic that the magazine editor to whom she sent them has ordered a whole series. No failure here; she had simply made a mistake.

There is another kind of mistake that is common.

AND IT HAS OTHER USES.

A young giant came from his father's Montana cattle ranch—to learn to paint. For two years he worked, good-naturedly, but much harder than he seemed to be working, for in his big hand the brush looked small. Horses and cattle and buffalo were his hobby. He attended horse sales and knew the stables where the handsomest horses—race-horses, roadsters, ponies, and big draft horses—were to be found. He had an old chum in Lincoln Park, a buffalo, whom he treated to plugs of tobacco and nicknamed "Old Black Joe." On smoker evenings in his studio he sometimes told the story of the herd of 10,000 bison that had thundered by his father's ranch some eighteen years ago—the last of the prairie monarchs. He told countless stories of cattle round-ups. Often he went to the stock-yards.

But his pictures were frightful affairs. At last, after one long, desperate attempt, he called a meeting in his studio and displayed his latest painting. All looked at it in silence.

"Well," he said at last, very solemnly, "boys, let's call it healthy, and let it go at that." He laughed with the others. "I'm through now," he said. "It's been lots of fun, and whenever you youngsters want air, just let me know and I'll send you passes to come West. You bring your paints and I'll supply the models. Cowboys, horses, rattlesnakes, and coyotes—they'll all be ready to pose. Boys, I'm going back and I'm glad of it. I've made a slight mistake—that's all. I wasn't born to *paint* cattle, but to raise 'em!"

The 2,000 students are not the only sign of the West's awakening interest. For the picture-galleries here, with their famous paintings by the Old Masters and their constant succession of modern exhibits of work by American artists, are thronged by men, women, and children, rich and poor, from city, village, ranch, and farm—*last year seven hundred thousand; the largest attendance of any museum in America!*

There are hundreds and thousands of foreigners who come—Germans, Poles, and Bohemians, Greeks, Italians, Russian Jews.

"These foreigners," said a shrewd, kindly, observant guard who has walked the galleries for twenty years, "show you how much real love and appreciation of Art the millions of immigrants are bringing into America. It's something we ought to be proud of. Crowds of them come every free day, work-

Photograph by Frederick O. Bemm, Chicago.

"THE HUNGER TO CREATE HAS BEGUN AND AMERICANS ARE NOT AFRAID OF LABOR."

A GALLERY IN THE CHICAGO ART INSTITUTE.

ing men, especially the Italians. And they don't need catalogues or any one to tell them what's really fine. They know. And they're so happy about it. You can see the Art right in their eyes, in the way they look at a picture. They like a picture not for its money value or the scene or the story in it. They like it just for the way it is painted.

"Well, so do a good many Americans. But most of them are interested more in the subject. One day a nice-looking old gentleman came up and asked me for the picture of the C—— Bridge. While I was puzzling to find out what he meant I saw him smile.

"'Of course you wouldn't know,' he said. 'But to me it's the loveliest picture of them all. I've come hundreds of times just to see it. I guess it must have been moved.'

"'Well, sir,' I said, 'let's see if I can't help you find it. How did it look?'

"'Just a gray bridge of stone, broken and crumbling a little on one side, overshadowed by branches and flowers and vines. And beside the brook, a brown field studded with blue asters. That's all. Except that now the field and the brook and the bridge have all been blotted out by two huge grimy mills. And so I never go back to my home. I come here to the picture instead.'"

It was a free day—Saturday afternoon—and the galleries were crowded. A quaint little old country lady, a bit drowsy, but still eager to miss nothing—leaned back on a big deep lounge; beside her sat a little girl, bolt upright, eyes wide open; and beside the little girl sat a solemn staring doll. All three gazed at the "Mother and Child" in the corner. Slowly the grandmother's arm tightened around Betty, and with the same maternal instinct Betty's chubby hand tightened around her doll.

"He knew what he was paintin', Betty—didn't he?"

"Yes." An awed whisper.

"Most as well as if he'd been a mother himself." Grandma's old eyes twinkled. "A real mother—like you an' me."

"Yes! Like you an' me! He—he really—did quite well—for a man—didn't he?"

A tall, broad-shouldered, loose-jointed man of middle age came slowly along the gallery. It was again a free day, Sunday afternoon, and all around him were 10,000 men and women and children. But this giant seemed not to notice the crowds. He was here to "size up the show," and somewhat amused at himself for coming; his strong, square face was relaxed and curious; and his heavy, broad-brimmed hat was set firmly on his head—he was not to be taken in by any of this foolery. When he sat down on a lounge, I took a seat beside him, and he soon grew friendly.

"Like this show?" he asked. I assented. "Well," he said, "it's a new one to me," with a smile to himself. "I'll tell you how I happened to come. I've got a ranch over in Iowa, 2,800 acres, artesian well, four barns, and—well, I won't bother ye. The point is I've got a little Eyetalian there who helps in the big kitchen through harvest. When he was a cook in Chicago he was always nosing round here, and he's always talkin' about the pictures—'specially a thing called 'Song of the Lark.' Well, the little Dago talked so much about that picture, he got Sarah wantin' it—she's my wife. So I jest kept quiet an' made up my mind on my next stock-yards trip I'd drop in here, hunt the thing up, an' if it looked wuth the money—buy it. Ye see," he added slowly, "women like Sarah don't often grow." I told him the price of the picture. "What? Thirty—thousand—dollars? Ye don't mean it! Say—show me where it is!"

A moment later we stood before the "thing," just a huge dull red sleepy sun close over a harvest field, and in the foreground a French peasant girl—staring. The big ranchman stood very still. The harsh, strong lines of his face softened. His eyes grew bright.

"Great guns!" he whispered at last. "The little Eyetalian was right!"

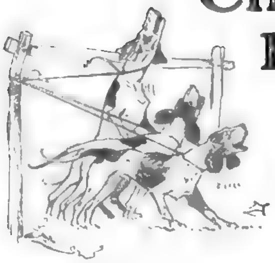
And a moment later, slowly and quite unconsciously, the broad-brimmed hat was removed. And he stood there a long time—gazing.

"The best part of it is," said one of the head officials, "that these people go back among all the forty millions around us, and tell about it. Some tell their neighbors it isn't worth shucks, but most advise their friends and relations not to miss it when next they're in town. I've watched this advice work in my twenty years here, swelling our attendance from a few thousand a year up to seven hundred thousand. And better still, some go back and remember and get picture hungry, and in true American fashion want to do something about it.

"There's one of the bravest, most refined little women who lives 'way out West, where her husband is tied to his mines. She came here five years ago, a delicate little invalid, her big husband pushing her in a wheel chair through the galleries. And they've been here a dozen times since. She has begun bringing drawings of her own; she asks me for absolutely frank criticism, and this she gets from some of our teachers. Quite creditable work she does, too. She has told me about her ugly little mining town, and how hungry for beauty some of the people are. And just lately she has had us buy casts and a whole little school outfit. She's starting an art department in the school for the miners' children. In a few years one of those youngsters will show talent, and she'll send him here to work in our studios. That's the way it works. And she is only one of hundreds."

Hundreds of thousands of people going back to tell their friends—like the little invalid woman, and the big ranchman who took off his hat. Thousands of teachers being trained and sent out to teach Art in country schools scattered from Oregon to Texas. Tens of thousands of boys and girls being trained to life-work in the many Art branches, and some already winning laurels abroad—like the sixteen who had pictures in the Salons of 1904 and 1905 in Paris. This is only one of the beginnings. And the future of American Art lies wide and bright ahead. For the hunger to create has begun. And Americans are not afraid of labor.

"There isn't any big story about him. He just worked."



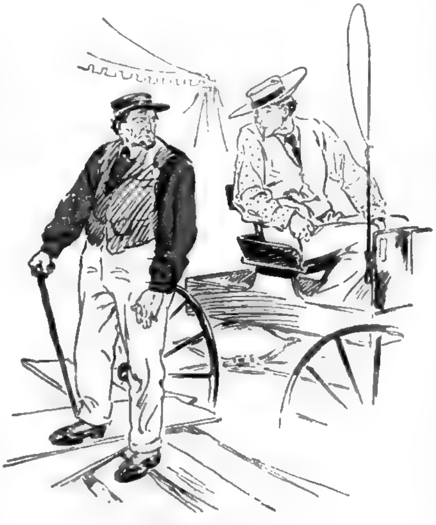
Cinnamon Fritz and Billdock County

By BROUGHTON BRANDENBURG

Illustrations by Horace Taylor

"DID you ever sense the kinship between a Dutchman and a b'ar?" inquired Limpy Hawes one day as we were waiting for the afternoon rush to the menagerie after the performance in the big main tent. "Jest look at Mr. Louie Owgoost Plumpernickel with the sack o' malt under his vest, over there watchin' Black Bob's capers. I tell ye they is blood between the Dutch and b'ars, some place the t'other side of Adam. Mebbe sence." He dropped his quid of fine-cut neatly into a stake hole in the ground, and by that sign I knew that the old circus man was started on one of his great narratives.

"Only a few years back they was a b'ar and a Dutchman with us that put a whole new wrinkle in Southern hist'ry. Mebbe you mind the time the President went on his first big b'ar hunt down South, and all the papers was full of the doin's. Well, that was the year this settin' hatched.

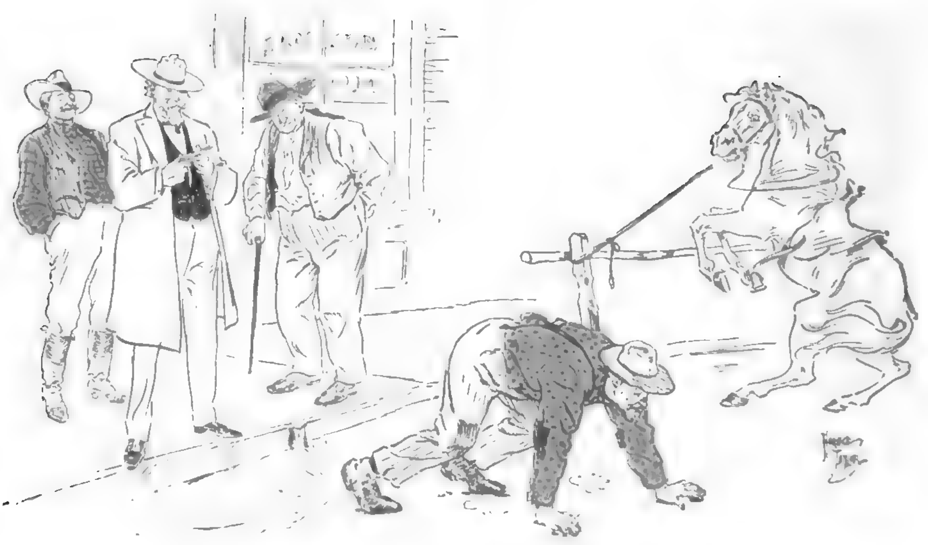


"'SAY, MISTER, I WANT TO BUY A SECOND-HAND B'AR.'"

"Down in Billdock County, Tennysee, they is some mountains and a few people. The mountains is rough and the people is wuss, but they know a blue jay from a tin bird whistle, I tell ye. One of them is old Curt Barker, who has morgidges on half the farms the people hasn't dried up and blowed off of. He's tried all the political offices in the county from shurruf to prosecutin' attorney, and might 'a' taken a whack at probate judge if he'd ben able to write his name and keep his tongue in his mouth while he done it, but he long sence picked out the job with the most tantalizin' lucre on the fringes, the job o' State senator, and he's hung right to it like a feather to a merlasses pie. They say no political melon cuttin' at Nashville was a success unless Curt did the slicin'. And there warn't no leavin's.

"Well, sir, the railroads and the lumbermen hadn' been wantin' very much from Old Curt that year, and as the more propputty he got in Billdock County the bigger taxes he had to pay, Curt was kind o' short. Poor season for melons! One day he set in the Duncan House bar in Nashville, mighty oneasy in his boots about jest who next was goin' to hand him somethin', if at all. He hears the travelin' men talkin' about the President's big b'ar huntin' and how much some of the city sports up North would pay to jine in a big b'ar hunt on hossback like that and so on; an' Curt Barker gits an idee. As Doogan-Dhugann says, Curt knowed it by sight right away, for he'd had two or three before.

"*Why not give a big b'ar hunt in Billdock County?* He might git one o' the newspaper boys in Nashville to do the advertisin'.



"POP TEETERS GOES OUT IN THE MUD TO SHOW SPECIMENS."

charge a big price to the hunters, and kind o' tease a few chips inta the kitty.

"Mebbe it *might* make some diffurunce that *there warn't no b'ars in Billdock County.*

"They'd been one seen eight year before, though, fifty miles eastward. So the idee growed on Curt and the man behind the bar at the Duncan got int'rusted an' seen to it that that idee didn' run short of the kind o' water that makes an idee grow fast. How a few hours' drouth will wither one o' them, too!

"The first thing *we* heard of the idee was when it was growin' so fast Curt Barker was skeered he couldn' come up to it. One day in Bowlin' Green, Kentucky, we was jest gittin' on the lot when a spindle-legged young feller with a cig'rette hangin' from the lower southwest corner of his face drove up in a liv'ry rig in a hurry and asts for the boss. The Old Man was jest makin' some changes in the parade and was right beside me at the head o' the critter waggins.

"'Say, mister, sorry I'm in a hurry,' says the young smart aleck, 'but I want to buy a second-hand b'ar.'

"The Old Man looked him over, kind o' slow.

"'What do you want with one of my b'ars?' says he.

"'Well, I've allus heard you was square. I'll let you inside this deal,' says the young feller. His name was Rubadow, Rufe Rubadow, *Banner* reporter and friend of Barker's. 'Here's straight talk, as the Injuns says; look at this advertisement,' says he.

"By jingy hickles, I think I got one yit in my wallet. A-ha, here we are. See:

"HUNTERS OF BIG GAME
Join the
GREAT BARKER BEAR DRIVE

"On the second of October in the wilds of the mountains of Billdock County, Tenn., will begin a great drive for bears and other large game under the leadership of that famous Southern gentleman and huntsman, the Hon. Curt Barker, of Barkersville, Billdock County. Notable Northern gentlemen of national prominence are among the party formed, and a few more at $100 per gun are desired to complete the cordon.

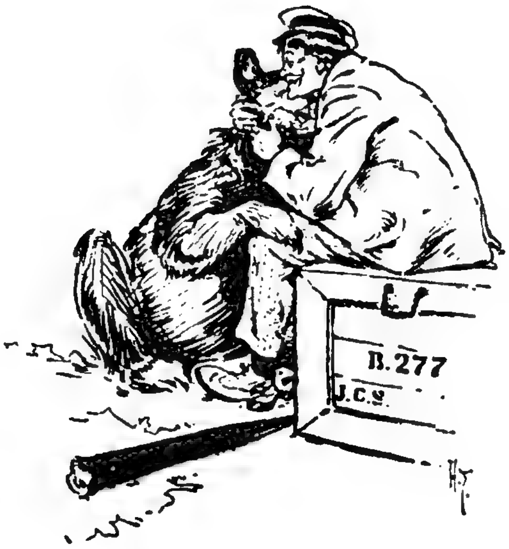
"Accordin' to Mister Rufe Rubadow them lines scattered round the Northern papers had jest natchelly played heck. Purt' near sixty big-bugs and small pertaters mixed had writ to say they was comin'. All Billdock County was crazy, for every man critter in it was already told off as guide, gun-carrier, or hoss-holder at $5 a day to some one of them sixty durn fools. Every hound dog in that end of the State had been rounded up in Barkersville for the sumpshous event, and nobody hadn' slept none for a week 'cause of the anvil chorus them dogs kept up o' nights. Every hoss that was any good was hired, and Curt Barker had give promissory notes to pay for preparations till his arm was stiff with the onusual exercise of signin' 'em.

"But while them people was willin' to do anythin' Curt Barker told 'em, at $5 a day, they was kind o' oneasy about there bein' no b'ars. Says one old feller:

"'Them sixty gents is comin' down to *shoot somethin'* and bringin' some ammynishun that *hurts*. Danged if they don't shoot live critters of some kind even if they ain't no b'ars, and the pussons that has been sayin' they *is* b'ars might get injurded accidental like.'

"They got all worked up till the crowd gethered at the store one night and goin' up to Curt's house told him plain and flat they wouldn' jine in no b'ar drive when there wasn' no hide's hair bigger'n a red fox in the whole county. They said it was too onhealthy even at $5 a day.

"Old Pop Teeters, who was so obligin' he never had two shirts, offers to take an old buffalo robe, make a b'arskin, and go up on one of the hilltops in plain sight and cavort around a little and take his chanct. The boys was skeered, though, that the dogs might trail too well to Pop Teeters, he bein' kind o' timid in relation to soap and water. Then, too, the boys all said they had to be b'ar tracks and plenty of 'em. Pop Teeters said if the shoemaker'd get busy with him fore and aft next mornin' he'd make more'n enuff tracks, and goes out in the mud in front of the store on all fours to show specimens. No good, says the boys to Curt Barker; this warn't no hunt for mountain baboons. They must have a b'ar or they all goes over the mountains to see kinfolks when the first big day come.



"HE WAS TURRIBLE FOND OF HUMAN SASSIETY."

"Upshot was—Rufe Rubadow with $300 and a political pass in his pocket went huntin' for the nearest circus, which was us, to git a b'ar.

"There was old Emmy with her two cubs, but, by Gosh A'mighty, if they ever let that old edgecated grizzly loose in Billdock, Curt Barker wouldn' 'a' been able to poll a vote in the next two year. The sloths warn't the right kind either, but old Cinnamon Fritz, the same old joker that bust up the Liederkranz with his nose, he was gettin' purty well along, was kind o' moth-eaten, didn' have but three teeth left and they didn' meet, couldn' dance on a ball no more, and didn' want to do nothin' anyhow but eat 'n' drink and lay in a warm corner and have Hans Meyer rub his head.

"By jingy hickles, when I give the b'ars to Hans Meyer after Mendelbaum went, them two jest took to each other like Eyetalian brothers. Either one warn't happy lessen the t'other was around. Hans was allus callin' the b'ar '*Fritzie, liebchen*,' or else '*Mein lieber Fritzie*, he vas a fine oldt fat poy, vasn't it, yah, yah, Fritzie?' and old Fritz would close his eyes, draw up his upper lip, pull down his lower one, and say:

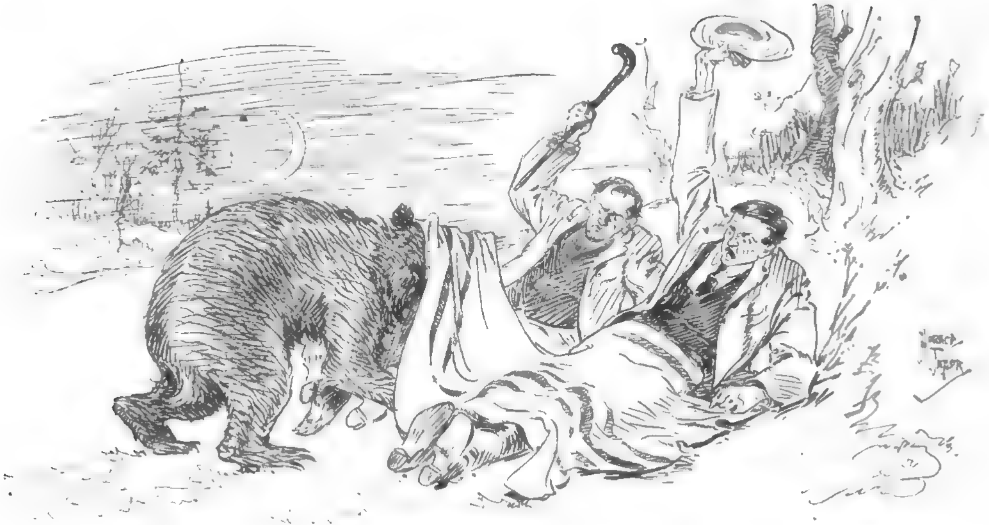
"'*E—yah—ah—ah*.' He was allus turrible fond of human bein' sassiety anyhow, as you'll see in a minnit when I come to it.

"Well, sir, the Old Man sends Fritz, and turnin' to me says, winkin' slow like: 'Limpy, you go along with Mister Rubadow to Billdock County. Jine us again in Montgomery, Alabamy. Mebby by that time you'll have picked up a good b'ar for nothin', *third-handed*.'

"Take m'oath, trouble jest follers me around whistlin' at me and makin' signs. I had plenty of it, you bet your back teeth, before we got to a little way station jest edgin' on Billdock, but I'll jump over all the trouble up to then.

"Ye see the hunters was comin' in the front door of Billdock by the way of Nashville and the L. & N. the next Wednesday, and this Sunday evenin' we was sneakin' in the back door from another little jerkwater railroad. All this was Rufe's idee, he not wantin' anybody but a few to know any more about the b'ar than that it was loose in Billdock County. By jing, they knowed *that* all right, purty durn quick.

"Well, sir, we clumb up that mountain from midnight till four o'clock; then we slept till eight with Fritz in the middle under the one hoss blanket we had, becuz, dang his hide, he wouldn' sleep no place but the very most warmest. At daybreak we turns him loose and I requests him to get up in the woods and ack wild as heck. But he missed his mornin' bottle of beer and Dutch sassage that



"HE WOULDN' SLEEP NO PLACE BUT THE VERY MOST WARMEST."

Hans allus give him, so he was peevish and didn' *wanta* be wild. He stood in the middle of the road, rared up on his hind legs, a-sayin' kind o' pitiful like:

"'*E—yah—e yah—ah—ah.*'

"Poor old home-lovin' devil, bein' left up there to be pestered by a lot o' hound dogs and shot at by a lot o' captains of industry!

"'Good-by, old feller,' I calls back out of the buggy. 'Wish you good luck and many happy returns. As the hymn feller says:

Your days are glidin' swiftly by,
You can't detain them as they fly.'

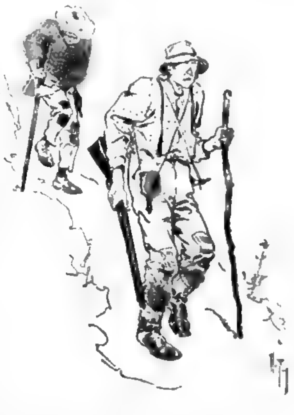
"We passed an early-risin' old yap on a gray mare goin' up to'rds where we'd left the b'ar standin' in the middle o' the road rubbin' his eyes, an' we must 'a' gone a quarter of a mile when we heard somebody yellin' like a Jew pedler that's lost a quarter—then a hoss's hoofs makin' stones fly. I looks up the road where it winds around, and seen the old mare with her tail and head up, runnin' away like a gun-waddin'-burnt rabbit, and hangin' round her neck was the old citizen, squealin' like a pig under a gate. I sensed right away what was wrong.

"'Mister Rubadow,' says I, 'better whip up. That feller has jest met Fritz. Fritzie has woke up to a realizin' of the lonesomeness up there and is tryin' to ketch up with us.'

"Purty soon we seen him lopin' along like a racin' camel, and I reckon I knowed jest about how that mare and the old feller felt when they seen him a-comin'.

"Fritz could beat us all holler, so we stopped and argied with him, but all he would do was whine and hug me round the shoulders. So I jest gits his collar and chain and a staple, takes him up in the woods, and ties his lock-spring down with a cotton string under his chin where he can't reach it. Then I sets fire to the end of the string, leavin' about twenty minnits burnin' length on it, and after I'd lied to him, tellin' him I was comin' back, we drives away to beat the Dutch, and long about noon gits to Barkersville.

"Curt Barker takes me to his house and says he relies on my valyble critter axperience to help him handle the hunters that was comin' the next afternoon from up North. The boys, kind o' excited, wanted to know where the b'ar was and if Rufe got one, and Curt Barker told 'em all that he had



"LANG TROT'S BOYS WAS WALKIN' LAME."

'ranged to have one brung from Nashville the next mornin'.

"Bein' full of hay and fodder for the hosses, the town looked like a manger. Men and guns was standin' round every place and everybody was so stage frighted already that two of Lang Trot's boys was walkin' lame, while Tudy Leonard had writ for a glass eye.

"'Course I was botherin' some about Cinnamon Fritz and the burnin' string, kind o' feelin' the fire might go out and them Nimrods would go up the hills to find their game tied to a tree to make easy shootin'. An' they *might* think Curt was too obligin'. I didn' worry none after four that afternoon, by jingy hickles. Grandpap Sam Ed Trot was seen jest about that romantic hour comin' bilin' down the road, lickin' his old nag like all tarnation, with Grandma Tabithy Ann Trot up on her knees on the back seat pointin' out the back curtain with a old muskit.

"'*B'ars! B'ars! B'ars!*'

"You could hear the old man yellin' half a mile.

"'Run tell Curt Barker they's two genywine b'ars up our way. One chased Joe Taber's chickens, t'other come right inta my house and took my corn pone right offen my pan,' squeaks the old feller when he got his breath.

"By Sam, that little burg was plumb crazy, the horses kickin' and neighin', the men and wimmen all yellin' and talkin', and them gol-blame hound dogs one hundred at a time goin' 'Ah-hoo, yep, yep, ah-hoo-oo, ah-hoo-oo.'

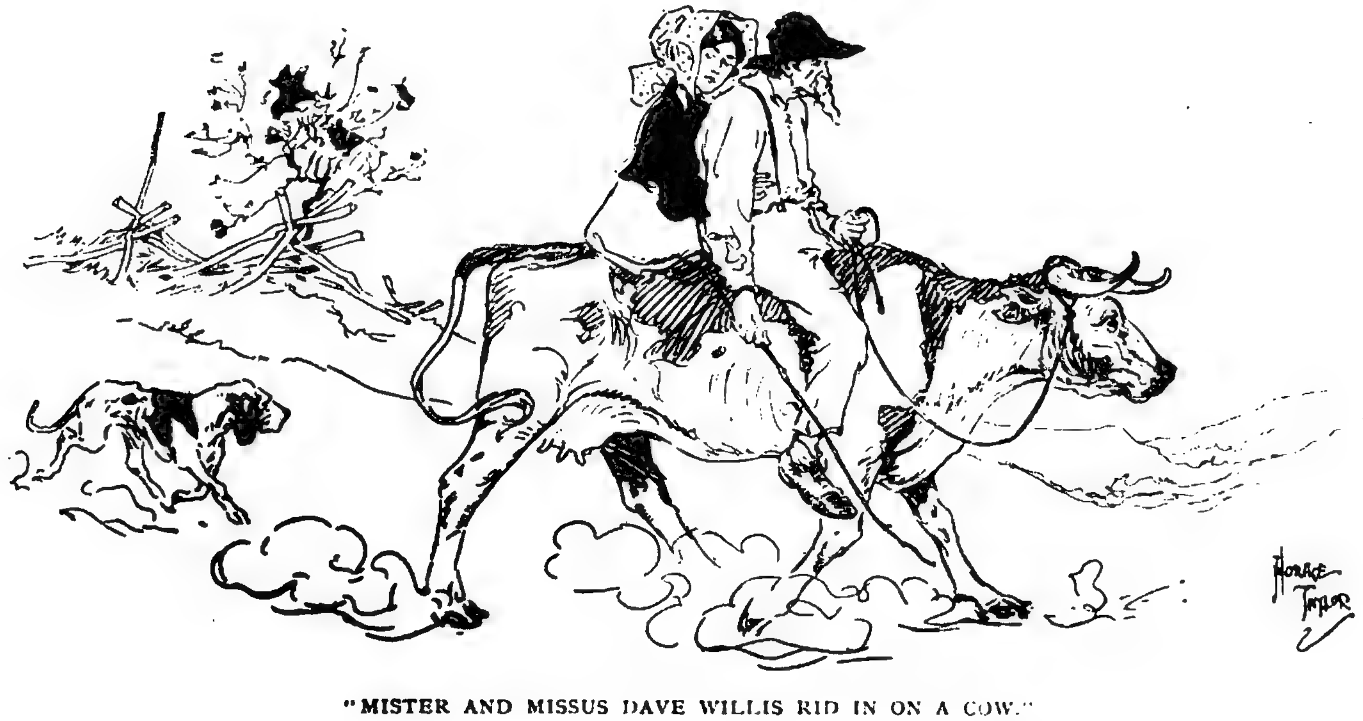
"Rufe went out and laid down behind the corn-crib and I purt' near swallered my terbacca keepin' my face straight.

"Purty soon in come Lew Doty and his folks, hollerin' that a big b'ar was playin' tag with their Jersey calf. Mister and Missus Dave Willis, bein' short of live stock, rid in on a cow. Then Curt Barker's own brother arriv' with his folks. He had his grandmammy, that had rheumatiz, flat on a bed tick in the back o' the spring waggin and every bounce she'd holler.

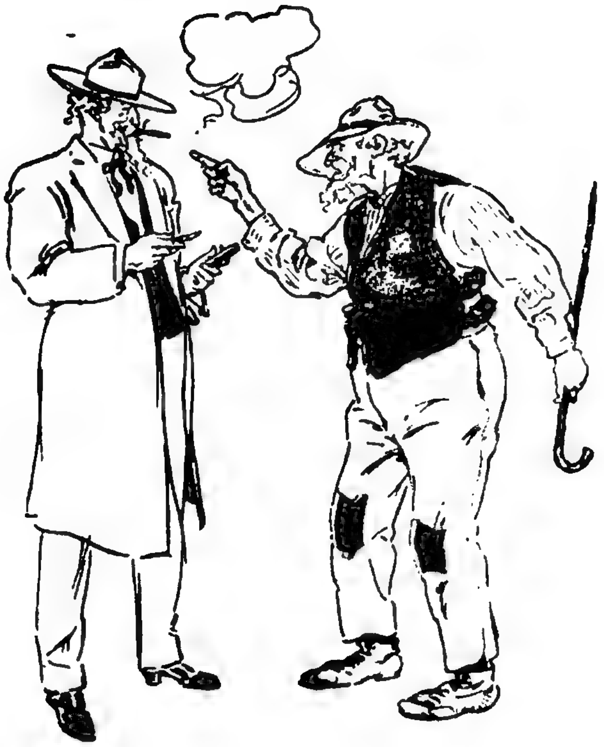
"There wasn't many more people left outside Barkersville, and they answered present before dark. So there wasn' no more news of Fritzie. He'd 'a' been shot at forty times if the people who owed Curt Barker money hadn' knowed how anxious Curt was for b'ars in Billdock. Nobody 'lowed the b'ars had come from any place but the mountains. But I knowed there was more doin's on the way, and set tight and held my hat for bumps. I wuz feelin' as if the doctors had said to call in the fambly.

"Grandpap Willis shook his finger at Curt Barker an' said, 'You and the devil hes done this, Curt. There wasn't never no b'ars in Billdock afore; now the mounting is jest natchelly alive with 'em.'

"Well, sir, 'bout eight o'clock two stage-loads of them hunters come in onexpected and they purt' near had a fit when they heard the b'ar news. I was axpectin' Fritzie any minnit.



"MISTER AND MISSUS DAVE WILLIS RID IN ON A COW."



"'YOU AND THE DEVIL HES DONE THIS, CURT.'"

"'Course everybody tried to go to bed axcupt a few that was willin' to set up and hear them visitin' Nimrods blowin' about shootin' lions, elephants, and moose, and so on. One feller named Dinwiddie had killed everythin' from a peccary to a pianner-bird and had choked black leopards with his fists—that was what he was *tellin'*, mind ye. Now, this feller Dinwiddie and two others fills their pipes and goes walkin' up the road in the moonlight. I was jest ready for anythin', but as my luck run I was goin' up to my room to git some terbacca when I hears somebody yellin':

"'Ye-ow, ye-ow! Git away. Ye-ow!' and then some heavy runnin'. I knowed Fritzie had come. Down I jumps and as I come out, them big hunters was jest shootin' by, Dinwiddie in the lead. Seems they met Fritzie up the road, and he'd tried to hug 'em, he's so glad to be round human folks after bein' out there in all the dark and the cold.

"Well, sir, I hikes out as fast as I can, but Fritzie was already in town and I knowed somebody would pop him in a minnit, so I goes a-canterin' to where he was nosin' round under a apple-tree and I calls to him and tells him to come ketch me, and away I goes through town, Fritzie laffin' all over like b'ars kin laff, lopin' at my coat-tails.

"'Save that brave feller, for Heaven's sake, save him,' was jest one of the things I heard among the yellin', the shootin', and the hound dogs, but we went bilin' by Curt Barker's, the store, and on into the dark and round the back way, where I yanked Fritz into a corn-crib and laid down with him and put him to sleep. Tell ye what, I was feelin' bad.

"Well, sir, that place purt' near foamed over, but Fritz and me kept quiet, and long about two o'clock in the mornin' I heard Rufe Rubadow whistlin' here and there and I called him round. We sneaks out by the orchard and, crost the pastcher and off up the road, takin' Fritzie whinin' and sleepy away from the human beehive bubblin' over with the sperit of the chase. I couldn' breathe hardly till we got out o' town.

"'Bout a mile up, we set down on a rock, Fritzie between us, and held a council o' war.

"'What in tarnation we goin' to do?' says Rufe.

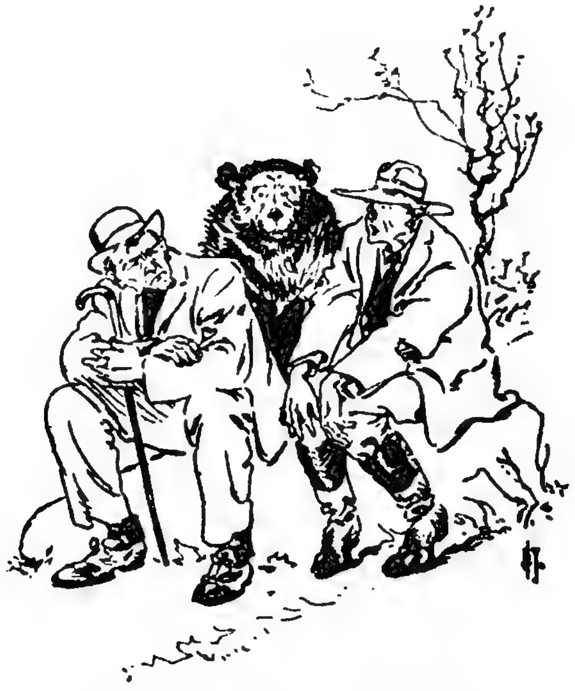
"'*Eyah-ah-ah-whiff*,' says Fritz.

"I jest shook my head.

"'If we don't git the fool brute out of here, *this b'ar will skeer some of these b'ar hunters to death.*'

"Up an' down and back an' forth we figgered the matter and finally fixed it up that I should go out to old man Trot's empty house, two miles up the hill, and keep Fritz until the mornin' of Wednesday, when I was to take him over in the woods and lose him if I could, then sneak back to town. There was where the flag went down. I might 'a' knowed, though, I might 'a' knowed it.

"By jinks, the next mornin', I bein' gone an' Rufe asleep, a boy come ridin' in from



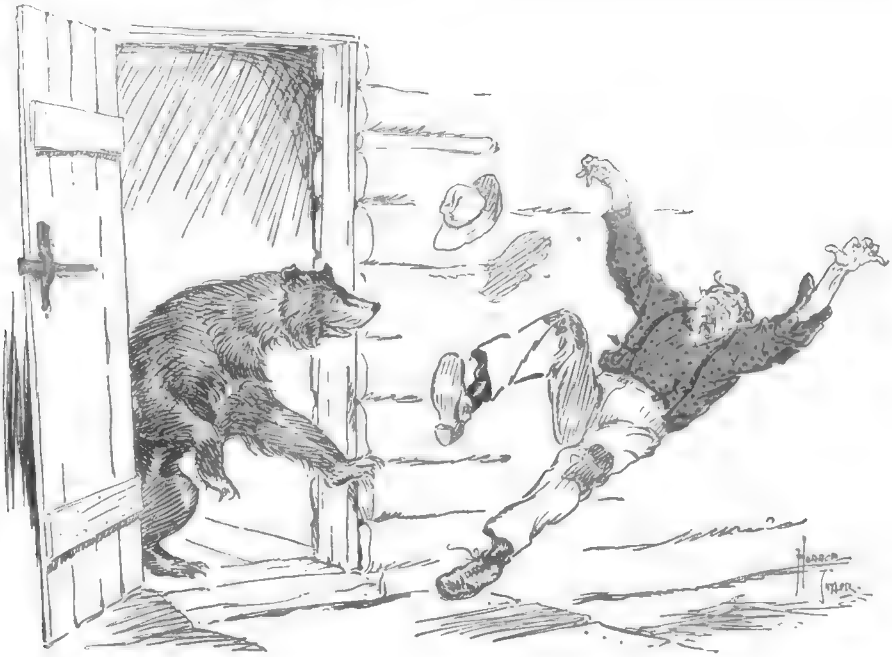
"'WHAT IN TARNATION WE GOIN' TO DO?' SAYS RUFE."

the neardest telygraft station with a telygram for me from the Old Man sayin':

"'*Hans Meyer run away. Coming to his chum.*'

"'Hump, some friend of Mister Hawes on his way to jine the hunt,' says Curt Barker. 'Let 'em all come,' and then he forgets all about it and takes another drink. While I was babyin' the big game of that hunt out in that cabin, livin' on corn pone and sow-belly, that fool Dutchman was a-hastenin' to the rescue, comin' to save the trained wild game. Tuesday afternoon Rufe comes a-gallopin' up and hollers out:

"'Great hoss-snakes, Hawes, they's a fool furriner down at Barker's that knows you and he's blattin' all around callin' for his b'ar!'



"RUFE KNOWED POP WOULD AT LEAST GIT THE DOOR OPEN."

"Well, sir, he'd brung a extra hoss and I shuts Fritzie in the house and we goes a-poundin' in.

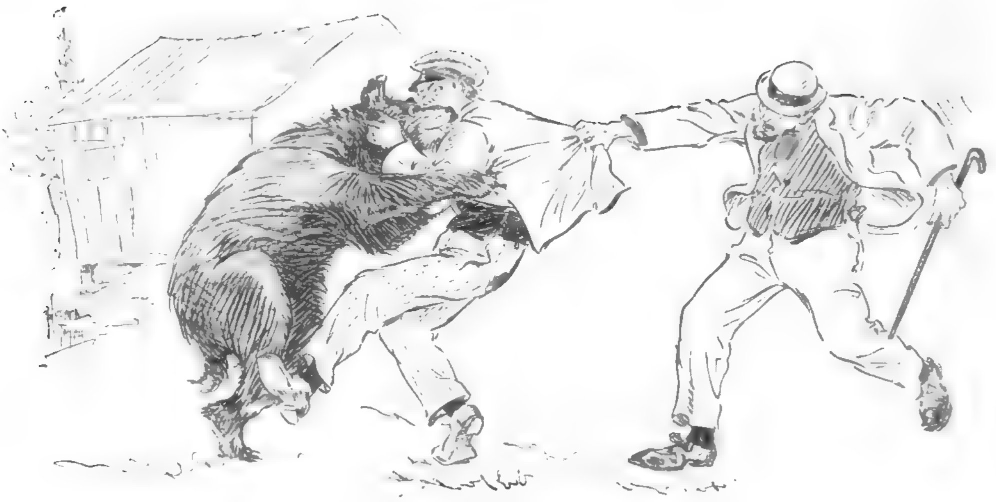
"'Ach, see der awful mans,' hollers Hans when he first ketched sight of me; 'say, you Limby Hawes, you is my frent no more as yet. You stole mine darlings lieber Fritzie to die him in dese awful places. Oh, you dirty bum, you dirty loafer!'

"Oh, my gorry, he was ravin' wild! He had walked that morning all the way from the station and was covered with mud and burrs. The first batch of hunters was jest comin' back from a walk to examine the b'ar tracks and the waggins while the rest from the afternoon train was comin' up the hill. I had to do somethin' quick.

"'Why, Mister Barker,' I says, '*I* don't know this feller. He's crazy. *We better shut him up some place.*'

"Poor Hans! I can hear him now howlin' all night in that corn-crib and them hunters talkin' about the crool treatment in them parts of the onfortunit insane.

"I didn' dare leave, with Hans on the spot; and Rufe had to stay there to run the appearunces, yet Fritzie, who was goin' to play b'ar—real wild b'ar in the woods—and git killed next day, was shut up in Trot's cabin eatin' corn pone. I knowed he'd never try to break out, bein' so skeered of them lonesome woods, and we was as anxious as an old maid at a fortune-teller's. But Rufe hired Old Pop Teeters to ride out early next mornin' to git some fool thing that had been left in the house. Poor old innercent, obligin' cuss. Rufe knowed Pop would at least git the door open, and 'bout what the stiff-jointed old man would do then, Rufe was too desprit to keer. They say Pop



"OH, MY GOLLY, SUCH A HUGGIN' AND KISSIN' AND DUTCH LOVIN'!"

crawled most of the way back down them hills.

"My boy, I can't tell ye the axcitement the day of the hunt. Them hound dogs a-hooin' before daybreak and men on hossback ridin' off south and ridin' off north startin' round to make the great ring. The war warn't nothin' to the doin's in Billdock that mornin', with Hans Meyer jabberin' and swearin' in the corn-crib back of Barker's and the boys at the cracks pokin' sticks at him.

"I hadn' had no sleep and no fit terbacca to put in my mouth in so long I was purt' near crazy, and they bein' several doctors 'mong them hunters I didn't know when they was goin' to git interested in pore Hans and ast him some questions. My livin' Moses, the names he called me whenever he seen me!

"But them hunters was too crazy about b'ars. Dinwiddie, who knowed everythin' and then some, had seen three more in the woods, two black and one big she cinnamon, and Curt Barker 'lowed there must be twenty inside the ring they was formin'. Curt, with Rufe a-ridin' with him and five'r six partic'lar big-bugs, was to start closin' in last and Rufe had a private scheme to steer for the Trot cabin, knowin' there would be where the tracks Cinnamon Fritz had been makin' round over them hills would be freshest. Jest as they was waitin', in come pore old Pop Teeters, sayin' seven b'ars was holdin' a house party out at Trot's. After he realized he was ackshully back to town and not even b'ar-bit, the old man remembered he'd killed two with a fence rail but couldn' kerry 'em in. Them hunters was jest plumb crazy. If I looked like I felt, I'd 'a' been mistook easy for the driver of a hearse.

"By en by, 'bout ten o'clock, they was all gone and I set on the steps at Barker's 'mong the wimmen and the childurn, while them fellers was off gittin' the worth of their $100 and extras each, and me with one eye on the corn-crib and t'other up the road. Jest what partic'lar kind of hell was comin' down it I didn' know, but I knowed it was comin'.

"Couple hours and in walked one feller holdin' his daddy on a mule. One of the hunters had shot a heifer in the woods, about a dozen more was diggin' round an old coon hole that the hound dogs had run some rabbit in, the feller says, and, says he, somehow somebody'd bountifully ventilated his daddy's off leg. Then two city hunters come in walkin' kind o' soft, leadin' their nags and sayin' they hadn' been on hossback before sence they was huntin' in the Rocky Mountains. If they was ridin' then I bet it was nightmares. I allus kerry a little court-plaster and they was durn grateful.

"All day them valyunt Nimrods was dribblin' back, one'r two at a time, and every one had seen a b'ar and some had shot at 'em and drawed blood. Pore old Fritzie, I hoped they was all lyin'. The chanct was in my favor on that. Though with him loose for half a day it seemed kind o' funny that he hadn' come to town. Mebbe he *had* all the company he wanted or mebbe the worst had ackshully happened.

"Long about five o'clock, when they was quite a little squad back, a awful racket and yellin' broke out down the valley 'bout a quarter of a mile from town, dogs a-hooin', men yellin' and so on, and everybody that could stir a stump goes off that way, leavin' me settin' on the steps by the hosses and mules, one eye still on the amateur lunatic in the corn-crib and t'other on the shadders beginnin' to gether on the road.

"Then by the jumps o' Juno, I seen somethin' comin' down the road—a kind of a yeller ball on the long bounce. It was Fritz a-humpin' it inta town. He looked like he was goin' some, but he warn'—he was so tired; and behind him come about two million of them hound critters still goin' 'Ah-hoo, yep, yep, ah-hoo-hoo!' If they come too clost Fritzie would stop and slap their jaws, then start gallopin' ag'in. 'Way back the road was jest plumb full of hosses and men ridin' like a Oklahomy land rush.

"I run out to meet Fritz, but he was near 'nuff to hear Hans by now and he went pilin' by, straight through the house and out to the corn-crib, me after him, not knowin' what I was goin' to do with him when I got him. He throws his paws up ag'in the latch and it come undone.

"Oh, my golly, such a huggin' and kissin' and Dutch lovin'! Oh, I tell ye there is blood betwixt the Dutch and b'ars some place. Then I jumps in b'tween 'em, yanks 'em apart, and shoos Fritz into the crib, and says:

"'Ye dang fool, pay 'tenshun or I'll run a corn-cob in yer eye. Come away and mebbe they won't find him.' Then I gits the fool Dutchman inta the milk house, trips him, and locks him in there.

"When I come out the yard was full of men and hosses and dog critters and they was surroundin' the corn-crib. They'd found him.

"'Be kerrful now; wait till I git a shot through the cracks!'

"'Hey, I got as much right as you to shoot!'

"'Hold on, you two ain't the only ones in the hunt. I ain't the kind of a sport that'll see good game shot in a trap.'

"That's the way the row begun and the argymint got hot, I tell ye.

"'Listen to me, gentlemen; we've got this magnificent b'ar *alive*, first ever ketched in this whole country round,' says Curt Barker. which warn't no lie. '*Let's have a grand raffle to see which o' you gentlemen takes him home.*'

"Well, sir, that done it. After supper and the dressin' of gunshot 'n' other wounds, they raffles till midnight. Some Toledo brewer wins the b'ar and Curt works me in to the job of takin' the prize North. I gits a muzzle and a half a ton o' chains, and persuades Hans Meyer to sneak away in the night peaceful like. Yes, and somehow that Toledo feller couldn' understand how that b'ar broke loose and got away in the railroad yards in Nashville. He jest couldn' see how it happened.

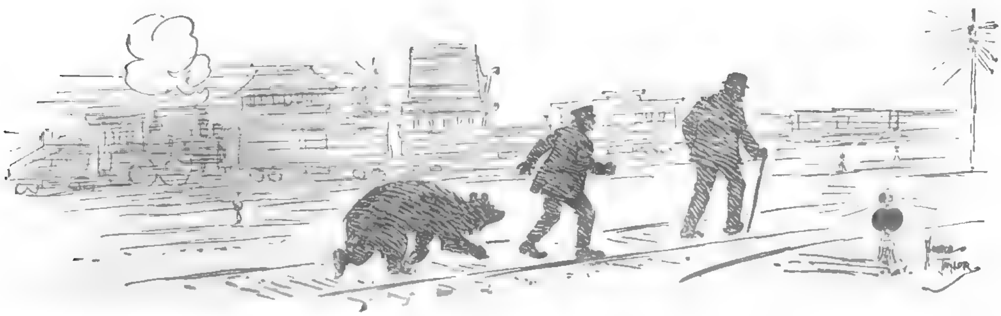
"Well, sir, all them hundred-dollar-a-head sports was plumb tickled to death. Local papers up North when they got home was full of the b'ars they'd killed. As they's leavin' they sung to Curt Barker standin' on his steps:

For he's a jolly good feller,
For he's a jolly good feller.

"'Remember, Mister Barker,' Dinwiddie sings out, 'we're all comin' back next year.'

"Says old Curt to hisself:

"'By Judas Priest, not if *I* know it.'"



Roosevelt on the Nature Fakirs

By EDWARD B. CLARK

EDITOR'S NOTE.—It is about time to call a halt upon misrepresentative nature studies. Utterly preposterous details of wild life are placed before school children in the guise of truth. Wholly false beliefs have been almost standardized. Only by an authoritative protest can the fraud be exposed. At this juncture it is fitting that the President should come forward. From every point of view he is the person in the United States best equipped for the task, and we are fortunate in being able to fire the first gun, so to speak, with a charge of Mr. Roosevelt's vigorous, clear-cut, earnest English.

"THEODORE ROOSEVELT is the world's authority on the big game mammals of North America. His writings are fuller and his observations are more complete and accurate than those of any other man who has given the subject study."

This is the statement of Dr. C. Hart Merriam, Chief of the United States Biological Survey, a man whose knowledge of natural history and whose extensive field experience fit him to pass judgment on the comparative value of writings about the wild animals of this continent.

Dr. Merriam says that the truthfulness of none of the field notes of Theodore Roosevelt has ever been doubted. Mr. Roosevelt's field methods clearly account for the accuracy of his writings, for he makes his notes on the spot. Weights and measurements are taken at once, and these, with other observations, are set down forthwith, in order that nothing may be left to the possible fickleness of memory. Moreover, Mr. Roosevelt goes into the field knowing, to quote Dr. Merriam, "what is not known of animals." That is to say, if he falls in with the chance of observing wolves, cougars, bears, or other creatures of the wild, because of the breadth and accuracy of his knowledge he is able to eliminate at once from his study the habits or traits that have been already reported upon, and to watch only for what may be unknown to science.

These methods have, naturally enough, resulted not only in notes for which Dr. Merriam claims accuracy, but in specimens by means of which the scientists of the Biological Survey have been enabled materially to advance zoological knowledge. From bear specimens sent by Mr. Roosevelt from Mississippi, the scientists succeeded in reinstating a species of which they knew little. He gave to the Biological Survey the only cougar series extant in the museums of the country—a series of males, females, and immature specimens which has been of the greatest value for comparative purposes. Mr. Roosevelt has also given the Washington scientists specimens of the plains wolf, of the ordinary coyote, and of the Colorado bears, which have been extremely helpful in the work of securing final knowledge of these animals.

In the same spirit in which he observes land mammals, Mr. Roosevelt watches the small reminders of the wilderness that are not far from his window every day, winter and summer—for of course he is not entirely cut off from nature merely because he happens to live in the White House. He knows the birds as he does the big game animals of the West, and in his almost daily walks he watches for the cardinals, the juncos, the nuthatches, and the whitethroats with the same keen eye that watches elsewhere for the bear or the elk.

WHAT MR. ROOSEVELT SAYS

It is not surprising that a man who approaches nature with so sincere an interest and who himself observes so accurately should admire the writings of John Burroughs and other nature students who record truthfully what they see in the fields and the woods. Equally natural is it that, with hundreds of his fellow citizens who have smelled the smoke of the camp-fire and have taken the night sky for a blanket, Mr. Roosevelt should detest the misrepresentation of nature's ways.

The other night in the White House while sitting before a wood-fire suggestive of the camp, I asked him what he thought about the recent books of some of the nature "realists," and of certain nature "students" who declare in their prefaces that all they have set down is true.

Now, for a long time the men who have studied nature with a view to learning its truths have believed that the fiction that is put forth as fact by some of the most popular writers has injured the cause of nature study. These men have been stirred to alarm or indignation by the action of some of the school boards of the country in adopting as supplementary reading for the use of the children some of these fantastic animal stories which the writers claim are true to the minutest detail.

These things were in my mind when I asked Mr. Roosevelt what he thought about the subject, and he showed by his answer that they had been in his own mind for a long time.

"I don't believe for a minute," said Mr. Roosevelt, "that some of these men who are writing nature stories and putting the word 'truth' prominently in their prefaces know the heart of the wild things. Neither do I believe that certain men who, while they may say nothing specifically about truth, do claim attention as realists because of their animal stories, have succeeded in learning the real secrets of the life of the wilderness. They don't know, or if they do know, they indulge in the wildest exaggeration under the mistaken notion that they are strengthening their stories.

"As for the matter of giving these books to the children for the purpose of teaching them the facts of natural history—why, it's an outrage. If these stories were written as fables, published as fables, and put into the children's hands as fables, all would be well and good. As it is, they are read and believed because the writer not only says they are true but lays stress upon his pledge. There is no more reason why the children of the country should be taught a false natural history than why they should be taught a false physical geography.

"Dropping the matter of the school-books for a moment, take the stories of some of the nature writers who wish to be known as realists. Realism is truth. A writer like Stewart Edward White is true to nature; he knows the forest and the mountain and the desert; he puts down what he sees; and he sees the truth. But certain others either have not seen at all, or they have seen superficially. Nature writing with them is no labor of love. Their readers, in the main persons who have never lived apart from the paved street, take the wildest flights of the imagination of these 'realists' as an inspired word from the gospel of nature. It is false teaching.

SOME UNNATURAL NATURE STORIES

"Take the chapter from Jack London's 'White Fang' that tells the story of a fight between the great northern wolf, White Fang, and a bulldog. Reading this, I can't believe that Mr. London knows much about the wolves, and I am certain that he knows nothing about their fighting, or as a realist he would not tell this tale. Here is a great wolf of the northern breed; its strength is such that with one stroke it can hamstring a horse or gut a steer, and yet it is represented as ripping and slashing with 'long, tearing strokes' again and again and again a bulldog, not much more than a third its size, and the bulldog, which should be in ribbons, keeps on fighting without having suffered any appreciable injury. This thing is the very sublimity of absurdity. In such a fight the chance for the dog would be only one in a thousand, its victory being possible only through getting a throat grip the instant that the fight started. This kind of realism is a closet product.

"In the same book London describes a great dog-wolf being torn in pieces by a lucivee, a northern lynx. This is about as sensible as to describe a tom cat tearing in pieces a thirty-pound fighting bull terrier. Nobody who really knew anything about either a lynx or a wolf would write such nonsense. Now, I don't want to be misunderstood. If the stories of these writers were written in the spirit that inspired Mowgli and we were told tales like those of the animals at the Council Rock, of their deliberations and their something more than human conclusions, we should know that we were getting the very essence of fable and we should be content to read, enjoy, and accept them as fables. We don't in the least mind impossibilities in avowed fairy tales; and Bagheera and Baloo and Kaa are simply delightful variants of Prince Charming and Jack the Slayer of Giants. But when such fables are written by a make-believe realist, the matter assumes an entirely different complexion. Men who have visited the haunts of the wild beasts, who have seen them, and have learned at least something of their ways, resent such gross falsifying of nature's records.

HOW A CARIBOU IS NOT KILLED

"William J. Long is perhaps the worst of these nature-writing offenders. It is his stories, I am told, that have been put, in part, into many of the public schools of the country in order that from them the children may get the truths of wild animal life.

"Take Mr. Long's story of 'Wayeeses, the White Wolf.' Here is what the writer says in his preface to the story: 'Every incident in this wolf's life, from his grasshopper hunting to the cunning caribou chase, and from the den in the rocks to the meeting of wolf and children on the storm-swept barrens, is minutely true to fact, and is based squarely upon my own observation and that of my Indians.'

"As a matter of fact, the story of Wayeeses is filled with the wildest improbabilities and a few mathematical impossibilities. If Mr. Long wants us to believe his story of the killing of the caribou fawn by the wolf in the way that he says it was done, he must produce eye-witnesses and affidavits. I don't believe the thing occurred. Nothing except a shark or an alligator will attempt to kill by a bite behind the shoulder. There is no less vulnerable point of attack; an animal might be bitten there in a confused scuffle, of course, or seized in his jump so as to throw him; but no man who knows anything of the habits of wolves or even of fighting dogs would dream of describing this as the place to kill with one bite. I have seen scores of animals that have been killed by wolves; the killing or crippling bites were always in the throat, flank, or ham. Mr. George Shiras, who has seen not scores but hundreds of such carcasses, tells me that the death wounds or disabling wounds were invariably in the throat or the flank, except when the animal was first hamstrung.

"If Mr. Long's wolf killed the caribou fawn by a bite through the heart, as the writer asserts, the wolf either turned a somerset—or pretty near it—or else got his head upside down under the fore legs of the fawn, a sufficiently difficult performance. Wayeeses would have had to do this before he could get the whole breast of the animal in his mouth in order to crush it and bite through to the heart. It is very unlikely that any wolf outside of a book would be fool enough to attempt a thing like this even with a fawn caribou, when the killing could be done far more surely in so many easier ways.

"But the absurdity of this story is as nothing to the story of the killing of a bull caribou by the same wolf, using the same method. 'A terrific rush, a quick snap under the stag's chest just behind the fore legs where the heart lay; then the big wolf leaped aside and sat down quietly again to watch.'

SECOND-HAND KNOWLEDGE OF WRITERS

"Mr. Long has Wayeeses, after tearing the caribou's heart, hold himself 'with tremendous will-power from rushing in headlong and driving the game, which might run for miles if too hard pressed.'

"Now here Mr. Long is not thinking of anything he has ever seen, but has a confused memory of what he has heard or read of gut-wounded animals. A caribou with such a hurt may go on for a long distance before it drops, and it is wise not to follow it too closely, because if not followed it will often lie down, and in an hour or so will become too stiff to get up. But it would seem that even Mr. Long might know, what a child should know, that no caribou and no land mammal of any kind lives after the heart is pierced as he describes; whether followed or not, the caribou would fall in a few jumps. This, however, is the least of the absurdities of the story. That Wayeeses tore the heart of the bull caribou in the way that Mr. Long describes is a mathematical impossibility. The wolf's jaws would not gape right; the skin and the chest walls with all the protective bone and tissue could not possibly be crushed in; the teeth of the wolf could not pierce through them to the heart, for no wolf's teeth are long enough for the job, nor are the teeth of any other carnivorous land mammal. By no possibility could a wolf or any other flesh-eating land mammal perform such a feat. It would need the tusks of a walrus. Mr. Long actually cannot know the length of a wolf's fang; let him measure one, and then measure what the length would have to be to do the thing he describes; and then let him avow his story a pleasing fable. He will get a clear idea of just what the feat would be if he will hang a grapefruit in the middle of a keg of flour, and then see whether a big dog could bite through the keg into the grapefruit; it would be a parallel performance to the one he describes when he makes his picture-book wolf bite into the heart of a bull caribou.

"As a sort of a climax of absurdity to this 'true story of Wayeeses,' Mr. Long draws a picture of this wilderness wolf, savage from tip to tip, doing for some lost children the kindly service of leading them home through the forest. Now let me repeat that this would be all right if the story were avowedly a fairy tale, like Kipling's 'Jungle Book.' But it is grotesque to claim literal truthfulness for such a tissue of absurdities.

THE LYNX IN FICTION AND IN FACT

"I wonder sometimes as I read the lynx stories of Mr. Long if this wilderness tramper ever saw a lynx to know it at all in any real sense. He has several stories of the lynx. They vary little in their grotesque inaccuracy. Take the story of 'Upweekis the Shadow,' which has place in a little book that I am told is used as one of the supplementary readers from which American school children are expected to get accurate knowledge of wilderness ways. There are all kinds of absurdities in this lynx 'study'. In one place, for instance, Mr. Long describes a number of lynxes gathered around the nearly eaten carcass of a caribou, while a menagerie of smaller beasts, including a pine marten, circulates freely among them. Now, of course, a marten would circulate among a company of lynxes just about as long as a mouse would circulate among a company of cats. But the most comic feature of Mr. Long's lynx article is his account of various desperate encounters he had with the animal, which he evidently regards as a monster dangerous to man. We are told by the writer that a lone lynx made him exceedingly 'uncomfortable' for half an afternoon. The animal 'dogged' him hour after hour through the wilderness. He tells of making double time for four miles in order to reach camp before night should fall and give the lynx the advantage. Mr. Long declares that he had an encounter with the lynx before he succeeded in driving it from the trail. In reality, any one is in just as much danger of being attacked by a domestic cat when walking through his own garden as Mr. Long was of being attacked by this lynx of the northern wilderness.

WRITERS VOUCH FOR MISSTATEMENTS

"Once more let me say that if the fairy-tale mark were put on the stories of these writers, criticism would pass. Apparently, however, they wish to be known as teachers, or possibly they have a feeling of pride that springs from the belief that their readers will think of them as of those who have tramped the wilds and met nature in its gentleness and in its fierceness face to face.

"Some of the writers who at times offend, at other times do excellent work. Mr. Thompson Seton has made interesting observations of fact, and much of his fiction has a real value. But he should make it clear that it *is* fiction, and not fact.

"Many of the nature stories of Charles G. D. Roberts are avowedly fairy tales, and no one is deceived by them. When such is the case, we all owe a debt to Mr. Roberts, for he is a charming writer and he loves the wilderness. But even Mr. Roberts fails to consult possibilities in some of his stories.

"The lynx seems to have an unholy fascination for these realists, and Mr. Roberts has succumbed to it. I wish he had learned a little of the real lynx, as distinguished from the Mr. Long lynx, before he wrote the story called 'On the Night Trail.'

"It's a big lynx that weighs over forty pounds. A fifty-pound lynx is a giant among the American species. An ordinary lucivee is about the size of a big Rocky Mountain bobcat. I have seen a light-weight dog, a cross between a bull terrier and a collie, take a full-grown, able-bodied lynx out of a hole, though this is a rather exceptional feat. When the lynx is hard pressed and gets into a good place it will turn and fight just as a domestic cat will fight in the same circumstances, but it won't fight on its own initiative. In a hole it can usually stand off a good dog, but in the open any big fighting dog will kill it. I have known two ordinary foxhounds to kill a lucivee; several times I have seen a Rocky Mountain lynx, or bobcat, killed by a pack of half a dozen or more hounds and terriers, and in no case did the struggle last over a few seconds, the lynx being killed so quickly that it had no time to leave a serious mark on any one of its numerous foes.

"Now in this 'Night-Trail' story of Mr. Roberts a man catches a lynx in a trap, ties it up, puts it into a bag, and, swinging it over his shoulder, starts through the woods with his burden. On his way the man is attacked by eight wolves that form themselves in a crescent at his front. He is armed with an ax and as well as he can he fights off his wolf assailants. In the crisis, in order to give the lynx a chance for its life and perhaps a chance to create 'an effective diversion in his own favor,' the man slashes the sack open, cuts the lynx's bonds, and sets it free.

"The lynx, according to Mr. Roberts, goes into the fray with the wolves with a sort of savage exultation. Several of the wolves receive slashes which send them yelping out of the battle. Now the thing is so utterly ridiculous that any man who knows both the wolf and the lynx loses patience. Real wolves would have made shreds of a real lynx within a twinkling of the time they closed in to the attack. The animal of the story would have stood no more chance with the eight wolves than a house cat would stand in a fight with eight bull terriers.

"In one of the books that I understand is used as a supplementary reader is a story of 'the caribou school.' It is difficult to discuss this story with patience. The writer, Mr. Long, vouches for the truth of everything in the book by saying that the sketches are the result 'of many years' personal observation in woods and fields.' He tells of finding half a dozen mother caribou and nearly twice as many little ones gathered together in a natural opening surrounded by dense underbrush—and this was their school-room. Then there follows a description of the mother caribou's method of teaching manners to the young, of giving them lessons in jumping and of impressing upon them the necessity of following the leader. Mr. Long allows little for instinct. He says: 'It was true kindergarten teaching, for under the guise of a frolic the calves were being taught a needful lesson.' Such a tale, which the school children receive stamped with the word 'truth,' should need no comment; and it is rather startling to think of any school authorities accepting it.

"The preservation of the useful and beautiful animal and bird life of the country depends largely upon creating in the young an interest in the life of the woods and fields. If the child mind is fed with stories that are false to nature, the children will go to the haunts of the animal only to meet with disappointment. The result will be disbelief, and the death of interest. The men who misinterpret nature and replace fact with fiction, undo the work of those who in the love of nature interpret it aright."

"When Peggy Stoops to Tie Her Laces"

By PARKER H. FILLMORE

WHEN Peggy stoops to tie her laces,
I feel as oft I've felt before,—
That every day to former graces
Old Time is adding one grace more.

Oh, lightly, Peggy, pray pull lightly!
For every little jerk and start,
I vow, dear, only draws more tightly
The leading-strings about my heart!

THE LONESOMENESS

By G. W. OGDEN

Illustrations by W. Herbert Dunton

FROM Poison Creek to Horsethief Cañon we considered a good day's work, and it was dusk when we dropped down the side of the gully that, back in Missouri, we should have called a "draw" and forgotten. But we knew that the history of the cañon justified its title, and Chris said it really was a cañon for that part of the country. He pulled up the four-horse team and the wagon came to a stand with the dead lurch of sand-locked wheels.

The new railroad had bridged the cañon fifty yards above us, and Chris was looking at the structure of pine girders and piling with a sneer of disapproval. "That thing'll last about as long as it takes me to come to amen, the first time there's a cloudburst back in the hills," said he. "I've seen the water, yeller as them there leggin's of yourn, come rollin' down here fifteen foot high. It looked funny, sun shinin' and the sand ahead as dry as the big road on Fourth of July. It come down there one time when I *didn't* see it a comin', though; it was so dark I couldn't of seen a white shirt on a gooseberry bush, but I'd know its voice if I heard it ag'in in hallelooyer. That was the night Burge McFall found his runaway wife. Gid-ab, durn you; if we don't pull out for the river we'll have to smell out some dry wood for our fire."

We made camp on the low, gravelly bank of the Big Wind, well out of the track of any water that might come down Horsethief Cañon in the night. The quick fire of cottonwood branches had dwindled down to a red smudge of embers, which glowed and paled under the touches of the prying breeze. Chris put the tin things off which we had supped into the box with a clatter and a lame excuse for their condition. "Wash 'em in the morning," said he, to which I indolently assented, knowing that it would not be done.

There was moonlight, and it winked and flashed in a thousand alluring smiles on the rapids at the ford. The stars are never so near the earth as in those high plateaus of Wyoming, and that night they seemed close enough to satisfy a child's wish to have them within reaching distance. They were the lights of security in a night of peace, seeming to urge us, like friendly hosts, to sing and then to sleep.

"I saw a piece in a paper once," Chris spoke, "that claimed men come down from a line of monkeys, runnin' our pedigrees back, by zoopers, just like they do in a stud-book. I never did take no stock in that yarn."

Chris fell silent, with such a challenge in his attitude that I knew he expected me to disagree. "Well," said I, "what is your theory?"

"Indians," Chris replied with conclusive emphasis.

"Indians?"

"Sure." Chris laughed, a little grunt, a stunted chuckle of a thing, as much of a laugh as he ever enjoyed. It always made me think of the scrub pines and wind-racked cottonwoods of that harsh land, where nature appeared to discourage all spontaneous effort. "This is a country that gits a hold on a man," he proceeded, with apparent irrelevance, "a hold that you can't wiggle loose from nor outrun. If you go and travel away from it to the end of the world, it'll pull you back. I'll tell you when you feel like a *man*. Just about dark, horseback, facin' northwest. Off on your left's a butte as old as Adam, and a dang sight older, too, I reckon, with its head knocked off as level as a table, kind of squattin' down in the dusk like an old man that's gone the limit and's waitin' for the end. Lonesome and creepy and full of thoughts that kind of make your hair raise up if you stop to think it over—not because you're afraid, but because you're amazed at the distance you can see back, and you know that old butte could tell you tales about your intimate family relations if you had the sense to figure them out. On the right of you's a blur, gray meetin' gray so clost you have to study where the land leaves off and the sky sets in; ahead of you's room for a nation, and the wind's comin' over it and takin' you clip in the face, liftin' your hat rim and pourin' down into you with the smell of all the wild things it's passed over on its way down from the hills. You know where you're goin', and you know you'll git there, even if you ain't no more then a speck in the middle of nothin'.

"Monkeys? A feller that come down from a line of monkey granddads never felt like you. You can look under the aidge of things and see where you got *your* start, but you don't see no monkeys. You see wild men, and fires, that's what you see, and you smell that come-on-and-tear-through-the-brush feelin' of smoke and dried meat, and you feel so danged big and proud of yourself you want to stand up in the stirrups and holler. Maybe you *do* holler. I have, many a time. No monkeys in mine. Indians, I tell you; all men that amounts to anything comes down from the Indians; that's my opinion."

I felt that it was all leading up to the runaway wife of Burge McFall, so I said nothing. Chris began to beat the bed of embers with a sprig of grease-wood, and the wind caught up tiny sparks and whirled them away into the night, where they gleamed futilely a second, as impotent against the vast blackness as the crude theory Chris had projected into the tangle and the mystery of man's beginning.

"This country does take a-hold of a man," he mused, "but it don't come on of a sudden. First you've got to be afraid of it, next to git out of humor with it, then hate it, and take down with the lonesomeness, same as the smallpox, and outlive that. Some of 'em don't never git over it; it pulls the hearts clean out of 'em. It was the lonesomeness that ailed Burge McFall's wife the time she run away.

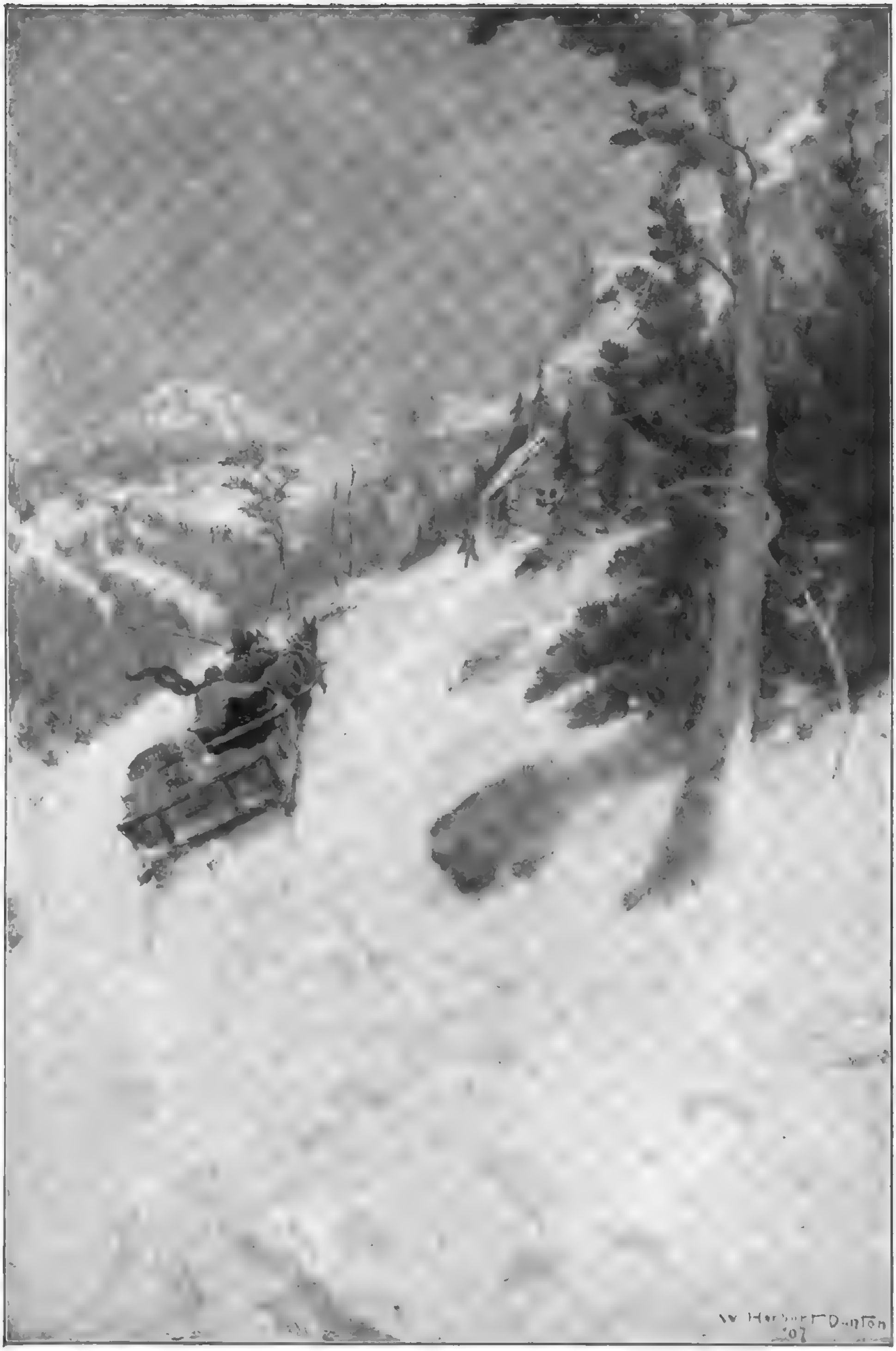
"I was herdin' sheep for McFall that year, bein' green in the country," Chris apologized, "and not knowin' any better. Burge was a big-chinned feller, with little eyes crowded up close together. He was as ugly as all git-out, but he had that coaxin' way about him the Lord gives some fellers in place of good looks, and he made a dash off East one day and come back with as purty a little woman as I ever saw. I don't know where it was he married her, but she come out of a good-sized town where she used to teach paintin', not house paintin', but genuine picture paintin', in the high school.

"It was winter when Burge brought her out here, and a good many of the amazin' things was covered up under the snow. But she was out of breath oh-geein' and ah-haïn' at the surprisin' things she thought she'd seen on the hundred-and-fifty-mile stage ride from Casper over—the railroad stopped at Casper then, and I wisht it'd 'a'stayed there. The home Burge'd fixed up for her wasn't nothin' but a two-room log cabin with its back up ag'in a shoulder of the hill and a yard in front as steep as the roof of a tent, runnin' down to a branch of the Big Popo Agie that went breakin' its durn fool neck over them big round boulders like it was afraid the ocean'd seep through and run dry if it didn't hump along and git its little speck of water to it. Well, that girl just stood with her hands clasped and her eyes rolled up like one of them barefooted ladies in a church winder, then she walked over and kissed that big chunk of mutton square on the *face!* Lord, some people's taste!

"It was all right for a while. Burge hung around home for three or four weeks, leavin' me and two other fellers to run the sheep. We was a-wonderin' how long it was a-goin' to last when he showed up at camp one evenin' and took charge of things. For a few weeks he went home every three or four days; then he was so busy lookin' after the increase that he got to makin' his visits wider and wider apart, and when shearin' come in the spring he stopped goin' to court his wife at all.

"I want to tell you right now that if a man thinks he can be all honey to a woman beforehand and then change his tune when he's married to her, he's off. A woman wants to be courted right along, long as she lives, and if her husband won't do it somebody else will, 'specially if she's a good looker. Yes, and I've knowed 'em to do it when her face'd turn the aidge of a hoe. But that Scotchman was sheep mad. He lived sheep, he dremp sheep, and he et sheep. He had wool rolled around his brains so thick you couldn't 'a' got at 'em with a pick. For two months that I kep' track of he didn't go near that woman in her little old cabin in the foot-hills.

"You can imagine how it'd be for a woman, when you know sheep men go cracked right along. I never saw a herder that'd been at the business five years hand-runnin'


W. Herbert Dunton
'07

"IT WAS WINTER WHEN BURGE BROUGHT HER OUT HERE."

that'd ring true if you was to tap his head with a hammer, the way they test soap kittles in Mezoury, *you* know. There that girl was, all alone, with no neighbors to speak of, the nearest bein' more than seven miles away, with nobody to talk to and nothin' to look at but the big wall of rocks that rose up a hundred yards on the other side of the crick. In the day it wasn't so bad, 'cause the road to the Sinks run along the ridge back of the cabin, and a good many towerists and curiosities of one kind and another passed by between Lander and there. But come night it was different.

"Still? Maybe you think it's still here, right now, but it ain't. There's the horses a-chawin' and me a-gabbin', and if we didn't hear 'em a-chawin' we could hear 'em breathe. You don't never notice it's still when they's anybody, even a dog, to listen to it with you. That girl she didn't even have a dog. Burge he needed 'em all. Them sheep dogs, you know, they don't go cracked like the men, and one of 'em can do more with a band of sheep than twenty herders. Of course she had her horse, but she didn't know the country and was afraid to ride for fear of gittin' lost.

"One day or two days ain't so bad, but come to pass sixty days, one behind the other in a row, and you out of a high school and a town, and I guess it gits tiresome without nobody to say 'Is supper ready?' or even 'Go to hell.' I know. I remember that same summer when I herded for Burge. I was alone over on Dry Crick with a band of three thousand for five weeks, and I begun to git so I'd set around on the hills and talk to myself, then jump up all of a sudden and look around to see who it was. They ain't no man can tell what that girl went through, but from what Tom Cameron, a towerist guide, told me, I can make a purty good guess.

"Tom said at the beginnin' she used to be out in the yard when he'd pass with a gang of towerists, sometimes fiddlin' around her posies, sometimes paintin' on a board she had propped up on sticks, and she always used to wave back at the towerists—you know towerists always wave at everything, from a sheep dog to a squaw—and smile. Then he said she got to shyin' off, peekin' at 'em from around the corner of the cabin, and fin'lly she'd take to her heels and dig out for the door, like a squaw, when she saw anybody comin'. That's a bad sign in a white woman, I can tell you. And all the time them devil's eggs of the lonesomeness was a-hatchin', Burge McFall he was at the shearin'-pens, keepin' his eyes peeled between the deputy county assessor that was there countin' off the sheep, and the wranglers with the brushes and black paint a-brandin' 'em.

"Well, when two months had passed without him visitin' his wife, he packs me off one morning with the wagon down to Lander for supplies. It was about forty mile, and it orto took two days to go and three to come back. 'Stop at the ranch,' says he—he was proud of the danged place, and aimed to build a whackin' big stone house there in the fall—'stop at the ranch and tell the old lady I'll be home Saturday night.' I was glad of a chance to take her a word, so I racked out early and kep' on the move till midnight, when I pulled in at the cabin.

"I didn't reckon she'd care if I roused her out of bed to tell her news from her big-jawed statute of a man, so I made a racket on the door. I didn't git no answer, and thinkin' she might be afraid to stir, I yelled: 'It's Chris, from the shearin'-pens. Burge, he'll be home Saturday night.' But even that didn't fetch her, so I went to the wagon and turned in. Well, gentlemun, will you b'lieve me, 'long about daybreak here comes Burge, kickin' up the devil's own racket as he rode in, and lookin' kind of sheepish when he saw me and the outfit already there.

"'You made good time,' says he. 'Sure,' says I; 'them boys is out of t'backer, and you know what it is to be out of t'backer, don't you?'

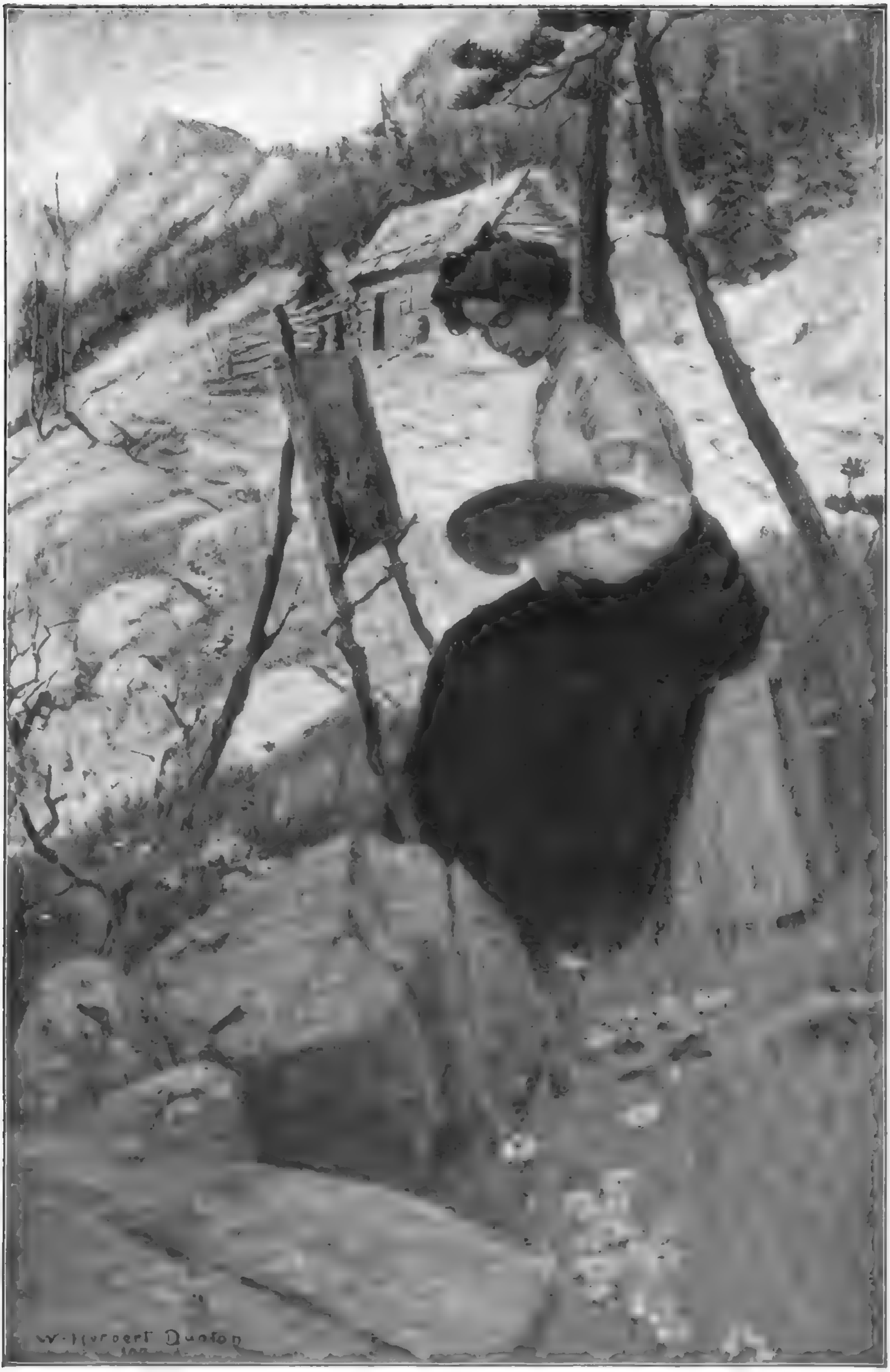
"'You bet,' says he.

"'Changed your mind about comin',' said I. He looked kind of foolish, leastwise foolisher'n he always did look. 'Yes,' he 'lowed; 'did you tell her?'

"'Tried to, but couldn't git no answer,' I told him, and he went to the door and I begun feedin' my team. Next I noticed of him he was standin' in the open door, callin' me. I run to him, 'cause they was something in his voice that sounded like a man that's been hurt, and hurt bad. 'What's up?' I said.

"'Gone,' he whispered, like he might of done if he'd been tellin' me she was dead; 'cabin's empty, she's gone!'

"I went in. It was gittin' light outside, but in there it was dark as the inside of a rabbit, so I hunted up the lamp and lit it. Nothin' there to tell us where she'd gone, or why, or when, nothin' till I come acrost a batch of her paintin's, some of 'em so fresh


W. Herbert Dunton

"AND ALL THE TIME THEM DEVIL'S EGGS OF THE LONESOMENESS WAS A-HATCHIN'."

they wasn't dry. What do you reckon? Instead of paintin' mountains and streams and the big brown wall of rocks acrost the crick, like she done when she first come, them pictures was all of streets and houses and farms, lanes with hedges along 'em, and trees. Gee whiz!

"'She's gone back to them things,' says I; 'there's where she is, and it's you that's drove her to it by your neglect and clost-fisted stickin' to them sheep. You ain't fit to have no wife,' I told him; 'you ain't got no more brains'n a bakin'-powder biscuit!' Then I ripped into him like a Dutch uncle, easin' my mind of all the opinions about him that'd been cloggin' it for two months past. He took it like a man, but it made him sicker'n a whale. After I let up on him he stood there full five minutes, I guess, holdin' to the table and shakin' like a ducked pup.

"'You're right,' he said after a while, 'you're right, but we got to find her, Chris; we got to track her and bring her back.'

"'I don't know about bringin' her back,' I told him, 'but it won't be no trick to track her. She's gone back to trees and things, and they's only one way to git there.'

"'The railroad,' he said.

"'Sure,' says I; 'she's headed for Casper.'

"He wanted to rack out right then, but I had to have breakfast first and I put him at it while I went out to look around and pick up any late signs of her I might be able to see. Her horse was in the stable, all right, and that kind of mystified me. I begun to think maybe she hadn't run off, but maybe had slipped into the crick and got drownded. It wasn't deep, but it was swift, and I've knowed one like it to push a man up ag'in a boulder and hammer the life out of him before he could git the tangle out of his thinkin'-box. There was fresh hay in the manger, too, showin' she'd overfed the horse not many hours before. I was headin' back for the house to tell Burge when I heard a horse comin' up the road from toward Lander, so I moseyed out to see who it might be.

"It was Tom Cameron. Burge heard him come up and stop, and bundled out to see, thinkin' it might be her comin' back. Tom, he called me to one side, but Burge, he follered. 'Whatever you got to say that concerns me or mine, Tom, out with it in the open,' he says. Tom fiddled and hawed a little, then he said:

"'I thought you might be interested to know that they headed north, and that they had a single team and a spring wagon. I was goin' up to your shearin'-sheds to tell you.'

"'Who was he, Tom?' asked Burge, his voice croaky like a feller's is when he's been breathin' alkali dust and ain't had a drink since yisterday evenin'. 'What was that man's name?'

"'Joe Nevins,' said Tom; 'I met 'em on the other side of Lander last night when I was comin' in with a bunch of towerists I'd had up to Big Horn Cañon!'

"'She's aimin' to go to Casper to take the train,' says I, just like I knowed all about her plans. Tom looked surprised. 'Casper? Joe Nevins knows he won't never git to Casper drivin' that way,' he says.

"'Then he was foolin' her,' I said, 'for that's where she hired him to take her.'

"Burge looked up at me, kind o' dazed, but shook his head. 'No, no good, no good a-doin' that, Chris,' he said; 'you can't cover up the plain, everlastin' facts! Has he been hangin' around here much, Tom?'

"'Right smart,' Tom told him. 'Used to meet him a-comin' or a-goin' most every time I passed this way here lately.'

"'My God!' said Burge, gulpin' like he'd swallered his teeth. 'Oh, my God!'

"'She had the lonesomeness,' Tom said; 'I seen it a-comin' on before you'd been gone two weeks.'

"I didn't know much about Nevins. He was the son of an old codger that'd got rich off the Indians, and he'd been off East to college and that kind of stuff a good deal. He was what you might call a good-lookin' feller, and I reckon he come around to chat with her just because he felt sorry for her at the first. It was the same old yarn of a child playin' with fire.

"Burge and me, we didn't have no trouble follerin' the tracks of that spring wagon. It looked to me like they was headin' for the Big Horn basin—why, name o' common sense, I don't know. But they never is no common sense in such doin's as that. When we come acrost the place where they'd made their first camp Burge he seemed to realize all at once what that little lark meant to him. He turned a greeny yeller, like catnip tea, and I knew his head was spinnin' by the way he gripped his saddle.

"The signs showed we was gainin' on 'em fast, and we follered 'em after the moon come up, walkin' and leadin' our horses, but it was so cloudy when we come to Horsethief Cañon that we had to give it up for fear of wanderin' off their trail. We was clost to the river, so we come on down, about to the place where you and me are now, and laid down. We was dog tired, and went to sleep in no time, leastways I did.

"You noticed how the cañon flattens out down here by the river, an' turns into nothin' more than a run with banks about three feet high, but wide, so the water spreads. Well, I guess it was more habit than anything else that made Burge and me keep back from that dry crick bed—that's one of the first things a man learns when he comes to this country—and I guess it was lucky for us we did.

"Some time along in the night I set up sudden, just as wide awake in a second as I ever was in my life, and a-list'nin', a-list'nin' so hard it hurt. Big drops of rain was a'runnin' over the leaves like a band of barefooted niggers, and the lightnin' was a-winkin' and a-winkin' like it saw something funny about two fellers in for the dangdest soakin' they ever had. But I wasn't interested in the lightnin' nor the rain. I was a-list'nin', I tell you, a-list'nin' from the pit of my stummick up to the top of my head to the scariest noise I ever heard. It was still all around us, only for the whackin' of them big drops, with the clouds up above a-roilin' and boilin' like they was about to bust, a-holdin' in all they had, except the little bit that was a-splashin' over, so's to give it to us all at once—like a bunch of soldiers sneakin' up on a fort in the gray of the mornin'. And that scary sound was a-moanin' and a-groanin' and a-swashin' and a-tumblin' up toward the hills in the cañon, comin' nearer and nearer, shakin' the ground like a train.

"It wasn't me, that feller leanin' forward there in the dark, his legs doubled ready to jump and a chokin' dry feelin' in his throat, but one of them old-time wild fellers I told you about a while ago, and I swear it was all I could do to keep him from jumpin' up and runnin' away. I shook Burge and we both stood up, just as it went by us, that lollopin' tongue of water, roarin' like judgment day and leapin' like a pack of wolves. The lightnin' was just about steady, and we could see it mighty plain. The rain and the thunder cut loose for good about the same time the water come by, and Burge and me, we was so confounded stunned and dazed we couldn't do nothin' but hang on to each other and pant.

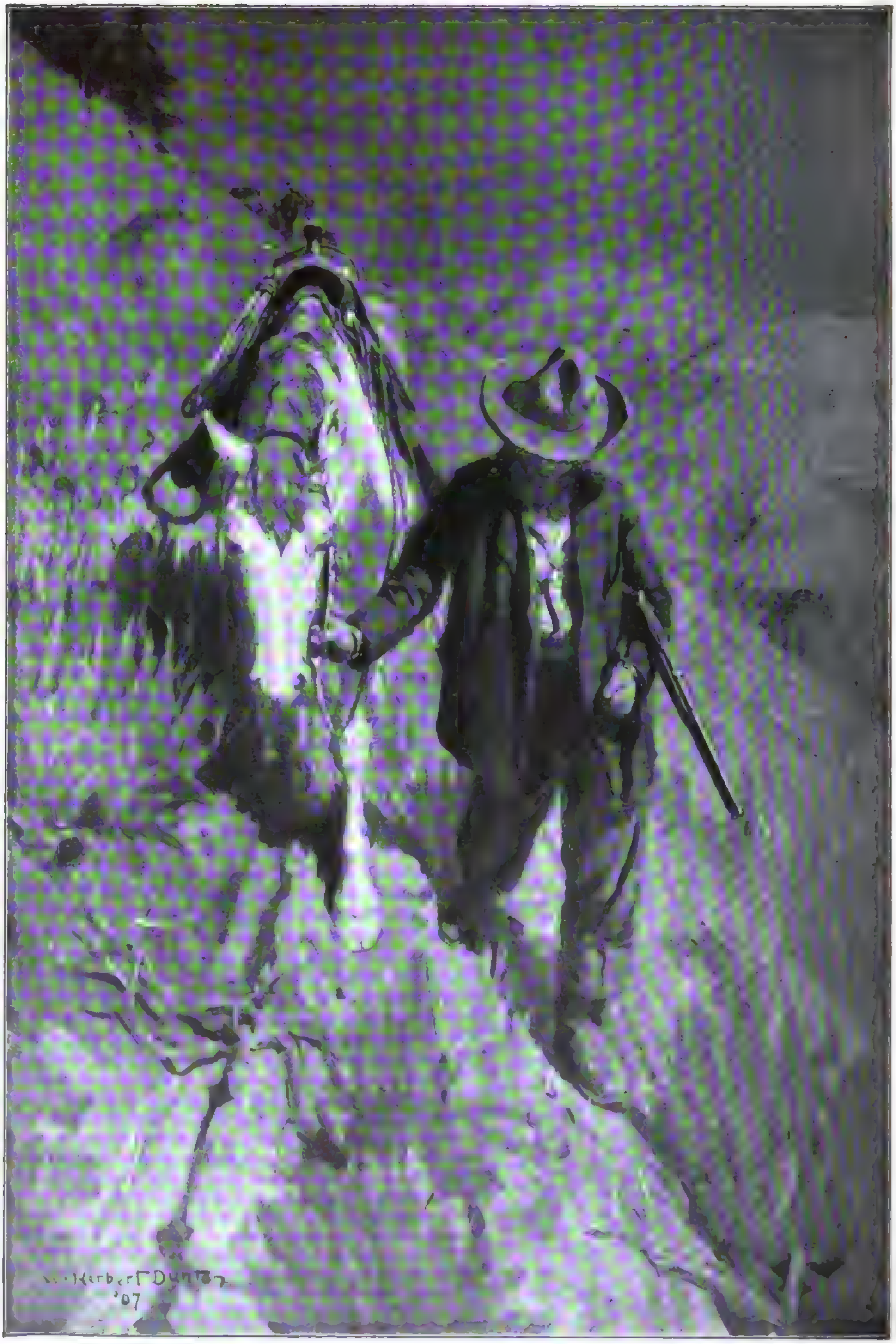
"That water was runnin' so fast that it kind of gorged the mouth of the cañon, I reckon, or else it chocked it up every little bit with drift, for once in a while it'd splosh out of the banks like it was flattened out, and run back nearly to where we stood. When we got sense enough into us we moved back, and went to see if our horses was all right; they was standin' with their heads droopin' where we'd picketed 'em out, but we didn't seem to have sense enough to keep away from that crick. We puddled back to it, as nigh as we dared to go, and stood lookin' at it like it had us charmed, winkin' whenever the blue lightnin' sputtered over us and showed us the valley for miles.

"In one of the flashes we seen a horse go by, its head high out of the water—not the way a horse generally swims—but we reckoned the current just naturally wouldn't let nothin' sink. He was fightin' hard, and our light snipped off on us before we could see whether it rolled him or not. Then here come another flash, and we seen the end gate and hind wheels of a light wagon pop up right in front of us. It was plainer'n a picture, plain as day. I could 'a' told, and I could tell you now, the width of them tires. While we was a-gapin' at them wheels the water sloshed and flattened out ag'in, and the wave that run out of the low bank on our side rolled something white along with it and left it there in the mud when it sucked back into the raised-up, tearin' current. We run to it and stooped down over it when the lightnin' blazed ag'in, and as sure as God ever made a woman, that was a woman, and she was that big-jawed flock-master's wife.

"Well, we got her away from there in a hurry! Half carried, half drug her back to high ground, where Burge flopped down on his knees beside of her and felt to see if she had any breath left. I reckoned she had, 'cause he ordered me to make a fire.

"I thought I had about as much show of makin' a fire there as I'd 'a' had in the middle of the ocean on top of a telegraph-pole, but I begun rummagin' around in the brush to see what I could find and stumbled over a box some campin' outfit had left behind. It was pine, but it was wet. I made some shavin's and propped up the bottom of the box to shed off the rain from 'em and went to work to spend my matches tryin' to dry 'em out so's they'd light.

"I don't know how long I fiddled over it, but I know it didn't make it seem any shorter


W. Herbert Dunton
'07

"WE DIDN'T HAVE NO TROUBLE FOLLERIN' THE TRACKS OF THAT WAGON."

to me to have that crazy Scotchman cussin' me in one breath and prayin' to me in the next. 'For God's love, don't let her die out here of the cold,' he said over and over, like it was the chorus of a song. Purty soon I'd dried out a few little pieces and got a tiny blaze. It growed, and I cut more shavin's, then went at the sage. One thing about sage, it'll burn like grease once you get a start, and it'll burn just the same wet or dry. By the time I had her whoopin' as high as my head it stopped rainin'.

"Burge, he was there, workin' over her. I couldn't do much to help him, and it looked to me like it was whittlety-whet between him and death to see which'd take her along. Well, Burge won. First word she said, settin' up all of a sudden and kind of swallerin' him with them big eyes, was: 'Don't take me back there; I'm afraid of it, I'm afraid!' He honeyed her and hushed her, like he thought she was out of her head, and then I went off to look after the horses.

"Back in the cabin I'd been purty hard on Burge, shoulderin' the blame all off on to him, but there in the sunlight of another day, with the woman found as if throwed up out of the stummick of death itself, and him a-seemin' so meek and anxious to make up, the thing somehow looked lopsided. I felt sorry for him, but not for her. I begun to blame her by this and by that, and it got to comin' so strong I felt like tellin' Burge the best thing he could do would be to carry her over to the river and chuck her in, the bed of that old fool cañon bein' too dry to give a rattlesnake a drink by then. 'What'd *you* do in a case of this kind?' I said to myself. 'You wouldn't take her back, not for any money. Lonesomeness or no lonesomeness, a woman orto stick to a man, and when she forgits her solemn oath and skins out with another feller, looks to me like they's something behind it that wouldn't go down into my craw.' A man's a funny critter, ain't he? I've felt the same way settin' on a jury, sidin' first with one lawyer when he got to tearin' it off right, then with the other when he come in, forgittin' the evidence slick and clean. If the last one could keep me forgittin' the evidence, he had me, every time.

"But I kep' my bill out of the mush, and left them two to have it out their own way, and after a long time Burge, he come to me and said they wasn't goin' back to the ranch no more, but on to Casper and back to the States. He left me in charge of the sheep till his banker could sell 'em, which was done in a month or two.

"'You was right,' he said to me, his eyes dancin' happy enough, 'you was dead right all along.'

"'Yes,' says I to myself, 'like fun!'

"'She thought he was takin' her to Casper to the train. But he was foolin' her,' he said, 'foolin' her from the first.'

"'Yes,' said I ag'in, 'he was—like fun!'

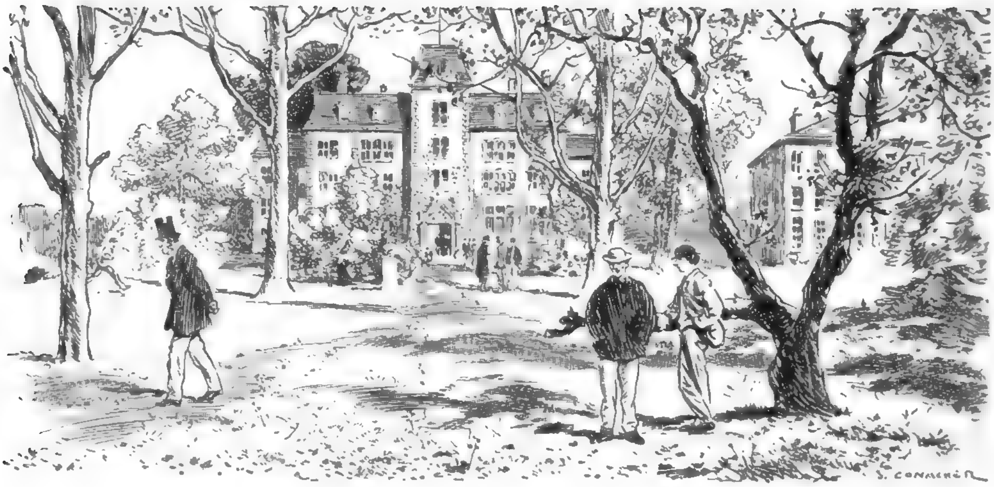
"He said he wanted me to go on down the river and see if I could find Joe Nevins's body lodged anywheres. He was mysterious about it, and glum. 'If you find it, look at it good,' he said, borin' me in the eyes with a studdy look.

"So they took the horses and racked out, the girl well over her duckin', it looked to me, leavin' me to hoof it and carry my gun and grub. Well, Burge he knowed I could ketch the Lander stage any day and go back on that. The Big Wind wasn't up none, the rain bein' a souser in that spot only, I reckon, and I found Joe Nevins's body at the head of a little island not very far down, lodged there with one of the horses. Rememberin' Burge's look, I hauled it up to land and stripped off the clothes. I found a bullet hole right over his heart.

"That little blue mark was the same to me as the last lawyer's speech. It swung me over to the woman's side ag'in like a straw man in a wind. 'You *was* right, feller, all the time,' I said; 'that there woman's as good as ever was made. It was the lonesomeness that turned her head and heart, and not that other.'

"I didn't bury Joe Nevins; I didn't think he was worth it. I shoved him off into the river and saw it runnin' him away toward the Big Horn Cañon. They call the Big Wind the Big Horn after it goes into the cañon, just like it might be another river. And it might be, too, for all you can tell when it comes out on the other side. It don't carry nothin' through with it to give it away, just sucks things under and holds 'em till they meller, then busts 'em up on the rocks.

"But I wrote a letter to Burge McFall, and give it to the bank at Lander to send on to him, tellin' him what I found. I reckon, with *all* the faith he had in that little girl, that made him feel a heap better. Don't you?"



Commencement Back Home

By EUGENE WOOD

Author of "Back Home"

Illustrations by John Conacher

XXIII
PRO
VESTRIS

WHEN the reconciliation of free will and foreordination has become as easy to me as rolling off a log; when I can balance the accounts of heredity and environment and tell to a penny how much is owing to the one or the other; when I understand, so that I can go to the blackboard and demonstrate it, how the mind can act and simultaneously observe its action; when I know just how old Ann is, and also "what the public wants," I shall still be puzzling my head over how it comes that the end of the college year and of the college course is called "the Commencement." Oh, yes! I've heard that about its being the commencement of life, active useful life, but it is not described in the small bills as "Life's Commencement," but as "College Commencement."

Oh, well, what's the difference? We'll leave that to another section of the Society for Antiquarian Research, and devote ourselves to the exhumation of the real old College Commencement in its palmy days, Plancus being consul. I exclude with one wide, sweeping gesture the festivities of those institutions back East, where rich men's sons go to spend the money their daddies made by hard knocks (sometimes knocking out the other fellow's brains, but oftener only his business). In the good old days the only genuine, Simon-pure, all-wool Commencement was that of a fresh-water sectarian college, where all the students, and especially the Junior Preps, had the loping walk that comes from following the plow all day, and where they not only had to remember the theorem and its corollary, but also must be careful not to say: "Ary side of the triangle A B C is equal to t'other."

It will have to be a Commencement in the "dear, dead days beyond recall," or ever the minds and hearts of the ambitious and aspiring youth of our nation were strengthened and fortified for the conflict of life by such noble sentiments as:

Bally-bazoo, ki-yi! Ki-yi!
Bally-bazoo, ki-yi! Ki-yi!
Whoa boy!
Whoa boy!
Whoop-ty-dooden, whoop-tv-dooden, whoop-ty-doo!

And, above all, it must be a Commencement of the days when the sheepskin was no clearer proof that a man had got at least sixty-five in every study, than was his oration *coram populo* on that Day of Days. Friends and fellow citizens, if the demonetization of silver was the "Crime of '73," by what stinging epithet shall we characterize the larceny of our liberties that robbed us of that forensic battle royal?

In some respects I flatter myself that I am eminently fitted to portray the ancient glories of such a Commencement; in other respects I feel kind of timid and distrustful about it.

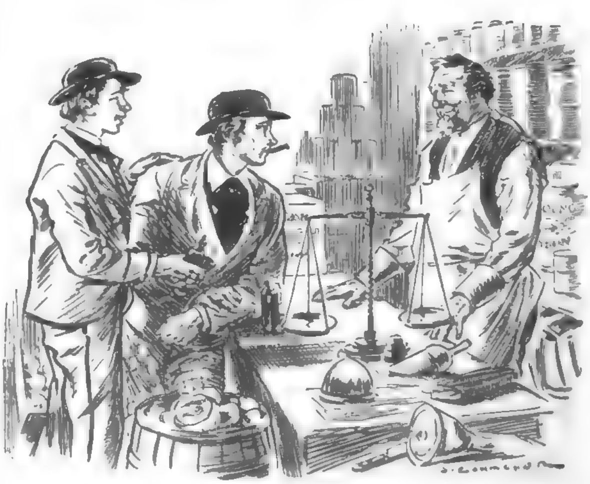
Not only did I go to such a college, receiving all the benefits and emoluments attaching to that truest certificate of aristocracy, a strictly classical, seventeenth-century education—Latin, Greek, mathematics, and philosophy—but I lived in that college town from the time I cut my seven-year molars until the fateful day whereon Prexy's hired girl called at our house and left a letter. It was not clad in the traditional "blue envelope," but its contents were the same—"the sack." My services were no longer required; the college would try to worry along without me. As Cicero would have said: "*Tres et viginta pro vestris.*"

But let us leave that incident till later. As I was saying, those boyhood years would seem no mean preparation for the task before me. For "the stoodents" were as the breath of that town's mouth; the groceries rose up and called them blessed; and great was Diana of the Ephesians among the bookstore men. They were the mainstay of the calico social in the church parlors, the monthly Sabbath-school concert, and the protracted meeting. They helped out the choir immensely in the rendition of anthems sung from those old books which were long sidewise, with no organ part written in, and in which the scores, reading from the top down, were: Tenor, Alto, Soprano, and Bass. (How the organist managed to read, pump the reed-organ, and play all at the same time has got me treed.) They sent shivers up the backs of storekeepers with windows to be broken, by their snowballing in Main Street, and they created an intellectual atmosphere with their lecture courses, now by an exciting discourse by the Rev. Joseph Cook on "Does Death End All?" and now by a male quartet and a reader, the male quartet thrilling the soul by witching strains about: "Chicken Roostin' on a Punkin Vine," and the reader with her matchless rendition of "Jimmy Butler and the Owl." Saturday nights, when they went up to call on the Sem. girls, and were turned out at ten o'clock, they made the air melodious with: "Good night, Ladies," "Seeing Nellie Ho-o-ome," and that one about "A tombstone at my head *and* feet, I'll bid this weary world adoo, adoo, adoo." During term-time the households of widows, those who had "taken on the superannuated relation," and all who were desolate and oppressed, were fat and full-fed by reason of keeping roomers and boarders and "clubs." The club was a cooperative institution, the communicants thereof buying victuals at wholesale rates and hiring somebody to cook for them. It was said that the members could live like fighting-cocks on $1.18 each a week.

The practised eye soon learned to snatch a fearful joy from the Junior Preps, who invariably roomed within three steps, one jump, a hop, and a long straddle from the campus, and were awfully arrayed in hand-me-downs, purchased at Moe Cohen's New York One-Price Clothing Emporium at Belle Center or Canal Winchester, made of corkscrew stuffs that rivaled their shoes in luster and polish, of suffocating tightness, and je-e-e-est a shade too short in the sleeves and pant-legs. (I'll call 'em "pants" as often as I like. What ha' *you* got to say about it, anyhow?) And the quiet boy, with an ear hung out for big words, could gather them in by armfuls as he walked demurely behind arguing Sophomores on his way to the grocery for a pound of starch, some bluing, three bars of soap, and a quarter of a pound of tea.

With all this long acquaintance with college men and manners, I should be endowed with transcendent ability to describe the real thing in college commencements. But I'm not, when you really come to consider it. When you get right down to searching analysis and brass tacks, the day when Prexy's hired girl left the fateful letter at our house I was no less an outsider than on the morning when, having just cut an important molar, I hung on the fence between our house and Bethard's, and watched a long-legged, gangling Junior Prep. trying to make a paper cracker-bag behave like a hot-air balloon. A wad of flaming cotton soaked in coal-oil—kerosene?—was at the decussation of the wires that acted respectively as the axis of abscissas and the axis of ordinates, and still the dag-gone thing would not soar upward into the ethereal blue. Other Junior Preps were with him then but are forgotten now. I remember him well, though, partly because I mind him sitting on the back steps sewing up a rip in his pants, partly because I remember Mrs. Bethard telling how he liked his steak fried, real done, you know, with lots of gravy, and the steak cut thin and crisscrossed; but chiefly do I remember him because he turned out to be— Who d'ye s'pose? Oh, you couldn't ever guess! The Vice-President of these United States! Yes, and will be President, too, if there is any virtue in lightning-rods. He had more freckles in those days, and more hair on the top of his head, but not so much money. Not near.

I was an outsider then, and always. Prexy's hired girl would never have had to call and leave the letter for me if the invitation to engage in that first, last, and only college scrape had not been so subtly flattering. Who put the cow in Prexy's office? I'll never tell you. I never knew. Who stole the clapper out of the chapel bell? Search *me*. Who hooked the skeleton, dressed it in the Episcopal preacher's black silk gown, and hung it up in front of the Episcopal meeting-house? The first I knew about it was when I read the account in the newspaper. When the Juniors took the Sem. girls out for the annual sleigh-ride and it was colder than flugens, what Sophomores were they who systematically went around and emptied flour in every Junior's bed? You can imagine the boys coming home, shaking with cold, finding the fire out in the dinky little Franklin stove, hopping into bed to get warm, and learning by experience how cooling to the flesh flour is. I will go before any court of record and make my solemn oath that one Sophomore at least was digging out, with the aid of Liddell & Scott, Demosthenes's nasty fling at Æschines because Æschines's father was a low-down workingman. So, when the tempter whispered in my ear his blandishments, I was an easy prey. At last! at last, I, too, was in their reckless deviltry; I, too, was in the heart of college life. Tell you how it was: From immemorial time there had been on Washington's Birthday a fantastic parade. Now that I think of it, I wonder if it wasn't Mardi Gras gone astray. Prexy — "Agripper," we called him — had said, denouncing it (as he denounced any kind of boyish fun), "There will be no payrade." No? But there was one. And I was in it. I got the sack for it. I don't care. It's all right. I was in it, just the same.



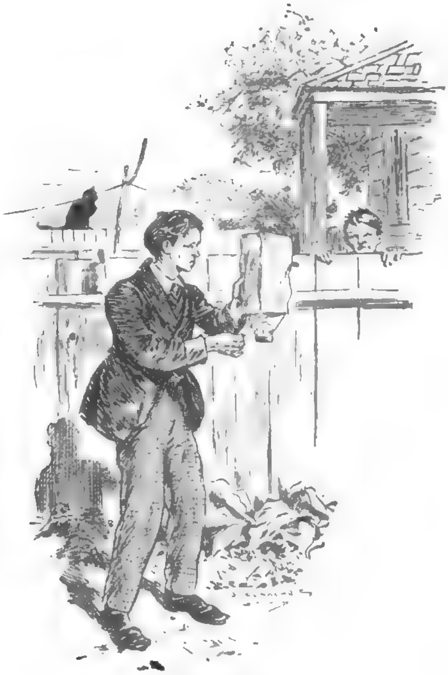
THE CLUB MEMBERS COULD LIVE LIKE FIGHTING-COCKS ON $1.18 EACH A WEEK.

Still, if I hadn't been, or if Prexy's hired girl had waited three months before she did her errand, I could have told you all about Commencement from personal experience. I could have explained to you just how it feels to stand up with the rest of them when Prexy gets to the place in his Baccalaureate sermon where it says: "And now, young gentlemen of the graduating class." I, too, should have paced up and down in the president's office, sweating and shivering, saying off my speech over and over again until the dreadful moment came when I walked out upon the platform in front of the Old North Building, under the canvas canopy; gazed out upon the sea of upturned faces; inhaled a deep breath of the fresh air laden with the perfume of the blossoming ailantuses, and, after a dignified bow, have begun: "*Misturrrrrr . . . President, . . . Ladeeeeeees . . . and-a Jaintlemen. . . . Some one has said . . . ,*" and so forth. I, too, should have lifted the veil of ignorance from the minds of those before me, and have removed the pressure of despair and doubt. I, too, with wildly beating heart and a face flushed with triumph and stooping over, should have picked up the bouquets hurled at my fair young head and lighting on the platform with muffled thumps at the conclusion of my masterly effort.

It is something lost out of my life, I know, something that can never be replaced. But it's all right. I don't begrudge it. For that one time I was in a real, reckless, devil-may-care college scrape. Flagitiously arrayed in a white sheet with a black bag over my head (holes cut for eyes) I was in the ranks of those who, with torches and cartoon transparencies mocking "Agripper's" ear curls and satyr beard, defied authority. It was the Boston Tea-Party over again; resistance to tyrants is obedience to God, and "Agripper" was a tyrant, a fussing, nagging, little-minded tyrant devoid of any sense of humor. I got the bounce all right, but so did he. Considering that fact, and considering also that not long ago I walked into the curator's office and got my sheepskin, "*honoris causâ*," belated but as faintly fragrant of the slaughter house and as hard to read as anybody's, I am convinced that the martyr's crown is very becoming to my type of beauty.

There is one sticker in it, though, that makes the bay wreath sit a little skew-gee: I was not right spang *in* a real Commencement Day. There is no "*pars maxima fui*" in mine.

How big those years in college bulk in the memory! How out of all proportion big, compared with the succeeding years wherein things happened: the snipping by the scissors of Experience of the strings that held the false face of bland Idealism up to the hard and cruel features of Reality; the struggle for a footing in the world; the Quest of the Sangreal, which is, interpreted, the search for the true mate, so intensely personal then, it seemed, really so cosmic; the holding of our first-born in our arms, with God alone can tell what beating of the heart, what visions of the future; the rumbling crash of frozen clods upon the boards above that first-born; the gradual unfolding of the meaning of our life, until the moment came—oh, moment of divine illumination!—wherein one saw why men had suffered and had hung, each on his cross, and what should be the Life of the Coming Age (*Credo et in vitam venturi sæculi*). How long those years have been and how eventful, and yet how big beyond desert bulk the few quiet years of college in the memory! I do not know if it is so with you, my reader, but sometimes the scenes and incidents of vitally important occurrences are dimmer far and harder to recall than a mere idle hour in recitation. Even now I look out upon a pearl-gray sky and dripping branches in the old campus, hearing my fellows hem and haw and stumble through a stint of Butler's "Analogy," prompted occasionally by the Doctor's, "And, on the other hand," or "Continue, please." I was day-dreaming. I had done my stint. This was the alternate day, whereon I had to say off the second half of the first page assigned for study, Young being the last man in the class in alphabetical order and I next to him. I had made good, and what the others were trying to say off the book I knew no more of and cared less for than I do now. I remember being glad that my name did not begin with J, else I should have had to recite every day, and without knowing where I'd catch it. But that is all. Nothing happened. I just sat and gawked out of the window. Now, why should such a scene live in the recollection when I have to knit my forehead and think hard to call to mind that which really matters?



WATCHED A LONG-LEGGED, GANGLING JUNIOR PREP.

How the foolish jokes in the college paper cling like burrs! That one, for instance, about the fellow that played the organ for chapel (the pipe-organ, I mean, not the wheezing reed thing): "If F—— H—— can get so he can play the voluntaries he has now and learns one more, then he will have four." Or this other: "Class in Mythology—Prof.: Mr. Blank, what did Io die of? Mr. Blank: Io died of potassium." How clever our devices to play off the natural philosophy professor against the professor of moral philosophy, the one being a Protectionist of the whirling dervish type, and the other an Absolute Free Trader of the persecuted bulldog type. We would carry to the class-room the words: "Doctor, Professor So-and-so says you are wrong when you say thus-and-so." Result, the whole recitation period taken up in gas about something other than the lesson. How many traps we laid for the man who taught geology, comparative anatomy, botany, and such, seeking to corner him into an admission that he believed in evolution, and how slick he slid out of it every time! Smooth and genial. The persecuted bulldog was my hero. He said right out just what he thought and held his job, too. Nobody ever laid traps for him to find out how he stood on evolution, and if he thought the world was older than 5,000 and some odd years. Saturdays the persecuted bulldog was often the only one on the platform at chapel—the faculty, it seems, was not a bit fonder of chapel than were the students, and "cut" it whenever possible. He read the Scriptures and made a prayer, and it was a common saying that his short pause after the opening address to the Almighty was for a mental reservation, as: "O God . . . if there be a God. . . ."

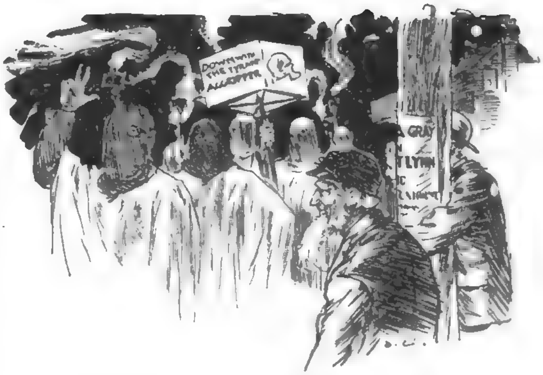
"LADEEEEEEES . . . AND·A JAINTLEMEN. . . ."

He need no longer make the reservation. His name, like so many of those that would have been on my diploma if I had gained it in due course, is absent. He knows now, if anybody knows. And if all be true, as for such as he we cannot choose but hope it may be true, his must be a clearer Vision of the Beatific than most men's. It was my privilege to tell him how much he had been to me, and to have him open his heart to me in such matters as thinking men must hold very sacred—the world here and hereafter—and the touch of his hand upon my shoulder is yet warm and grateful.

Another name, even more clear and venerable to me, is also absent. And here let me make public reparation for my fault. I meant to write to him in his last illness to tell him how I prized him, how I appreciated what he had done for me, not out of favoritism (for he was a man meticulously just), but by his manner of living and doing. And I waited too long. I remember well with what inward sinking I first recited to him, cold, relentless, as he was, detecting and exposing the slightest fault or least uncertainty—it seemed to me he was a lump of ice. How was I to dream that that little, springy martinet with his sharp sniff and "Parse!" was to be more to me than any other man in life? In later years, when he was seventy and past, but still erect and smart and eager in his walk, I asked him for the secret of his perpetual middle age. "Smf!" he sniffed, as in my freshman days, "I always live in the upper air." And that was true, for his study and his recitation room were always on the second floor; and in his heart and mind he lived always in the upper air. They say the blessed spirits dwell in the upper air. The heavens be his bed! He was a good man, was "Billy."

I tell these things to you, my reader, not as narrations of me and mine, but as reminders of you and yours. Shifted about in name, locality, and year, they are your experiences in that time of life that you, too, best remember, not because you were happiest then, for poor folks really never have a happy time of it, but because those were the years wherein you and I laid aside, if ever, the Old Man, the boy, the selfish, savage creature, and put on the New Man, the social, civilized being. All things became new, and if we remember idle moments of that time, it is because subconsciously important things were happening, things of even greater importance than the vivider events of later life.

But all this was as the stalk and herbage; the pinnacle and flower of it was Commencement Day, in bloom the latter part of June. The Senior class, wreathed as for sacrifice, with "plug" hats, endeavored to comport



I WAS IN A REAL, RECKLESS, DEVIL-MAY-CARE COLLEGE SCRAPE.

themselves as befitted the solemn season, and led a life at once gay and awe-inspiring. The literary societies, portentously named Zetagathean, Chrestomathean, Athenæum, Clionian, and such, held their Spring "Publics," with programs composed of Salutatory, Oration, Essay, Debate, Declamation, and Valedictory, the whole interspersed with classical selections, sometimes by Dinny Lynch's String Band, sometimes by a string band up from Columbus. But it was the speaking that we went out for to hear. My laws! But they did talk grand. Big words, you know, and language— Gee! Something fierce. You don't get it anywhere else. I remember a fellow in our class in Rhetoricals, the term when we had them with "Old Billy," pouring forth such an oration, and "Old Billy," who knew a thing or two about English if anybody on this green earth ever did, interrupted with a sniff: "Smf! 'Infinite abysses of the illimitable unknown.' What do you mean by all that?" Well, that's the way it was at the Spring "Publics"; you didn't know what it meant, but it sounded grand, and there have been folks that got into the United States Senate by just that kind of talk. I used to enjoy the Declamation most, although that was not considered improving to the mind in the same degree as the other numbers. The pieces they put into the medley that they had sometimes—"*Out of the Norrrrrth the wi-i-i-ild news came, Far-flashing on its wings of flame, SWEEFT-t! as the Baw-aw-aw-real light that FLIES atmidnightthroughthestartled skies*," and "*O-o-o-over the rivah they beckon to me, L-O-O-OV'D ones that pawssed to the further side*," and "*Toh bay-ee . . . or-r-r-r NOT . . . toh bay-ee*" (you have to have long hair for that, and snap it at the people savagely while you lower your larynx till it bears on your breast-bone), and that piece about "*Parley-voo Frongsay, will you lind me the loan of a gridiron?*"—these were all fine pieces, amusing and instructive.

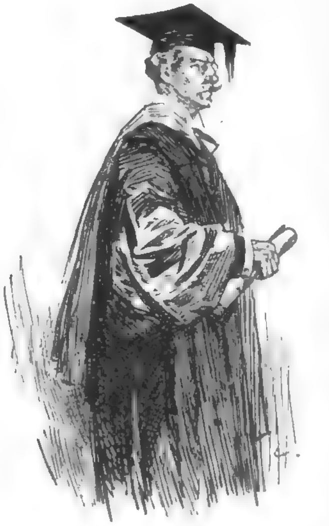
But though the "Publics" of the boys' societies were strong on the oratory, they were weak on the music; you couldn't get really interested in the "Jolly Brothers Galop," or the Overture to Tancredi. Up at the other end of the town was the Sem., where the girls went, and it was the other way round there: a little weak on oratory but strong on music. The essays were mild and ladylike affairs on "Decision of Character," "Sunlight, Starlight, and Cloud," "Peeps" ("Peepth into thome folkth' liveth—"). I don't think they ever had a real debate, and in those days it was regarded as unladylike and showing an unwholesome tendency to the "theayter," for a girl to recite speeches in which she had to holler or mock people. But there was a lot of music, instrumental and vocal. Lots of the girls at the Sem. didn't take anything else but music and painting. Oh, yes, we heard "*Uno voce poca fa*," "*Ernani involami*," "*Ah, forse lui*," and "*Oh, luce di quest' anima*," more times than we had fingers and toes, but we put up with all the "tee-hee-e-e-e, *tee*-hee-e-e-e, TEE-hee-e-e-e-e" pieces patiently because we knew that if we clapped loud enough the soloist would come back, grinning like a "chessy-cat," and sing something that had not only sense to it but some kind of a tune, like "Janet's Choice," or "Down the Shadowy Lane She Goes," or "We'd Better Bide a Wee." They were strong on piano selections, too.

If you will transfer one of these "Publics" of the Sem. girls' literary societies to the op'ry-house in the daytime, and add Mrs. President Donnelly in the back row of chairs bawling out "Louderrr!" from time to time, you will have the Sem. Commencement to perfection.

But what went ye out for to see?

Not the Commencement of the Sem. girls, you bet your boots.

Was it to be enlightened as to woman's "Mission in Life" that they got up excursions from as far up the railroad as Galion? Why, my laws! what other mission in life *could* a girl have than to get married and keep house and find out the best way to put up tomato preserves? "Beyond the Ilps lies At—" I always get that mixed up; I mean "Beyond the Alps lies Italy." Sure it does, and every last one of the class (except the very gosh-awful homely ones— Yes, and some of them, too!) was engaged. And do you think every preacher in the three Conferences that could rake and scrape the half-fare for himself and wife and six children, packed his gripsacks and came and camped down on Sister Boggs, and Sister Parker, and anybody and everybody he had a bowing acquaintance with, just to hear *girls* squeak out their little footy essays? Do you think Presiding Elders and Bishops, men of power who could send a man to the Sinking Spring Circuit if they wanted to, journeyed to those halls of learning that they might "tromp" with their feet in time to the gay tunes hammered out by Sem. girls on four Valley Gem pianos, two girls to a piano? Do you think farmers rattled into town at sunup with their big wagons full of folks, and brought their lunches till the campus looked like they were holding "basket-meeting" there, just to see a parcel of girls in white dresses? Not much, Mary Ann.

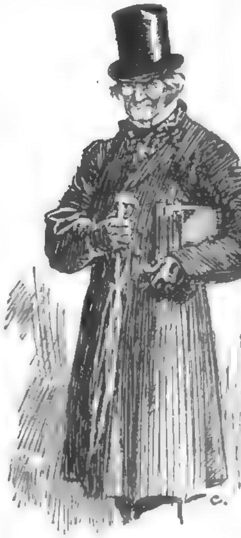


No. They flocked as doves to their windows for something far more vital than any women's doings. They came to witness the irruption into the arena of MEN! Men trained for every vicissitude of after life; men able to say "*Bonus-a-um*" off the book; men who had had four arduous years of: "*didomi, doso, edoka, dedomai, edothen.*" It was to look upon such heroes, to hear them make their speeches, to realize what an all-fired jolt the sleepy world was to experience when these MEN got after it, that the people came; and it was anguish at the thought of having to stand over the cook-stove for "company" at such a season of refreshing, when they should be building them statelier mansions, O their souls! that made the ladies of the house in such a college town look so disconsolate.

Ah, the chaste grandeur of the Baccalaureate sermon! Everybody dressed to kill; the chapel chock-full while the town churches play to "light business"; the chapel choir nervous to the point of fidget; big guns on the platform among whom have been judiciously portioned out bits of the service; the oratorical magnificence of the "masterly effort" for which Prexy has been sitting up nights since the spring term began; the thrill of anticipation when he reaches the grand climax, always introduced by: "*Gow with meeeeeee. We ar-r-re in R-r-r-owm,*" rattling his r's, drawing back his lips as far as they would go for the prolonged "e" in me, solemnly laying one paw on the big Bible and as solemnly crossing the other over it, like the stone lions in front of E. R. Thompson's residence. The thrill of anticipation, I say, for we knew a brilliant word-painting of the Eternal City would be ours, florid but strictly accurate, for he had been there once upon a time. He was one of those who made the world-renowned excursion that Mr. Twain tells about in "Innocents Abroad."

Sustained by this spiritual and intellectual food, the visitors and townspeople undertook the arduous labors of the next four days. Monday I don't know about, or else I've lost a day in my calculations. There was something somewhere for the Trustees, and all the time, it seems to me, things fairly whizzed, but I can't make out four days and yet I know there were four days. One of them was sacred to the Alumni. They held their grand banquet, a sumptuous repast, consisting of cold boiled ham, Saratoga chips, pickles, chow-chow, stuffed mangos, jam, preserves, and 208—count 'em—208 kinds of cake, the whole washed down with Ariosa coffee, and supplied by the Ladies' Aid of Center Street M. E.

Says the shoemaker: "There is nothing like leather"; says the preacher— Well, the number of addresses vied with the number of kinds of cake. There were missionaries to Hindustan and Philadelphia, Hongkong and Oshkosh, China and Chicago, and right in front of the gun where he could get the good of all of it, was the oldest living graduate, full of years and yarns about when the organ in the Episcopal meeting-house was hauled to town in one big covered wagon, and Ray's Third Part Arithmetic was in the curriculum for the second term freshman year. The Alumni Banquet was an event of hand-shaking, and visiting, and "Whur are you located now, Brother Smith?" and "What's become of Pryor?" Illiterates, and those who never could say "*Bonus-a-um*" without the book were graciously permitted to attend, but they were out of it, distinctly out of it. Nice people they might be, and often were, but let them boom the bass of it never so loudly, "the tie that binds" was never round their fetlocks.



Next day was Class Day. In the morning was the boat race above the dam. The Freshmen in the Nellie B. rowed with the Sophomores in the Swallow; the Juniors in the Nellie B. rowed with the Seniors in the Swallow. The Swal— I should say, the Sophs and the Seniors won. These were the only two boats Jim Mooney rented that were at all suitable for racing.

In the afternoon there was the tree-planting, or the ivy-planting, or the presentation of the class monument, or other beautification of the campus. It seems that the latter part of June is inauspicious for setting out things, for the class tree or the class ivy always died. One class monument I recall was a pyramid of niggerhead rocks, one boulder to every member of the class, the whole neatly cemented together. It was as sightly an object as ever you laid eyes on, particularly in after years, when different coats of unassorted house paint, hastily applied by after-dark humorists, had been more or less effectively removed. There were speeches at the bestowal of these memorials, and also there were Class Histories, and Class Prophecies, awfully funny, at the hearing of which outsiders became afflicted with the "dry grins," wanting to laugh but lacking something to laugh at. There were comic presentations by the outgoing class to those left behind, as a milk bottle to the new Freshman class, a wooden horse to the Sophs (that was a good joke), a bellows to the Juniors, and a tin razor to the new Seniors, each gift accompanied by a few (thousand) well-chosen words.—College humor has wonderfully gone off in the last few years. The last class prophecy I heard was terribly dull, not a bit funny.—There were songs, too, the class song composed for the occasion, and circulated on printed slips, and the old-time songs that live in the memory, "As through an Alpine village passed," "A bulldog on the bank," "Lauriger Horatius," "Integer vitæ," "Coca-che-lunk, chelunk, chelaly" (I always liked the sentiment of that), and "John Peter went over the Rhine." (Good old John Peter went over a colder, darker river than the Rhine full many a year ago. Genial old John Peter! He gave me ninety-six in German one term. I use the word "gave" advisedly.) And there were songs that professed to go to the air of "It was my last cigar," though nobody ever did know the real tune of "It was my last cigar." Ah, me! Those old sweet tunes. . . . Those old sweet tunes. . . . It was a gay day, was Class Day, but as we think it over, you and I, my reader, there was something sort of sad and lonesome about it, something wistful in its gaiety. . . . I can't tell you. . . . I . . . I don't know how. The evening of Class Day. . . . In a little, fresh-water college you get to know and like the Seniors though you are 'way below them. Class Day, you think like enough you'll never see them again in life. And you never have seen them. You have seen men who looked like the boys of long ago and who have professed that they were in verity the same; but they were not. No, not the same.

When Roman soldiers stormed the Temple at Jerusalem they fought their way through forecourts which, in the ascending scale of splendor, culminated at the Veil, behind which gloomed the Holy of all Holies, kernel of the golden shell. They entered. It was all empty. There was nothing there. No pinnacle of magnificence. Nothing. They were amazed.

We have won through the forecourts and are at Commencement Day. We lift the veil of memory. The place is empty. Nothing is there. Of all the long, long day of speeches by the graduating class, continuing down the alphabet and sparing not, from Allen, to whom we gave unjaded heed, down to Ziegler and the tired sigh he wrung from us—nothing remains. Nothing. Unless it be one moment

> Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
> Ere one can say: "It lightens."

All the day they had shrilled forth their high-flown phrases, had trumpeted their challenge to a callous world, and now . . . now in his hand each one received perpetual and irrevocable banishment from that Enchanted Valley where jingling sentiment passed for true gold. To-morrow. . . . Did not a chill strike through each one just at that moment?

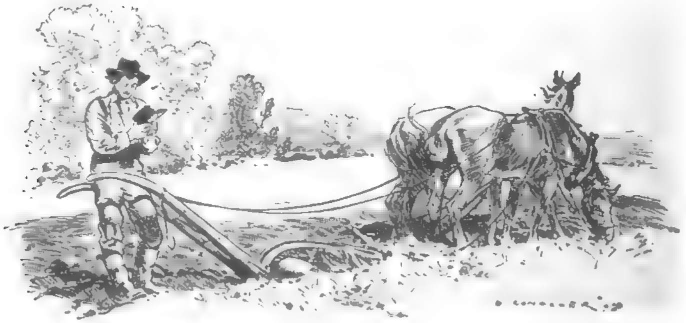
The old Commencement Day of the fresh-water, sectarian college is gone forever, even though our youth should come to us again. It has departed with the age when a plug hat and a Prince Albert were the *ne plus ultra* of male splendor of attire; when dinner was at noon, when there were fried potatoes and fried steak for breakfast, and for supper stewed dried peaches, cake and tea. All gone, and gone forever!

I returned to the Commencement at the old place not long ago. It was not the old place at all. The North Building was bestowed away in an obscure nook as one hides the crayon portraits of Pap and Mother, once thought to be so fine—the old North, down whose spiral stair-rails we slid so gaily from the top floor to the basement. The old flag-pole was gone. There were no rag-weeds in the front campus, and the paths were paved. There were fine buildings of cut stone with so many modern improvements that they didn't seem natural.

It was all changed. There was no platform under the canvas canopy, and no young orators filled their lungs with the June air laden with the perfume of the blossoming ailantus. The Commencement exercises were held in the chapel, and instead of a brass band the organist vainly tried to catch the step of the President for the Priests' March from "Athalia." The faculty, the graduating class, all togged out in fancy-colored hoods and swishing in black gowns, with mortar-boards whose tassels gave each a riotous black eye, sauntered up the aisle. Instead of making burning speeches, the class sat down placidly in the audience and listened—or appeared to listen—to a "Commencement orator," some big gun from somewhere.

Maybe I'm prejudiced in the matter, but I honestly think I am not yet an old man. I've got 'most all my teeth; my hearing is fair; I can see to read fine print without specs when the light is good; I am what I deem a long way this side of fifty, and yet, when I look back and think how, inwardly as well as outwardly, all things are different from what they were when I hung by my elbows on Bethard's fence and watched Charley Fairbanks trying to make that cracker-bag soar upward into the ethereal blue, I feel as if I really ought to remember what Lafayette looked like. They tell me that in my Alma Mater nowadays nobody is burned alive for believing in evolution; they all believe in it or else keep still about it. I wonder if, when some boy that is just cutting his seven-year molars is as old as I am now, such undisputed assent will be given to——

I pretty near said the word.



The Cheat of Overcapitalization

By WILL PAYNE

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Three and one-half billions of watered securities in eleven years! On this we must pay interest—you and I, our children, and our children's children unto the third and fourth generation. We carry this Old Man of the Sea upon our backs, and bequeath him to posterity. High Finance has grown so bold that it raises the ancient cry of "vested rights," and demands this tribute as a sacred privilege. See how the game is played: Unscrupulous schemers issue heavily watered securities; with the bland cunning of the gold-brick manipulator they boom and inflate them; at their highest price they deftly exchange them for the nation's savings. When exposure comes and an outraged public threatens to prick the bubble, they are in a position to say, "You are cutting your own throats. The securities are yours." These creators and vendors of bogus wares refuse to obey the laws as definitely as did the robber barons of old, who seized the land, subsidized the church, corrupted the bench, and left to their descendants the divine right of ruling their inferiors. Do we want to come to this? Are we to have a vested aristocracy supported by impoverished masses? Mr. Payne's article, which strongly points the question, is one of two that will disclose some astounding features of recent brigandage.

IN the past eleven years there have been listed on the New York Stock Exchange new securities—stocks and bonds—to the amount of twelve and a half billion dollars, not including government and city bonds.

Of this total, twenty-five per cent., or three and a half billion dollars, in round figures, is just water—a bogus, fiat creation representing no legitimate investment of capital in the properties against which the securities are issued.

There is a popular impression that stock-watering is a monopoly of the "industrials" or trusts. This is a mistake. Railroad securities listed since the last big panic include more than fifteen hundred million dollars of pure water. *When the railroads argue that they are entitled to earn a fair return upon the "investment." they include this bogus billion and a half.*

Recent listings on the Exchange do not, of course, completely cover the ground. Much bogus capitalization was listed before 1896. Much is not listed at all, but handled "on the curb." And in the railroad field, especially, not all inflations of capital can be traced directly in the listings. But even three and a half billion counterfeit dollars, passed on an easy public in eleven years, will do for a test.

William H. Moore, John W. Gates, Jacob H. Schiff, and other financiers have recorded the opinion that stock-watering is an essentially harmless pastime. The current Wall Street argument is that a concern should be capitalized according to its earning power. If capitalized in excess of earnings, the market value of the stock will shrink. If the earnings will pay more than the going rate of dividends on the capitalization, the market value of the stock will advance. Thus, market value will always correspond to earnings, anyway, and nobody need bother as to whether or not the stock is watered.

THE TYPICAL CASE OF TIN PLATE

This sounds rather plausible; but it overlooks a fact of prime importance—namely, that whenever overcapitalization succeeds, the element of monopoly is present.

You combine the leading plants in a certain field, or enough of them to give you monopolistic control over the price of the product. You copiously water the stock of your combination. You put up the price of the product sufficiently to pay dividends on the bogus stock. Then you say, "This capitalization is legitimate, because I can earn good dividends on it." Thus do able financiers lift themselves by their own boot-straps.

It is by no means necessary to have all the trade in a given line in order to gain monopolistic control over the price of the product. Said Mr. Havemeyer of the Sugar Trust: "It goes without saying that a man who produces eighty per cent. of an article can control the price by not producing." And in other ways, too. The Steel Trust hasn't even eighty per cent. of the trade; but the rail pools, pig-iron pools, and so on, of which it is a member, have more than eighty per cent.

Take, now, the strictly typical case of the American Tin-Plate Company, organized by Judge Moore in January, 1899. The tin-plate industry in America was created by the McKinley tariff of 1890 and is often pointed to as a signal instance of the benefits of high protection. There is a general misconception respecting the tariff. A high protective tariff in itself is not much good. Indeed it is often injurious rather than beneficial, because it stimulates competition. To get the benefit of the tariff you must monopolize the protected commodity. The tariff is merely a lever. A lever without a fulcrum will boost nothing. Monopoly is the fulcrum. We shall see more of this hereafter.

The McKinley tariff raised the duty on tin plate from one cent a pound to 2.2 cents. The price of tin plate advanced to $5.75 a box. This price yielded a profit of 100 per cent. to the manufacturer. To build a practicable tin plant required no great investment. The unit is a "mill," plants being of ten-mill or twenty-mill capacity. An investment of four hundred thousand dollars would build a plant, the cost being about $40,000 a "mill." Naturally, capital flowed into so attractive a field. Tin-plate plants multiplied. Presently they began to fight for business. The price of tin plate dropped from $5.75 to $2.60 a box. Not only that 100 per cent. profit, but all profit disappeared—as it usually does when ruinous competition is left free to do its work. Tin-plate concerns were pushed to the verge of bankruptcy. This, of course, was the trust promoter's opportunity. Judge Moore took the matter in hand, and brought thirty-nine plants into a combination, the combined capacity being 272 mills.

At the accepted average of $40,000 a mill, the investment in these plants, allowing some leeway, would have been about $12,000,000, which estimate agrees with other evidence in the case. The promoters supplied some cash for working capital. Thus, including "good-will"—in a losing business—there was nearly enough value in sight to cover the $18,000,000 of preferred stock that the American Tin-Plate Company issued. The company also issued $28,000,000 of common stock, all water, $10,000,000 of it going out of hand to the promoter for his services, and the rest as bonuses to the underwriters, and so on. Now, the American Tin-Plate Company added absolutely nothing of a tangible nature to the industry. Those 272 mills, the day after it took them over, were exactly what they had been before. What the American Tin-Plate Company did add to the industry was monopoly. The price of tin plate advanced from $2.60 a box to $4.65; and the 272 mills, which could barely support a capitalization of, say, $15,000,000, excluding "good-will," before the consolidation, now handsomely supported the new capitalization of $46,000,000. Judge Moore was able to argue that the capitalization was legitimate because the company could pay good dividends on it.

CARNEGIE MIXES WAR MEDICINE

In the next year and a half six other trustlets in the steel trade were organized, watered, and floated on the same plan by Gates, Morgan, the Moores, and others. Like the tin-plate concern they added nothing tangible to the industry, simply buying up and consolidating existing plants. Expecting monopolistic control over the price of products, they inflated the capitalization of the plants by $200,000,000. Judge Moore and his associates then proposed to buy out Mr.

Carnegie on the basis of his earning power. They failed to raise the money and the deal collapsed. This annoyed Mr. Carnegie. With a hostile eye on the trustlets, he began to mix war medicine. If he had fought, the water would have poured out of trustlet stocks in a manner resembling a cloudburst. In order to protect over two hundred millions of bogus trustlet capitalization it became necessary to buy out Carnegie. Mr. Morgan rose to the occasion and the United States Steel Corporation—otherwise known as the Steel Trust—resulted.

THE AMERICAN CAN COMPANY

The big trust, in taking over the inflated little trusts, added $75,000,000 of water. That is, in exchange for their watered stock, it gave its own stock to an amount greater by $74,373,035 than the total of the stocks acquired. For example, in exchange for $46,000,000 of American Tin-Plate stock—about $30,000,000 water—the Steel Trust gave $62,100,000 of its own stock.

But, by taking in Carnegie, the big trust made monopoly even more secure, and is able to earn a handsome return upon its capitalization.

Of course its members object to the word monopoly. They say that the prosperity of the Steel Trust is due solely to good times; that anybody with a good plant can do about as well. Let us see. A little while before the organization of the Steel Trust, the Shelby Steel Tube Company was formed. It had fine plants—admittedly, none were better. It was the most modestly capitalized of any combination in the iron and steel trade. It had a rival in the National Tube Company, a Morgan promotion, but the original Shelby plant had been a good money-maker. The Shelby Steel Tube Company, however, owned no supply of steel billets, and so must buy them in the market. The Steel Trust took in the National Tube Company; took in also the chief sources of supply for billets, thereby leaving the Shelby in the sadly unmonopolistic condition of having to buy its raw material from its chief competitor. So the Shelby sold out to the Trust. But, observe, there was no inflation of capital here. In exchange for the Shelby's $15,000,000 of capital the Trust issued its own dropsical shares to the amount of only $3,750,000, because the Shelby was not in a monopolistic position.

About this time Judge Moore made his last industrial promotion, organizing the American Can Company. The standard recipe was followed. Being busy with other things he may have inadvertently ladled in a little more water than usual. But that is not material. The company took in all the good plants. The steel trade was booming. It ought to have made enough to support the capitalization. But it didn't. The packers are large users of tin cans. They object to monopoly prices for their own consumption—possibly because they know so well how these prices are made. They took to manufacturing their own cans; then cans for others. In a word, the American Can Company could not suppress competition. It could not get a monopoly. Hence, it could not support its bogus capitalization. Last year its earnings were equal to barely five per cent. on the preferred stock; nothing on the common. The preferred stock sells at about fifty; common at about five. Stock-watering cannot flourish under competition.

Mr. Schwab, in a rather famous statement, pointed out that there was no water in the capitalization of the Steel Trust, because its deposits of iron ore were worth the whole amount of common stock issued, or, in round numbers, $500,000,000. A brief examination of the facts in the case will prove instructive.

CARNEGIE'S MISJUDGMENTS

In 1892 Henry W. Oliver, of Pittsburg, owned a big iron mine on the Mesaba range in the Lake Superior region, which was incorporated as the Oliver Iron Mining Company. For a long time the steel trade in the North had drawn its raw material from the mines of the Lake Superior country, as it does to-day. Yet nobody, generally speaking, thought much of iron ore property. There were vast deposits of it in sight. To develop them required comparatively little capital. In the best mines, like Oliver's, the ore was simply scooped up from the surface with steam shovels, at a cost for labor of five cents a ton. The notion of monopolizing iron ore would probably have struck the average business man about like the notion of monopolizing sand.

The Carnegie Steel Company was, of course, the largest consumer of ore. Oliver saw the advantage of an alliance with this consumer, which would insure him a big, steady output of ore. With such an output assured he could get good contracts with the railroads and steamships for transportation. He agreed with Henry Clay Frick, chairman of the Carnegie Company, to give that company one-half the stock in the Oliver Iron Mining Company in consideration of a loan of $500,000, to be secured on the mines, the money to be spent in development work. And Mr. Carnegie vetoed this proposition. He wrote:

"If there is any department of the business that offers no inducements, it is ore. It never has been very profitable, and the Mesaba is not the last great deposit that Lake Superior is to reveal."

ENTER THE ROCKEFELLERS

You see, he thought a monopoly impossible, and he preferred to buy his raw material under competitive conditions rather than to take a half-interest in Oliver's venture as a gift. Frick persisted, however, and the bargain was closed; so the Carnegie Company got a half-interest in the Oliver property without investing a dollar. Afterward, Mr. Carnegie, in pursuance of his firmly settled policy of holding a controlling interest in everything he touched, got Oliver to sell the Carnegie Company an additional one-third interest, making five-sixths in all. The price is not disclosed; but the total capital of the Oliver Mining Company was then $1,200,000, so that the investment in this additional third interest could not have been colossal.

The Rockefellers also owned some good Lake Superior iron mines. Their view of the value of ore properties is revealed by what followed. In 1896 they leased their mines to Oliver and Frick, on behalf of the Carnegie concern. Under the lease they received a royalty of twenty-five cents a ton; but it was provided that there must be an output of 600,000 tons a year to be shipped over the Rockefeller transportation lines, rail and boat, and that these lines should get another 600,000 tons a year from the Oliver mine. The Rockefellers evidently thought that iron ore was good mostly to make freight.

Now, this combination assured the Carnegie mills about all the ore that they needed. The combination, moreover, was in command of the best rail and lake transportation and dock facilities. The independent mine owners immediately saw where they got off. This was a year, it will be remembered, of severe industrial and financial depression. Acute demoralization, to quote a trade report, followed among the independents. Acute demoralizations are commonly very profitable to those fortunate persons who are in a position to remain unaffected. Oliver set to work to gather in the demoralized properties. By arranging for options of stock here and leases there, he was presently ready to take over the best independent mines. In his statement of the arrangement he says:

"The only cash obligation that we will have, if my plan is carried out, is in the purchase of the Norrie stock. The Mesaba leases we can throw up on six months' notice, and the Tilden and Pioneer leases on three months' notice. The amount that we would invest in the Norrie is a very small item, considering the immense stake we have in this business." And further along, "I propose, at a risk of using our credit to the extent of $500,000, or possibly $1,000,000, to effect a saving, in which our competitors will not share, of $4,000,000 to $6,000,000 per annum."

And again Mr. Carnegie vetoed the plan. So poorly did he think of the ownership of iron ore; so improbable did he deem a monopoly in it. But as Frick and Oliver persisted, he withdrew the veto, and the deal was closed. In this manner, with the investment of hardly a dollar—for even a million or two may be so spoken of when contrasted with Mr. Schwab's valuation of the Company at half a billion—did the Carnegie Company come into possession of its iron-ore properties.

IRON ORE MONOPOLIZED

The chief Lake Superior iron mines then outside the Carnegie-Rockefeller combination were owned by the Minnesota Iron Company. This company was capitalized at $16,500,000; but its stock was not worth par in the market. Presently it was absorbed by the Federal Steel Company, which in turn was taken into the United States Steel Corporation. So the Steel Trust had eighty per cent. of the Lake Superior output, and all the best transportation and dock facilities. Iron ore was practically monopolized.

The Carnegie Company owned, as said above, five-sixths of the capital of the Oliver Iron Mining Company. To buy the remaining one-sixth and make its ownership complete, the Steel Trust issued $18,500,000 of its own stock—half common and half preferred. On this basis six-sixths would come to $111,000,000. Compare this with a gift to Carnegie of a half-interest a few years before and you will get a view of what monopoly means.

SHACKLING OUR CHILDREN'S CHILDREN

The Rockefellers had capitalized their iron mines at $29,887,449. They kindly turned them over to the Trust in exchange for slightly more than $80,000,000 of its stock. Forty-four millions of the Trust's stock stand for its ownership of the Minnesota Iron Company's properties. Mr. Schwab and others have declared that the Trust's ore deposits are worth more than this vast capitalization that was issued for them. Very likely so. And this is the core of the whole matter. If you can monopolize a staple commodity it instantly becomes worth almost any price you have a mind to put upon it. There are limitations, of course. No monopoly could keep iron ore at the price of diamonds. But for all practical purposes the rule holds good.

And when you capitalize your commodity on the basis of its earning power as a monopoly—which is the modern and prevalent idea—then you necessarily bond and mortgage yourself to perpetuate the monopoly. Observe how the capitalization of monopolistic earning power works: James J. Hill's Great Northern Railway had come into possession of great bodies of Northern ore lands with but a small investment of capital. Until recently nobody ever thought of those far-off ore lands as constituting an asset of great and immediate value. But the capitalization of the Steel Trust's ore lands fixed the value of the Hill ore lands.

Suppose you are engaged in running a corner in corn at Chicago. You buy up the visible supply, or eighty per cent. of it. That supply then becomes worth, for all practical purposes, whatever price you fix upon it—the obvious limitations spoken of before, of course, applying. But only so long as you maintain your corner. If you fix the price at eighty cents, all other supplies of corn within reach of Chicago become worth eighty cents, less the freight. You must take them at that or down goes your monopoly.

Now, these far-off Hill ore lands may be likened to so many million bushels of No. 2 September corn. So the Steel Trust leased the Hill ore lands. The lease runs until all the ore shall be exhausted, which according to conservative estimates will not be for at least a hundred years. There is, however, a cancellation clause operative after about ten years, but the lease works so to the advantage of both parties that this clause may be safely ignored. It fixes the price of every ton of ore during the life of the lease, and the freight rate to be paid the Hill road for moving it. A hundred years is a long time. Many changes may come in the manufacture of steel and the mining of ore. But there stands the lease, fixing the price of the ore during our lives and our children's lives and the lives of our children's children, except, of course, in the unlikely event of cancellation. The royalty to be paid under this lease is $1.65 a ton the first year, with an increase of 3.4 cents a ton in each succeeding year. If human ingenuity could devise a stronger pledge to our grandchildren that they will not get steel cheaper than we do I am at a loss to imagine what it might be. And I maintain that the basic purpose of this lease is to support the inflated capitalization that the Steel Trust issued on account of its own ore lands. When Oliver and Frick leased the Rockefeller mines in 1896, it will be remembered, they paid a royalty of twenty-five cents a ton, against a royalty to Hill of $1.65 a ton with a yearly increase. Not that the Rockefellers are easy marks. But ore had not then been monopolized and capitalized on its earning power.

Having made the lease, the Great Northern Railway distributed pro rata among its stockholders certificates representing the beneficial interest to arise from it. There were 1,500,000 of these shares, or certificates, which were traded in on the curb at about $80 a share, giving a valuation of $120,000,000 for the whole. This $120,000,000 has no relationship in any way, shape, or manner to any actual investment. It represents the beneficial interest that may arise through participating in a monopoly.

FRICK'S GRIP ON COKE

A hundred million dollars of the Steel Trust's capitalization is based on its ownership of the H. C. Frick Coke Company, by far the largest concern in the Connellsville region. In defending the Trust's capitalization, Mr. Schwab pointed out that it owned over sixty thousand acres of Connellsville coal land—the best there is for making coke. And he added: "There is no more Connellsville coal. You couldn't get it for $60,000 an acre. It simply isn't there." Obviously, therefore, this staple commodity, being monopolized, is worth, practically speaking, whatever the owner says it is worth. Investment of capital has nothing to do with it. When Mr. Frick began developing the coke industry, he invested no capital to speak of, for the excellent reason that he didn't have any.

FROM 80 TO 500 MILLIONS

The Carnegie Company owned one-fourth of the Frick Company. To buy the Carnegie Company and the remaining three-fourths of the Frick Company the Steel Trust issued capital to the amount of $492,558,100, of which $304,000,000 is in bonds bearing five per cent. and $98,277,100 is preferred stock bearing seven per cent., the remainder being in common stock which at present pays only two per cent. A year before, the net book value of all the assets of the Carnegie Company (including its fourth of the Frick Company) was a little over $80,000,000.

Actual values may have been greater, but this was the "investment." So long as Mr. Carnegie and his associates meant to keep all the stock themselves they obviously had no motive for inflating the capital. Which brings us up against the disagreeable fact that *good business men never water stocks for home consumption.* Much as they admire the beauties of the process they do not apply it to themselves. Stocks are watered only to be sold. It was for the purpose of permitting the public to come in that this eighty-odd millions of Carnegie capitalization was increased by about $400,000,000.

In passing, I wish to mention that this eighty-odd millions was not, strictly speaking, an investment of capital. It was nearly all accumulated profits that arose in good part from monopoly and high tariff. As early as 1878, with a duty of $28 a ton on rails, we find the rail pool allotting the Carnegie mill an output of 60,000 tons for the year and fixing the price at $42.50 a ton. Thus the Carnegie plant made profits of 100 and even 140 per cent. a year.

Another Carnegie incident should be glanced at here—the strike at Homestead in 1892. Previous to the strike an extraordinary and scandalous condition prevailed at Homestead. This condition was not that the mills paid their owners 100 per cent. profits, but that some of the workmen in them earned $12 and $15 a day and rode in carriages. The strike, with its incidental riots, bloodshed, and starvation, ended that, the unions being beaten.

Mr. Frick fought this battle for the company, Mr. Carnegie having astutely withdrawn to Scotland. James Howard Bridge, in his excellent "History of the Carnegie Steel Company," to which I am much indebted, is throughout a stanch admirer and champion of Mr. Frick. Speaking of the profits of the company, which rose from $4,000,000 the year of the strike to $21,000,000 in 1899, Mr. Bridge observes (page 295):

"It is believed by the Carnegie officials, and with some show of reason, that this magnificent record was to a great extent made possible by the company's victory at Homestead. From that time on the company profited by the heavy investments it had made in labor-saving machinery, and prices got so low that one year when the Carnegies made over $4,000,000, their chief competitor, the Illinois Steel Company, had upward of $1,000,000 loss. By 1897 the cost of steel rails on the cars at the Braddock mill was only $12 a gross ton!"

The admiring exclamation point is Mr. Bridge's. Whatever saving accrued to the company from its victory at Homestead has now been capitalized and is outstanding in the form of stocks and bonds. So there is little fear that steel mill labor will relapse into the scandalous state of earning $15 a day. The necessity of paying interest and dividends on this capitalization stands in the way.

MORGAN'S FAT FEE

I have accounted above for the bulk of the $1,500,000,000 capitalization of the Steel Trust—including bonds of subsidiary companies which it assumed, such bonds sometimes representing the total cost of the property. One further item remains to be mentioned. *The trust issued to Mr. Morgan's promoting syndicate* $130,000,000 (*in round numbers*), *par value, of its capital in return for* $28,000,000 *in money.* You will find the transaction in detail on pages 16 and 17 of the "Preliminary Report to Stockholders of the United States Steel Corporation," issued in February, 1902. The Morgan syndicate furnished the Trust with $25,000,000 in cash for working capital, and paid the expenses of organization and other incidentals to the amount of $3,000,000. For this it received 649,987 shares of preferred stock and 649,988 shares of common stock, the shares being of $100 par value.

Nearly $6,000,000 *annually are absorbed in paying dividends on the stock thus given.* Probably the able employee can get the syndicate's blessing. But he can't possibly get a show at those six millions. And the syndicate itself hasn't that stock now. It has been sold. You and I have it—figuratively speaking, of course. We paid real money for those 1,300,000 shares—probably par for the preferred and fifty for the common, or well toward $100,000,000 in all. We can't get any extraordinary return upon our investment. We can get seven per cent. on the money invested in the preferred and four per cent. on the money invested in the common. In order to get this much we must keep on paying the monopolistic price for steel rails.

Such is the effect of stock-watering. A gentleman creates a monopoly in a staple commodity, capitalizes it on the basis of its monopolistic earning powers, then sells it out, or sells a considerable interest in it after the inflating process is complete. *Then if the public wishes to overthrow the monopoly, thereby letting the water out of the stock, it is the public itself—or the outside investor—who gets drenched. With a simple monopoly you can tie up the public, but you have the bother of holding the string. With the stock-watering and floating improvement you can make the public itself hold the string.*

In 1899 when Judge Moore was trying to raise the money to buy out Carnegie it was deemed advisable to give certain capitalists an interior glimpse of the steel trade. President Schwab of the Carnegie Company wrote:

"I know positively that England cannot produce pig iron at actual cost for less than $11.50 a ton and cannot put pig iron into a rail with most efficient works for less than $7.50 a ton. This would make rails at net cost to them of $19. . . . We can make rails for less than $12 a ton, leaving a nice margin on foreign business. Besides this, foreign costs are going to increase year by year because they have not the raw materials, while ours are going to decrease."

When the Steel Trust was formed we heard a good deal about the important reduction in cost of production that it would be able to make by coordinating all the plants, saving freights, and the like. But there has been no reduction in cost to the consumer. Year after year the rail pool has held the price of that staple product firmly at $28 a ton.

From 1901 to 1906 domestic production of pig iron increased 9,500,000 tons, or sixty per cent. This might cheapen the cost of production, but the selling price of pig iron has increased about twenty-five per cent. You may think that you are not a consumer of steel rails and pig iron. But you are. You pay for every pound of it.

Last year (1906) the Trust's net profits "after deducting the cost of ordinary repairs, renewals, and maintenance of plants, and interest on bonds and fixed charges of subsidiary companies," amounted to $156,619,111. It could have paid a dividend of twenty per cent. on that half-billion bogus common stock. That it chose to pay only two per cent. and to spend the remainder in building new plants does not in the least alter the proposition. This course, in fact, is simply the shrewdest way of bolstering up the bogus stock.

The bolstering is mighty expensive to the public. But it must be done. Otherwise thousands of more or less innocent persons who have bought the spurious stuff, banks that have lent money on it, and the inevitable cue of "widows and orphans" will suffer.

But "shoving the queer," by no means a specialty of the "industrials," is practised almost as extensively and with rather more uniform success in the railroad field.

The second of Mr. Payne's articles, dealing with **Watered Railroad Securities**, will appear in the July number.

Esteemed Contemporaries

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

Author of "Mr. Pratt," "Cap'n Eri," etc.

Illustrations by Fletcher C. Ransom

WHAT is this we hear? What mean these subterranean rumblings and earth-shakings, disturbing the quiet of our prosperous and enterprising community? Why this muttering of distant thunder, striking alarm (?) to our peaceful breasts and causing the price of eggs at White's to drop from twenty-five to twenty cents a dozen? (See ad. on page 4 of this issue.) Hush! whisper it not in Gath; there are rumors of a resurrection in our midst. Our late esteemed contemporary, the *Gazette*, which, after a protracted lapse into a state of suspended animation, was, as we all supposed, laid tranquilly to rest in the graveyard of buried hopes but a few short months ago, is stirring in its tomb. There are whispers that it is to rise, phenix-like, from its ashes, to convulse us with its wisdom and refresh our memories with its humor.

"No one seems to know who is responsible for this bringing of the dead to life, who is to reverse the work of the sexton, or to act as financial godfather at the rechristening. And, after all, is the question so much 'Who?' or 'When?' as 'Why? In the name of common sense, why?' We pause, awaiting a reply and further developments. Meanwhile the *Breeze* will continue to cool the fevered brows of expectant watchers at regular weekly intervals. As we have intimated before, now is the time to subscribe."

Benjamin Phinney, editor and proprietor of the *Trumet Weekly Breeze*, having thus brought his screed to a conclusion, wiped his pen upon the editorial trousers, leaned back in his chair with his shirt-sleeved arms behind his head, and chuckled. He reread the effusion, and chuckled again. He was wondering if the sarcasm were too pointed.

Ben had owned and edited the *Breeze* for nearly two years. The paper, its name and its success—judged by Trumet standards the latter was not to be sneezed at—were the product of his ingenuity and perseverance and a little of Uncle Holway's money. When Phinney, senior, died, after his disastrous failure in business, he left his son with a goodly collection of debts, an unfinished course in college, and a taste for journalism. To Uncle Holway—"Uncle" by courtesy; he was Ben's second cousin—the young man imparted his desire to shine in the newspaper world.

"Want to get on a daily paper, do you?" observed Uncle Holway. "From what I hear, a reporter's wages are pretty small to begin on. The thing to do is to start a little paper of your own somewheres. Then, if you're good for anything, you can make a decent living—for the country—and get to be somebody in your town. I'll back you for a year or so at that. It's all I can afford to do, besides paying what you owe already."

Uncle Holway had a business friend who owned a summer bungalow at Trumet. This friend suggested the village as a place where a live weekly was badly needed. So to Trumet came Ben. The first thing that struck him when he got off the train was a September no'theast gale. Therefore the new paper was christened the *Breeze*.

When the *Breeze* first began to blow it had a competitor, the *Trumet Weekly Gazette*. The *Gazette* was staid and dull and non-enterprising. Its editor was an elderly bachelor named Caleb Foster. The *Breeze* was not dull, and it certainly was not staid. At the end of a year the *Gazette* was on its last legs. On these it limped along for eight more months. Then it gave up the ghost—or seemed to do so—and its editor departed to live with his married sister near Boston. Its advertising and its subscribers came to the *Breeze*, and Ben was able to pay the first instalment of the debt to Uncle Holway.

Having, after reflection, decided to let the editorial stand as it was written, Mr. Phinney filled his wheezy brier pipe and proceeded to go over the latest contribution from the *Breeze's* correspondent at Wellmouth Port. And then was heard the sound of large and weighty boots upon the stairs leading from the street to the sanctum.

The editor turned in his chair as the door opened.

"Hello, Shake!" he observed gleefully. "How goes it? Is the muse working overtime? Has Pegasus been pegging again?"

It was the local poet who had called. Nearly every village possesses a poet, and Trumet, with the customary enterprise so often mentioned in the *Breeze*, possessed a unique sample. He lived with his widowed mother in a little one-story house on the "shore road." His name was Zebedee Gott, but in the course of time and under a succession of local treatments by local humorists, this name had vanished, and, after Zeb had answered to hails of "Browning," "Tennyson," "Longfellow," and the like, "Shakespeare" had taken its place. This had been familiarly curtailed to "Shake." Poetry so far was purely a labor of love for "Shake." He earned what little money he did earn by casual work alongshore. But he aspired to higher things.

In answer to Mr. Phinney's questions Shake smiled undecidedly. He rubbed his talented brow with one red hand and smiled still more.

"Got another outbreak of genius concealed about your person, Shake?" asked the editor.

"Wa-ll," drawled the poet, "I don't know's I know exactly what you mean, Mr. Phinney. You're such a funny joker I can't always sight what you're drivin' at. I just dropped in to ask if you'd heard the news about the *Gazette*."

"Shake, you disappoint me. I *have* heard the news about the *Gazette*. But never mind news now. The important question is: Have you burst into song? Got another poem for me, Shake?"

"Why, yes, Mr. Phinney," said the bard of Trumet; "I have got a little piece of poetry that I made up last night. I called it 'Beautiful Sunset in Higgins's Cove.' I read it to mother and she guessed likely 'twas lovely. Want me to read it to you?"

Ben's reply was an enthusiastic affirmative. He enjoyed Shake's poetry. It appealed to his well-developed sense of the ridiculous. He had published two or three of the effusions in the *Breeze*, purely for his own gratification. The genius cleared his throat and began:

Higgins's Cove in our town
Is a lovely place, all up and down.

"I mean it's kind of hilly round the edges," he explained.

The grass is green, the trees are fine,
Bein' principally scrub oak and pitch pine.
The water splashes on the beach.
Altogether it is a treat.

"Good!" interrupted Ben. "Magnificent! It's not every common or garden poet who could get away with a rhyme like that. That poem is mine. The *Breeze* will publish it immediately, at once, right off quick—some of it, at least. Come; let's have it."

But the poet, although he beamed with pride at his companion's praise, did not transfer the scroll.

"Wa-ll, Mr. Phinney," he stammered, "I don't know. It seems to me that—that is, mother she says, long's I've got the poetry disease so bad, I'd ought to get paid somethin' for my poems. I've give you consider'ble many for nothin' and she says what's the use of braggin' about havin' brains in your head if you don't make nothin' out of 'em. She——"

"Shake, don't be mercenary; don't. Genius should be above gold. An ode like that is beyond price. I *couldn't* pay you for it. I couldn't really. Let's have it."

But, to Ben's great surprise, Shake folded the foolscap and returned it to his pocket.

"No," he said, with determination; "mother she said not to. I cal'late, Mr. Phinney, I'll wait a spell and try it on the *Gazette*. Maybe the new editor over there'll pay——"

"The *Gazette!*" laughed Ben. "Why, Shake, the *Gazette* is——"

He paused. Footsteps were again ascending the stairs; this time, however, they were light and were accompanied by the rustle of skirts. The door opened and a young lady appeared. Mr. Phinney looked at her and rose hurriedly. She was a stranger in Trumet; her clothes alone would have proclaimed that fact. Also she had brown eyes and brown hair and— Ben groped for his coat.

"Pardon me," said the young lady. "Are you the editor of the *Breeze?*"

Mr. Phinney admitted it. Then he was conscious of his pipe and tossed that fragrant comforter into the waste-basket. Luckily the basket had just been emptied.

"Don't rise, Mr. Phinney," said the caller. "May I sit down? I want to speak with you for a moment on business."

Without waiting for a reply she seated herself in the visitor's chair, beside the editorial desk. Ben sat down also. Then he noticed that the poet was still present and staring, open-mouthed.

"Shake," he said, "trot along now, that's a good fellow. We'll settle that matter some other time. Good-by."

Shake slowly departed, still staring.

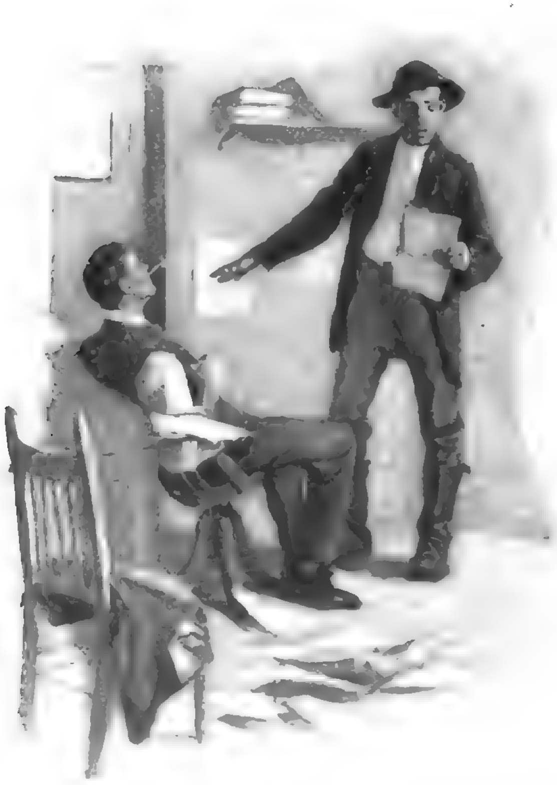
"Now, Miss—er—" began the editor.

"My name is Foster," said the young lady. "I am a niece of Mr. Caleb Foster, who used to live here in Trumet. Uncle Caleb was editor of the *Gazette*, you remember."

Ben remembered. Brown was a nice color for eyes, he decided.

"Yes," continued Miss Foster. "Well, uncle was obliged to discontinue his paper for the time, owing to ill health, and came to live with mother and me at Cambridge. But he never intended to give up the *Gazette* entirely. He always meant to come back and continue it when he was well once more. However, his health is no better and I'm afraid it never will be. He still owns the *Gazette* property here, and it was that which I wished to speak to you about."

Ben tried not to smile, but he couldn't help it. He knew what the *Gazette* property was—an old-fashioned press, a few battered type-cases and the type, and a dilapidated building with a mortgage on it; these were about all.


"IT'S NOT EVERY COMMON OR GARDEN POET WHO COULD GET AWAY WITH A RHYME LIKE THAT."

Miss Foster may have noticed the smile, but she went serenely on.

"Now, Mr. Phinney," she said, "I have looked this property over and I have talked with uncle and he has decided to make you, as the owner of the only other paper in town, a proposal. For $2,000 he will sell you the entire outfit, good-will and all, and will agree not to resume publication."

Ben gasped. Then he asked solemnly, "Does the mortgage go with the rest of the outfit?"

"No," replied Miss Foster, with just a suspicion of a twinkle in the brown eyes; "he will take care of the mortgage with a portion of the two thousand. There is an alternative proposition," she continued. "That is, consolidation. If you will give him a half-interest in the new company, the *Gazette* and *Breeze* may consolidate as one publication and control *all* the business."

She spoke as if the business were likely to be world-embracing. Mr. Phinney laughed aloud. The young lady showed signs of impatience.

"Is it funny?" she inquired.

"Please forgive me. I didn't mean to. But it *is* funny, just a little. If I had two thou—that is, if I were disposed to buy the property you mention, I'm afraid we couldn't come to terms. Your uncle's price seems a little high, to me. Old iron and lead are worth about a half cent a pound, I believe, and I doubt if even the good-will weighs enough to make up the difference. As for consolidation—well, we have already consolidated, in a way. The *Breeze* has the subscribers and the advertising. The *Gazette* has —has—well, it has the mortgage. I——"

Miss Foster rose.

"Then you refuse both propositions?" she said.

"I—I guess I do. I hope I haven't offended you. I've spoken rather plainly, but your uncle's proposition is—pardon me—is——"

"It wasn't uncle's altogether. I am responsible for a share in it. Good morning, Mr. Phinney."

"I hope, Miss Foster, you aren't offended because I——"

"Not at all. I expected you to decline. The townspeople have told me—have told me various things. The *Gazette* will resume publication at once."

"Frankly, Miss Foster—and as a friend of your uncle's—I wouldn't advise him to——"

"Of course you wouldn't. Good morning."

She moved toward the door. Ben hastened to open it.

"I shall look forward to meeting the new editor," he said. "As a fellow sufferer I shall be glad to extend fraternal sympathy."

Miss Foster turned and looked at him. A student of physiognomy would have read determination in her chin; Mr. Phinney saw only the dimple.

"It is possible," she observed calmly, "that the editor may not need your sympathy."

When Shakespeare returned to the office he found his patron seated in the desk chair staring intently at the brier pipe. A portion of the stem—the least stained portion—was almost the identical shade of brown.

"Say!" whispered Shake enthusiastically. "Ain't she a dandy? Bein' as you don't want this poem of mine, I'm agoin' to take it to her. She's the new editor of the *Gazette* and——"

Ben whirled round in his chair.

"Do you mean to tell me," he exclaimed, "that *she* is going to edit the *Gazette* herself?"

"Didn't you know it? Her name's Edith Foster and she's old Caleb's niece. She's got some money of her own, so folks say, and she used to run the college paper when she was student to Wellesley. She's hired a room at the Ocean House and she's goin' to start up the *Gazette*. I bet you she'll make it go, too. Ed White knows her; he says she's awful smart."

Half an hour later the editorial concerning the rumored "resurrection" was reposing, in very small pieces, in Mr. Phinney's waste-basket, and its author was busy with a new one which began thus:

"A great pleasure is in store for the reading portion of this community. Our esteemed contemporary, the *Trumet Weekly Gazette*, is to resume publication at an early date. Miss Edith Foster, the talented niece of its proprietor, is to act as editor. The *Breeze* wishes Miss Foster and the *Gazette* the fullest measure of success. Any favor which it is in our power to grant will be gladly extended and . . ." etc., etc.

The first number of the *Gazette*, under its new management, appeared at the end of a fortnight. Meanwhile Trumet had discussed, with unction, the proceedings and appearance of the new editor. She had reengaged the aged compositor and the apprentice who had worked for her uncle. The dilapidated print shop and editorial room had been washed and whitewashed. All the outstanding bills contracted by Caleb had been paid. This, among the local shopkeepers and their families, had created a favorable impression. The impression had been strengthened by Miss Foster's hiring a pew in the church and occupying it on Sundays. Also she had attended the Friday evening prayer-meetings. Trumet believes in orthodoxy and in honesty. The higher criticism and "high finance" have made little headway there.

Ben Phinney read his copy of the new paper with interest. It was feebly amateurish in make-up and contents, he decided. There was a "Woman's Column" and a "Poet's Corner." Shake's effort, "Beautiful Sunset in Higgins's Cove," crowded the "Corner." Ben smiled as he read it. He felt almost sorry that his rival's first attempt at editing was not more successful. Plainly the *Breeze* might rest secure upon its pedestal of popular favor. The *Gazette* was not destined to shake it down.

But, as months passed, he became less confident. The *Gazette* had improved wonderfully. It still kept its "Woman's Column"—in fact it was a "Woman's Page" now; and the Trumet women seemed to like it. It had gained a respectable subscription list. Also advertisements of local shopkeepers' "Markdown sales" appeared in it regularly. And the *Breeze* had to use diplomacy and discounts to retain its subscribers and its advertising. Even at that it did not retain all of them.

"I tell you, Mr. Phinney," said Andrew Smalley, who kept "The Boston Store," "the women folks like the *Gazette*. Amandy, my own woman, she swears by it. No, I don't b'lieve I'll put no ad. in the *Breeze* this week. Can't afford to patronize two papers, you know."

And there were others—a disquieting number of them.

The rival editors had become good friends, in a social way, by this time. Ben made regular calls at the Ocean House and occasionally dropped in at the *Gazette* office. Business was not mentioned during these visits. Neither was anything else of importance, and yet there were times when, the brown eyes and the dimple being particularly alluring, Mr. Phinney would have liked to speak more specifically. He attended prayer-meeting now. At least, if he did not attend, he "happened to be passing" when meeting was over, and generously acted as Miss Foster's escort to the hotel.

One Friday night Ben was a little late in "happening to pass." The cares of business were troubling him greatly. Subscriptions and advertising had dropped to an alarming point. Were it not for the fact that Asa White & Son, the leading merchants in town, and Annabel Saunders, who kept the dressmaking, candy, ice-cream, and millinery store, still advertised with him to the exclusion of the *Gazette*, the *Breeze's* future would have looked dark indeed. And it was rumored that Annabel was wavering.

The usual crowd of would-be escorts was waiting by the vestry door. One of them spied Ben and hailed him.

"Lookin' for Edith Foster, was you, Mr. Phinney? You're too late. She's gone with another feller."

The editor of the *Breeze* was aware of an uneasy feeling, distinctly apart from his business worries. However, it was his fault for being late. Just then Annabel Saunders, pretty—and conscious of it—in a new spring hat, emerged from the vestry and he begged permission to "see her home." As they turned the corner an awkward person bumped into them. The awkward person was Zebedee Gott, alias "Shake," and he stood staring after them till they passed out of the light from the church windows.

Miss Saunders's conversation was much to the point. She had decided to transfer her advertisement from the *Breeze* to the *Gazette*. Her escort's pleadings were in vain. She "hated to," but 'twas best for custom. Everybody said so.

Next morning, as Mr. Phinney was gloomily climbing the steps leading to his office stairway, he saw the bard of Trumet approaching along the sidewalk.

"Hello, Shake!" he hailed, throwing off the gloom. "Haven't seen you in a dog's age. Why don't you give us a poem once in a while? Have you gone over to the *Gazette* altogether? I'll bet you've got a lyric gem in your clothes now. Come."

The poet reddened consciously.

"Wa-ll now, Mr. Phinney," he stammered, "I have made up a little piece, but I was cal'latin' to give it to the *Gazette*. Seems more fittin' for it, to me. But if you'd like to see it, why——"

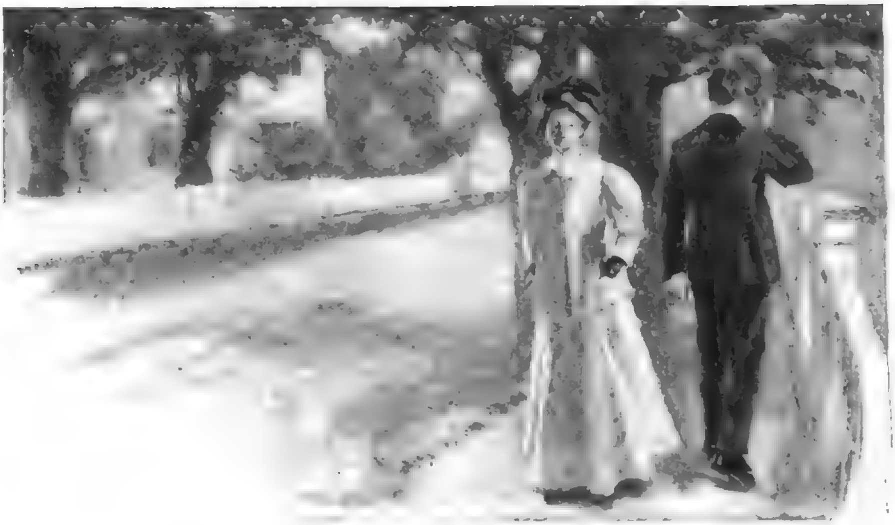
"Of course I'd like to see it. Come upstairs. Not a word. Come on."

Aloft in the sanctum Shake unfurled the usual sheets of foolscap and cleared his throat.

"This piece is about Edith Foster," he said; "I made it up after I see somethin' last night. That's why I thought 'twould suit the *Gazette* better. Besides she's been payin' me a dollar apiece for poetry and you wouldn't pay nothin', so——"

But Ben was curious. "Never mind, Shake," he said. "Read it to me, anyhow."

"It's named 'To a Beautiful Young Woman in Trumet,'" confessed Shake. "That



HIS BOW WAS A COOL ONE, SO WAS HERS SURPRISINGLY COOL.

means Edith, but I thought 'twas best not to put in her name. It begins this way:

She is pretty and she is fair
As any girl you'd find any*where*;
Her cheeks are red, her hair is brown
And she is sweet as this whole town.

That's true, ain't it?" he inquired.

"Not half emphatic enough. Go on."

The poet went on for some twenty lines. Then:

The sweetheart that steals her away
Is mighty lucky, so I say.
And when from meetin' Friday night
I see her walk with Edward White,
And when with looks of lovin' bliss
I see 'em swap a tender kiss——

There was a great deal more. When the reading was over Shake looked up to see the editor gazing absently at the paper-knife on his desk.

"Wa-ll, Mr. Phinney," he inquired anxiously. "What do you think of it?"

The answer was irrelevant.

"Did you say this—this spasm was inspired by something you saw last night?" demanded Ben sharply.

"Why, yes. You see— Yes, 'twas."

The editor was silent, toying with the paper-knife. Then he gave the blotter on his desk a vicious dig with the implement and said:

"Give it to me. I'll pay you $2 for it."

Shakespeare sprang from his chair.

"You will, honest?" he cried. "Why, that's fine! The *Gazette* wouldn't have paid but one, if that. I told mother I'd earn a livin' by the brains in my head if she give me time enough. Here's the poem, Mr. Phinney."

Ben accepted the proffered manuscript. "See here, you," he said, taking a two dollar bill from his pocket, "you keep quiet about this; understand. You're not to mention it to a soul; nor what you saw either," he added fiercely.

"Oh, well, all right, Mr. Phinney, if you say so. I see; you want to s'prise her. She *will* be some s'prised when she sees it in the *Breeze*, won't she?"

The editor smiled a crooked smile.

"I think she will," he observed, with malicious emphasis.

After the exultant Shake had gone Ben read the poem again. Edward White, hey? And he had never suspected. He had been a blind donkey. It would serve her right if he did print the thing.

He rang the bell on his desk. An ink-smeared compositor appeared, wiping his hands on his overalls.

"Here," said Ben. "Here's——"

He paused.

"Yes, sir?" said the compositor.

"Nothing," said Ben gruffly. "I don't want you."

The man disappeared. Ben thrust the poem into a drawer and turned the key on it. He couldn't print it. Neither should she, nor any one know that he had seen it. He might be a fool, but he wouldn't be a mean one.

Two days later he met the editor of the *Gazette* on the street. His bow was a cool one, but so was hers — surprisingly cool. Shake dropped in at intervals with poems dealing with Miss Foster and young White. Ben paid two dollars for each of these effusions and interred them in the drawer, beside the first. And the *Gazette* flourished like a green bay tree.

The final, and expected, blow fell one morning six weeks later. Ben, opening his letter-box at the post-office, found therein a note from White & Sons stating that, as the *Gazette* had proven to be by far the better paying medium, their weekly page ad. in the *Breeze* would hereafter appear no more. Mr. Phinney made a rapid mental calculation of receipts and disbursements. Then he walked up the street, whistling. His sentence of imprisonment in Trumet had been, by fateful circumstances, materially shortened.

Andrew Smalley met him on the way.

"Mr. Phinney!" he shouted. "Heard the news? Ed White's engaged and you can't guess who to."

The editor lit a cigar. His hand shook a little, but his voice was calm.

"It's no news," he said. "That is, I've been expecting it. Congratulations to both parties."

Mr. Smalley was disappointed. "Sho!" he exclaimed. "Then you did know it. 'Twas a s'prise to *me* all right. I'll cal'late we'll read all the partic'lars in the *Breeze* next week, hey?"

Ben smiled sweetly. "Not in the *Breeze*," he answered. "*Not* in the *Breeze*. The *Breeze*, my son, has ceased to blow. The *Breeze* has emitted its final puff. Hereafter, except for our esteemed contemporary, the *Gazette*, there will be a flat calm in Trumet newspaperdom."

"But—but, Mr. Phinney, the *Breeze*——?"

"Smalley, to paraphrase the tale of the little boy and the apple, there ain't goin' to be no *Breeze*."

Back in the sanctum and face to face with the inevitable, Ben sat down to write a letter to Uncle Holway. The sale of fixtures would net a partial return on the investment. As for the rest of the debt, perhaps some day he——

Some one was coming up the stairs. The pen dropped from Mr. Phinney's hand. The door opened and Miss Foster entered. Evidently she had hurried. Her cheeks were red, her jaunty hat was a bit on one side, and her hair was tumbled. The effect, however, was not unbecoming. Even at this stage of the game, and with a hopeless pang, Ben realized that the effect was distinctly not unbecoming. He rose.

"Good morning, Miss Foster," he said. "Have you called to view the remains? It is kind of you. I didn't expect flowers."

The editor of the *Gazette* was out of breath.

"Oh, Mr. Phinney!" she panted. "It isn't *true*? Andrew Smalley said——"

"So soon? Andrew is a living example of our—pardon me; I forget—of *your* community's enterprise. Yes, it's true. The *Breeze* is blown out."

Miss Foster looked genuinely disturbed. "Oh, Mr. Phinney," she said, "I'm *so* sorry. I really am. Of course I've tried to make the *Gazette* a success, but I wouldn't for the world have——"

"Why not? Sit down, Miss Foster. I assure you that I accept the verdict of Trumet's discerning judgment with cheerful resignation. As a newspaper man I'm a flat failure. As a newspaper woman you're a glittering success. You've won and I congratulate you."

"But I didn't want to win—like this. Can't I help you? Is there anything? What do you mean to do? Is it really so bad?"

"Just about so. It might be worse. I figure that when the wages and outstanding accounts are liquidated I shall have my car fare to Boston left. I might have had to walk, you know."

"You're not going to leave town?"

"I certainly shan't take much of the town with me. But there! why weep over the departed? And I believe I have another cause for offering you congratulations. I do offer them, sincerely—on the engagement, you know."

"The engagement? The *engagement*?"

"Why, yes. Our mutual friend Smalley told me of Mr. White's good luck, and I——"

The young lady sprang from her chair. Her brown eyes snapped.

"Mr. Phinney," she said, "I confess I don't see why you have such an opinion of me. I did try to make my paper better than yours, but for you to believe me so mean, so contemptible as to interfere with your—personal affair! It is outrageous of you. Why should you presume that *I* cared who you—? How dare you intimate that *I* had anything to do with Mr. White's engagement?"

"That you—that *you* had anything to do

with it? Miss Foster, either my troubles are affecting my brain or there's a dreadful muddle somewhere. Aren't you engaged to Ed White?"

"*I* engaged? *I?* Of course not. What in the world led you to think such a thing?"

Ben wiped his forehead. "Just a minute, please," he said. "Let me think this out."

He was silent for a moment. Then he opened the drawer of his desk and took out a packet of folded foolscap sheets secured by an elastic band. Selecting the three sheets at the bottom of the packet he handed them to her.

Miss Foster sat down once more and read the title at the top of the first sheet, "To a Beautiful Young Woman in Trumet."

"The author of that poem told me he was referring to you," explained Ben.

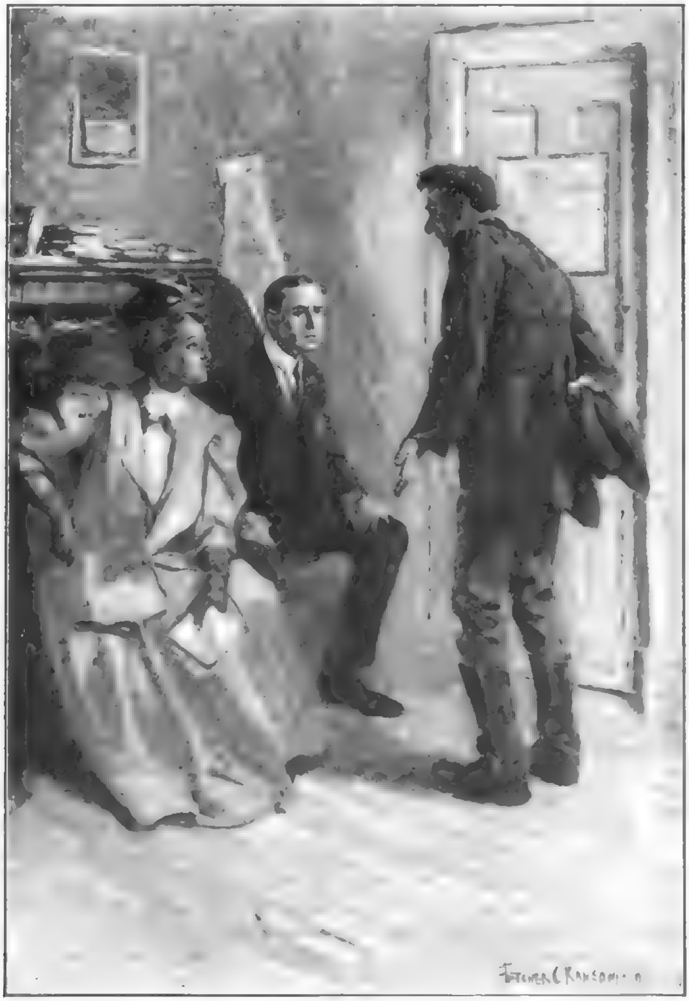
Miss Foster read on. "Why!" she exclaimed; "it's almost like—" Then she paused, the color flaming in her cheeks.

"The villain!" she cried. "The impudent villain! Did—did you believe this—this awful stuff to be *true?*"

"Well, Shake assured me that it was founded on something he had seen. And you did walk home with Ed one evening. See here, please: Who *is* Ed White engaged to?"

"Why, to Annabel Saunders. There! I've told you! I'm very sorry."

"Sorry? Why? I'm glad for them both. Ed might have done worse. So might she, for that matter."



"THERE'S ALWAYS 'BLISS AND KISS' IN OTHER FOLKS'S POEMS, SO I PUT 'EM IN MINE."

"But don't you *care?*"

"Care? No. Why on earth should I care who Annabel Saunders marries?"

The door opened and a lanky figure stood on the threshold. The bard of Trumet had called with another consignment of "poetry."

"Shake," commanded Ben, "clear out."

Miss Foster turned like a flash.

"Mr. Gott," she ordered sharply, "come here this instant. What did you mean by writing such ridiculous trash as this about me?"

Shake gazed at the foolscap sheets on the desk. He turned red, then a trifle pale, and took a step toward the door.

"I cal'late I won't stop now, Mr. Phinney," he stammered. "I see you're kind of busy and——"

"Shake," ordered Ben, "answer Miss Foster's question."

The man of genius was nervous. "Why—why, you see, Miss Foster," he said, "I—I—You *be* beautiful; ain't she, Mr. Phinney? And one night you *did* walk home from meetin' with Ed White, and——"

"Mr. White and I were together that evening because we were discussing a matter of business. I was trying to get his firm's advertisement for the *Gazette;* that was all. But why did you add this—invent this other horrid stuff? What do you mean by it?"

"You mean them about the tender kissin', and the like of that? Why, you see, Miss Foster, there's always things about 'bliss and kiss' in other folks's poems, so I put 'em in mine. And when Mr. Phinney paid me $2 for it, I thought——"

"I see. You thought the investment a paying one, so you went home and repeated the offense. Mr. Phinney, I, too, have a poem—several poems—in a drawer of my desk. The first is headed 'To the Smartest Man in Trumet.' The author informed me you were that man. My poem resembles this one closely, except for the change to fit the sex, of course. There are other slight differences. I think I remember some of the lines.

And when through Bassett's pasture dell
I see him stroll with Annabel,
And when with looks of——

The rest is much like this," she added hurriedly.

"Well, you did see Annabel home once, Mr. Phinney; I see you," broke in Shake. "And 'twan't my fault, anyway, 'twas mother's. When I told her how you'd paid $2 for this piece I made up, she thought for a spell and said it looked to her like I'd struck a good thing at last. She said why didn't I make up one about you and Annabel and try to sell it to Miss Foster? So I changed it round a little mite and took it to her and she paid me $2.50 for it—more'n you done, you know. And after that mother said, 'Make up more, even if they *be* all out of your head, and sell 'em.' So I done it and——"

"You lying scamp!" thundered Ben, darting forward. "I'll break——"

But the poet did not wait to ascertain what was to be broken. He made a flying leap to the door and safety. They heard him descending the stairs in reckless jumps.

Mr. Phinney halted in his rush. "By George!" he said. "And he sold you that thing about me, and you believed it just as I— But—eh, by George! Why did you buy that poem?"

Miss Foster rose again quickly. "I must go," she said. "Really I must."

But Ben seized her hand.

"Edith," he demanded eagerly, "why did you buy that poem? And buy the others? And never publish them? And why were you so cool to me afterward? And why did you think I might believe you cared who I married? Edith, tell me—*did* you care?"

Then a sudden realization of his financial position came to him and he dropped the hand.

"Oh, Lord!" he groaned, "I forgot. I'm ruined, broke, cleaned out. What nonsense I'm talking."

Miss Foster was silent. When, at last, she replied, it was in a low tone and without looking at him.

"I don't see that you are ruined," she said. "You still own the *Breeze*, and why shouldn't the two papers consolidate on the half-and-half basis, as I proposed when I first met you? The—the *Gazette* is willing."

The *Trumet Weekly Breeze-Gazette* is a great success. The townspeople boast of it wherever they go. Just now, however, they are discussing another consolidation—of interests other than business—which is to take place in the fall.

"Shake" doesn't like the new paper. It refuses to publish his poems. All things considered, he thinks the refusal ungrateful.

Under the Crest of Shishaldin

By HENRY B. FULLER

Author of "The Cliff Dwellers," "Under the Skylights," etc.

Illustrations by Charles Livingston Bull

HE stood on the purple-black rocks above the pale shingle of that icy shore and waited. The Northland showed in his stalwart frame and yellow hair. The hardihood of the daring adventurer was manifest in his weather-beaten face and his mighty fists. And the habit of triumph and of mastery was easy enough to infer from the poise of that shaggy head and the flash of those steel-blue eyes.

Beneath him a battered yawl, manned by a dozen stalwart arms, awaited his will; and half a league out, swaying with the slow-heaving sea, a black brig made preparation for departure.

It was in the far land where Shishaldin rears its rugged front to the drive of the Arctic snows and sends aloft its white plume of smoke to mingle with the fogs that float unceasingly about its immemorial peak.

Olaf Sturleson waited—waited for the one woman in the world.

He had loved her and he had loathed her. He had kissed her and he had cursed her. He had maddened for her while roving afar through the long fierce winter and through the tumultuous spring; and now she was coming to make her submission and to bring such tribute as the vanquished pay.

"She is late—late," he muttered, as his glance shot across to the paltry huddle of huts that hugged the face of the cliff.

Twilight brought her. She crept over the black rocks from the last of those walrus-hide shelters—her home and another's—and came, half humbly, half defiantly, to her new lord's feet.

She carried with her nothing save a kind of sack made from the skin of the hair-seal. This sack, seamed, worn and patched, held but a single thing—an object hideous in its rounded compactness and heavy far beyond one's thought. And when she could force herself to look at her burden it was with a glance of repulsion and of horror. And when she set it down on the black lava at Olaf Sturleson's feet blood spattered the last white flecks of snow still hiding in the crevices.

He frowned upon her sternly. "I have waited," he said; "—waited long." And he pointed toward his ship tossing slowly on that grim waste of waters.

"Olaf!" she cried piteously. She threw back the flaps of the covering. Blood sprinkled the tufts of mosses just beginning to green, and spattered the scant petals of the first wild flowers that swayed in their shy search for the low-hung sun.

"Olaf!" she cried once more.

He cast a severe glance at the crouching woman and at the red tribute she had spread before him, but he spoke no word.

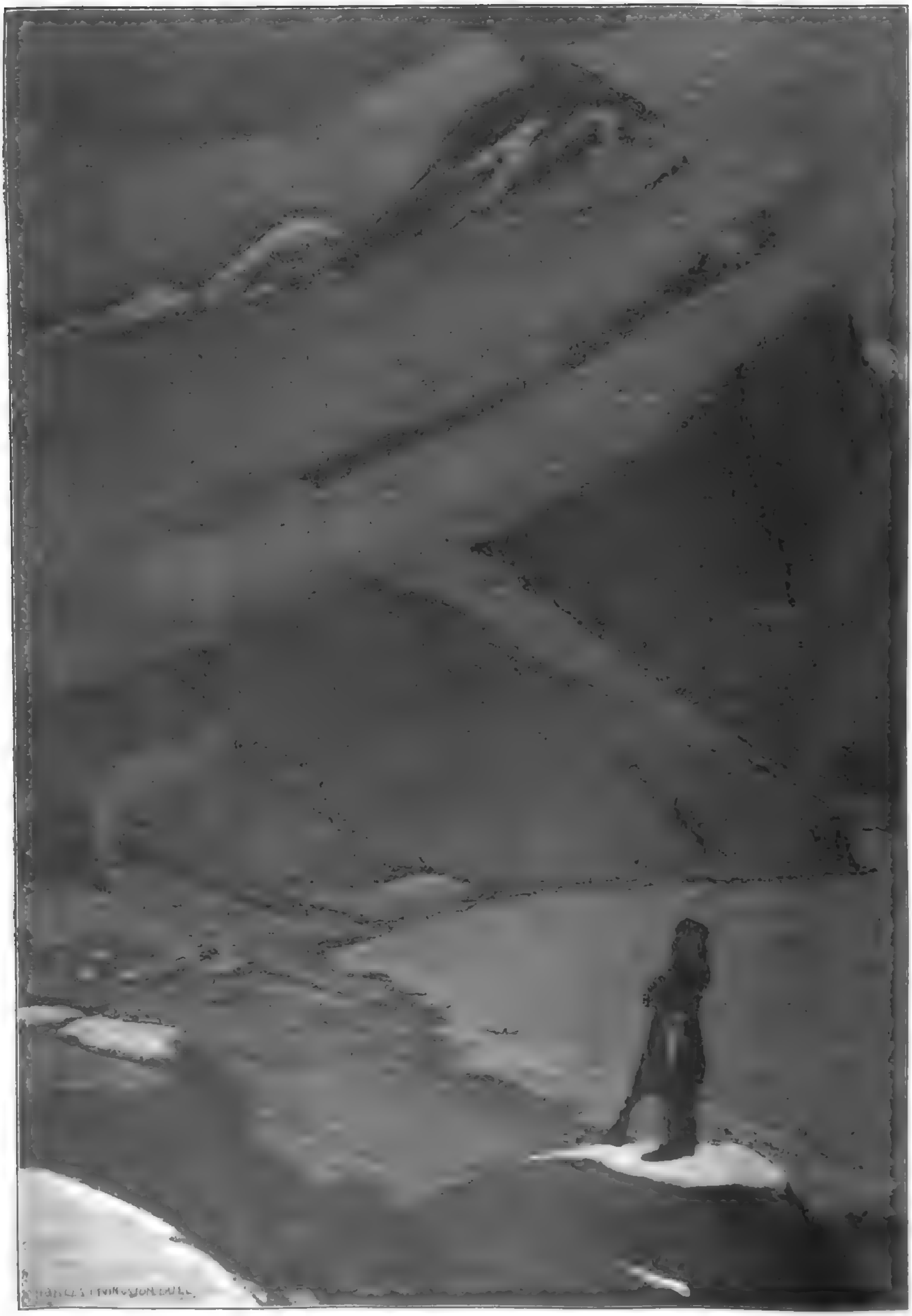
"Olaf!" she cried yet again. What more could he mean to demand? What more remained for her to do? Surely her offense had been purged away at last!

Finally he spoke.

"You may come," he said. He led the way over the scarred rocks down to the waiting boat. The woman, mastering a convulsive shudder, followed him.

He had passed that way once before. In the shortening days of the previous autumn his black craft, all slime and stench, had fled southward from the sealing islands, while behind him a buff funnel was lifting itself from the tumbling horizon and a long trail of coal-smoke was threatening such punishment as overtakes the poacher on those rich northern waters.

Criminal and crippled, he had slunk in among the volcanic islands which rim that far-away sea, touching shore for such hurried repairs and such poor supplies as might be got from a handful of barbarous and destitute fishing-folk. And here, during that brief



OLAF STURLESON WAITED—WAITED FOR THE ONE WOMAN IN THE WORLD.

halt, he had first seen Marya. Some happy admixture of blood had made her more Russ than Aleut—a subtle alchemy that was proclaimed at once in her face, her voice, her movement. She came down to the landing-stage in her bird-skin *parka* and made her offering of sun-dried fish in a grass basket of her own weaving. He spoke. She listened. Both made a promise—she of a patient waiting and he of a speedy return.

But time moves slowly in that desolate and empty North, while blood runs quickly, even beneath *parka* and *kamlayka*, as the spring comes on. The mosses greened, the lichens took on a new sheen, the poppies began to flaunt their brief glory, and even the sinister gray skies warmed to a tenderer tone; but the Kohola delayed her coming, and no masterful stalwart man, with flying yellow mane and eyes all fiercely blue, came up from the wide, empty horizon.

Then young Mikkel began to look at the girl, giving her slanting glances out of his narrow black eyes. She knew him for what he was, but one day he set forth his possessions in a pile before her hut. It was a miserable showing—no girl in the settlement had ever considered a lesser: a paltry stack of frozen fish, a dozen hides, a few blankets, together with a solitary *kayak* on the beach. But time was passing; the spring was stirring within her; the women, old and young, had begun to sneer openly at the big promise and scant performance of the passing Norsk; and Marya took the pile, paltry as it was, and Mikkel with it for a husband. And a fortnight afterward the Kohola stood in the offing and Sturleson, in an icy rage, betramped the narrow shore.

Yes, he had come—the master. And for such she knew him.

She repented with a double bitterness; for she had known Mikkel too—known him clearly for what he was: lazy beyond the wont, improvident beyond his kind, and faithless to faithlessness' utmost bounds.

And now Sturleson was here. And amidst the shifting mid-May fogs they met.

"Forgive me!" she cried. "Take me away with you, in spite of all!"

She seemed still her earlier and better self and she was fair enough to look upon. And he listened to her pleading.

"Let us leave the past behind us on this shore," she begged. "I will follow you to the ends of the earth."

His blazing eyes lightened upon her. "To leave it is not enough," he replied. "You must destroy it."

He seized her by the wrists and looked long into her face. And then he told her how that destruction must be wrought. She did not flinch.

"How else make sure?" he asked. She went, and at twilight she brought him Mikkel's head.

He took her aboard his brig and they sailed for the North. He placed her in his cabin, as far as might be from the reek and filth that was closely impending. And she knew the pressure of his lips and the clasp of his great sinewy arms; but she knew no less that redemption was not yet purchased and that over her head, as well as in his mind, there hung the cloud of a vast, deep doubt.

For months they roamed those Arctic waters. The Pribilof Islands became but an interlude, an incident; and the tons of green hides salted down in the hold were half forgotten. They swept the seas from Kamchatka to Nungashik. Then the first whisperings of gold ran from the Yukon to the Kuskoquim, and to the perils of the northern mountains were added the dangers of the wintry sea. And in far Unimak, Alexei, the brother of Mikkel, brooded on the outrage that had made hideous his island shore, and measured with a sullen eye the powerlessness of his *bidarkas* against the wide welter of those angry waters, and worked his jade labret up and down as he waited doggedly for the hour to come when he might strike and be avenged.

The early winter found the Kohola ice-locked in Suslitnak Bay, and Sturleson, with a handful of his crew, was famishing a hundred leagues inland. Marya was by his side. She would not hear of being left behind; she knew that her one hope was to cling. If she let go her hold here, she let go her hold on everything, forever. She hungered with the rest. She shared in the flesh of the last dog; she chewed with the others the last strips of moccasin and mitten. At length, famished and frost-bitten, they blundered upon salvation. Marya was but a wraith, like the rest; yet she was alive and she had shown herself steadfast. She raised her hollow eyes and begged mutely for the kindness that had never come.

Sturleson bestowed food upon her, when food was finally reached, with a grave justice, but with nothing more. He would have done the same, she felt sure, even by poor yelping

Klyuke, were not that faithful creature's unregarded bones now whitening some obscure trail in the depths of that horrible, unending forest.

"I am yours," she seemed to say. "I am steadfast; I am faithful. Be merciful. Be kind."

But his great doubt brooded upon them both, nor was the time yet come when it could be lifted.

He gathered supplies and passed on. The allure of the golden danger was not to be withstood. The lean larder of the icy rocks had not been able to subdue him, but now the great forest itself rose against him in its might. "Lay him low!" cried its united voice to one of the elders in that vast soughing multitude. The hoary pine, obeying, toppled over, and Sturleson was stretched beneath its great trunk crushed and stunned.

When he came to himself in the crimsoned snow he found that it was but a matter of an arm, after all. Marya was beside him, applying splints in some rude fashion of her own and already intent upon such simple medicaments as even the winter woods, when closely questioned, can be made to yield. She lashed the outraged giant to his sledge, hushed down the bubbling fury of his thwarted quest, and turned the faces of the party backward toward the coast.

"Love me a little—there is reason, there is reason!" her dumb looks said, as she trudged by his side over all those rugged, frost-bound miles. He stifled his anger by a sort of awkward, sinewy patience, but softened not at all. *Was* there reason?—*his* reason, the one reason he must have? And she saw that she was to pay much more than she had paid even yet.

A month passed before the ship was reached.

They cut their way to the open sea. It was the work of a week, and Sturleson, cursing his knitting forearm, stormed at his lagging crew. Every day brought him nearer to his own element, but he would not acknowledge defeat on the other. He still dreamed of veins and nuggets. Even after his liberated ship had at last slid out into the open sea her tons of salted sealskins, her piles of fox-pelts and of otter-hides, became as naught when he indulged himself in visions of shining yellow particles at the bottom of ice-cold pools between the rocky reaches of distant mountain streams—visions that were never to come nearer to realization than they had come already.

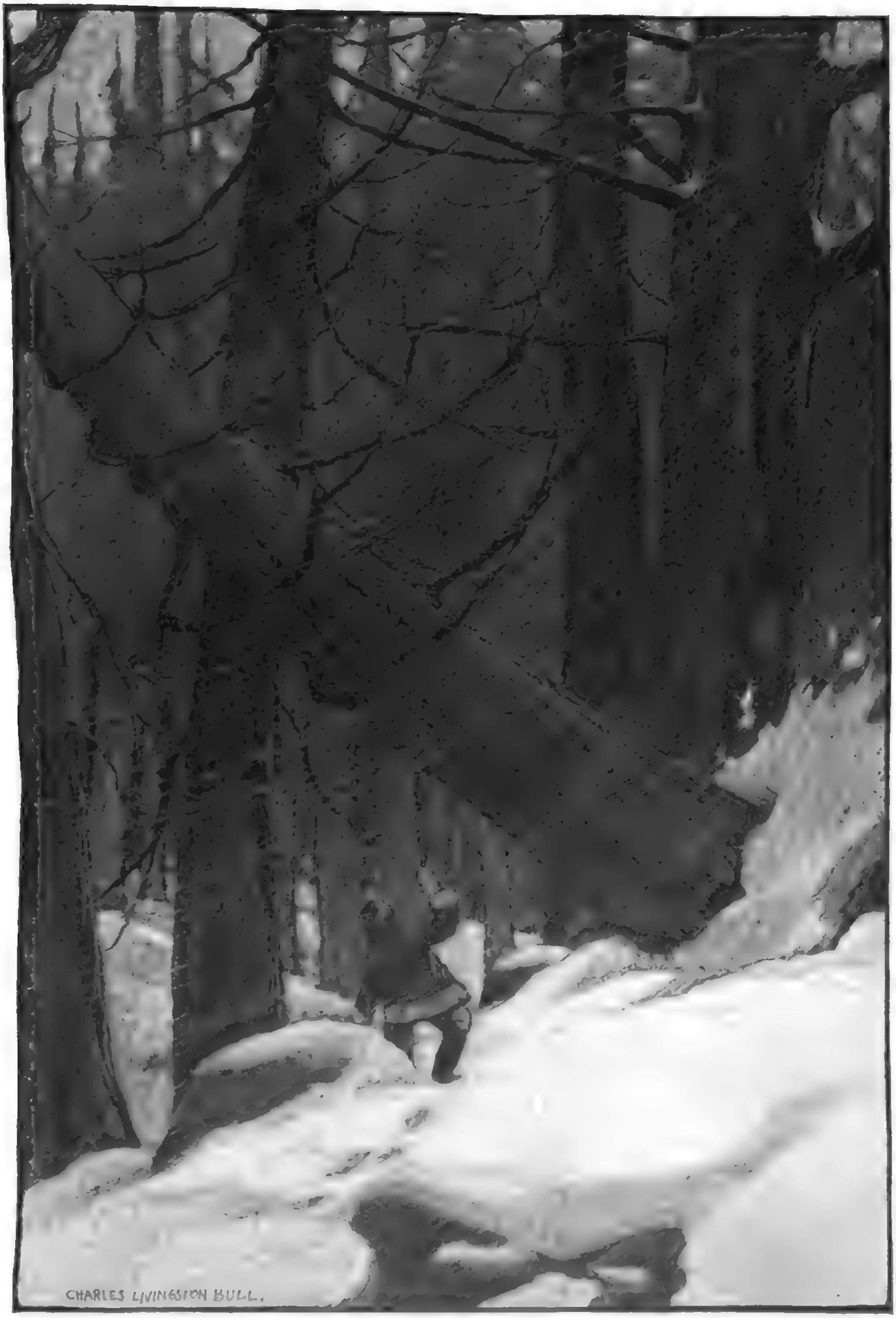
Rolling, straining, stinking, the ship sped westward. Frost-bite and scurvy, the legacy of the trail, remained to be fought as best might be. And one day there appeared a thing of greater portent—the smallpox.

The crucial hour was nearing. Both man and woman knew that the craft was carrying one destined soon to be a mother. Neither had spoken. Both knew why. Sturleson stamped his great boot on his greasy deck. How had that luckless half-breed, languishing forward there, behind the trying-out furnace—how had this fellow, the least of his crew, contrived to get the dread disease? Sturleson fingered his revolver and asked himself whether he should let the creature live. If he forbore, all would become a lottery: the end might involve himself, the mother, even the child. If he acted, all might but become a lottery greater and grimmer still. Suppose the fellow disposed of: what assurance, after all, that the future would not show him as having died for nothing, for less than nothing—aye, for worse than nothing? Olaf Sturleson saw again the walrus-hide hut under the crest of Shishaldin and that head left lying on the purple-black lava of the shore—a head severed all too late, mayhap, from those villainous shoulders.

He put his revolver back in place and felt of his mending arm. It seemed as sound and strong as ever. Well, he must prove its soundness and its strength. He strode forward and crowded the cringing wretch toward the bulwark, and pushed him up, and thrust him over into the sea; and one more unregarded hulk went to join the numberless creatures that the rifle of the sealer has given to be tossed hither and thither by the indifferent sea and to be cast, a reproach to man and an offense to man's Maker, upon one remote shore or another.

Yes, the arm had served. And if events should, after all, mock at his vain ruthlessness, then the sacrifice of another life must follow. He glared with a rigid severity at Marya herself, as she stood trembling and shrinking behind the mainmast. This deed, she knew, had been done for her; and she was expected to justify her high-handed master. Could she do so? Who might say?

Mutiny followed. Knives flashed, blood flowed, mad yells mingled with the roar of the hungry waves and of the rushing wind. But Sturleson, planting his mighty shoulders against the cabin door, proved both the strength of his arm and the sureness of his


CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL.

"LAY HIM LOW!" AND THE HOARY PINE, OBEYING, TOPPLED OVER.

aim. More bodies fed the cold green waves, and the Kohola, reduced to a third of her proper complement, rolled and creaked toward the stormy sunset.

Darkness ended the wild revel of crimsons and violets. Later, a fitful aurora flared balefully upon their desperate case. The wind and the waves rose to a tempest, and through it plunged the Kohola, straining at every seam. Next morning there rose from out the convulsed horizon and the clammy fogs of the Aleutians the tip of a white cone. It was the spotless crest of Shishaldin. Sturleson gave forth a harsh, haughty laugh and flung out his fist at the chill apparition. Marya, big with child, steadied herself by a clutch on the shrouds and hung her head.

"We shall soon leave you behind!" cried Sturleson. But this was not to be, and before long he saw it. Under stress of weather and with a crippled crew, his ship would do henceforth not as she could but as she must. She had come under the domination of a will more powerful than her master's, and she was rushing madly upon the ice-clad volcanic rocks of Unimak. Nothing could save her.

Throughout the short day she made a fair target in a wide field. An hour of daylight yet remained when Alexei, the brother of Mikkel, saw her and recognized her and knew her dire extremity. He summoned his followers and massed them at the prows of his two great *oomiaks*. The one chance, long awaited, had come, and must not be allowed to pass.

"Head for head!" said Alexei, son of Zo-look, with savage brevity.

Half plunging, half drifting, the Kohola came to her ruin but a scant mile from the spot where Marya had made her submission. Alexei and his twenty men fought down the waves for an hour, and at the last moments of the twilight they gained the rock-ribbed beach where Sturleson, encompassed by piles of splintered wreckage, had made his stand.

"I am his brother," said Alexei, son of Zo-look.

"I know you," said Olaf Sturleson.

And as he had borne down many another man in a like grim hour, so he now bore down Alexei, son of Zo-look and brother of Mikkel, with all his following. Sturleson's four sailors, armed with Winchesters, put to naught the most manful wielding of spear and of slate-tipped harpoon. In half an hour the better of the two big boats was theirs; theirs, too, the darkness—hardly less precious. Marya, wrapped in a *kamlayka* ripped from a felled tribesman, moaned and sobbed in the bulbous bottom of the craft, as Sturleson, with the aid of his sole remaining seaman, pushed out into the tumult and the darkness once more.

A cruel wound burned between the woman's shoulder-blades; but if the wound had not been there it would have been in Sturleson's heart. With her arms clasped about his neck, she had warded off a vicious lunge from Alexei's own spear—and Alexei, propped up as best might be by a ragged rock, in the midst of his stricken followers, held his hand against his breast and worked his jade labret in anguish now, as well as in fury, while he strove to bellow inarticulate curses against the escaping pair.

"Is it well with you?" Sturleson asked her gravely. Above the roar of the surf and the raving of the gale she heard him.

"It is well with me," she replied. She had seen wounds a-many, and had herself felt more than one. The jagged tear in her back, painful as it was, would heal soon enough. She had made one more payment toward the wiping-out of her great debt, and that thought was itself a balm.

She looked up into his face. But the moon, reeling along through the tattered cloud-rack, could not show her what she had hoped to see. She had put herself forward as the great sacrifice, yet all in vain. She had offered her life to save his own: what more remained to do?

They sped on through the dark. The boat took its own course. After a long hour a light shone out from the coast. A strenuous plying of the two paddles brought them to shore. A landing could not fail; a row of drawn-up *bidarkas* marked it. They added their own craft to the others. The last seaman, at this exertion, coughed, gave out a torrent of blood, and fell dead across the bow.

Partly leading her, partly carrying her, Sturleson got Marya up the rocky, snow-covered slope. One wretched *barrabora* in this most wretched village stood somewhat apart from the rest. He beat imperiously with the butt of his revolver for entrance. There was no response, and he thrust his way in. The place was vacant. Marya, pale as the frozen salt-sea spray that enshrouded her, followed falteringly and fell exhausted upon a pile of skins.

The hut stood deserted. No one appeared. The pest might have been there. The pest had been there.

The woman's hour was come; come too soon, but come, nevertheless.

"Go," she said. For she must agonize alone. This was demanded by the customs of her race, by the beliefs nourished through her very blood. For dire misfortune was the certain fate of any who lent assistance to a woman in her time of travail. Again Marya bade him go. Alone must she face the mystery and the anguish. Alone must she work out her redemption and win her triumph—if triumph indeed it might but mercifully be.

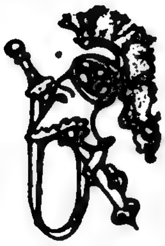
Sturleson waited outside the whole night through. The moon slowly reconquered her place in the clearing heavens, and a faint red glow on the last of the fog-wreaths told that the burning heart of Shishaldin was still alive. At dawn the cries of anguish ceased, and when the first querulous plaint of a second voice reached his ears he left his post before the hut and entered.

Marya moved beneath the skins, and a little body close beside her made its first struggling movements, too. Marya looked up with the fulness of self-confident triumph at last and drew the skins aside.

Sturleson bowed over the couch. The child's head was covered with a thick poll of flaxen hair, and his eyes, blinking in high-tempered protest against the unaccustomed light, were of the fairest blue.

This was his son—his. Marya had won her salvation and had conquered his love at last. She had beaten him with the only weapon possible—his self, with all its egoism and pride. True, it was a younger, newer, better self, but it was his own self none the less. He bent still lower over mother and child, and Marya, with a kindling eye and with utter forgetfulness of all her racking woes, saw forgiveness, consideration, affection hers at last.

The sun rose and the sluggish village came to life. The first tribesmen to stir abroad drew back from a blood-stained, yellow-haired giant who towered, exulting and threatening, before the entrance to that lonely and sinister hut. He took their horror for fear and thought it well—was he not of the lordly Viking strain? Let all else pass. And so, beggared, storm-beaten, thrown among enemies whose vengeance (once the identity of the castaways became clear) would not be long delayed, he took his stand—braving all dangers, known and unknown, present or to come, and challenging the petty world about him to do its worst.



Deserters

By MARTHA GILBERT DICKINSON BIANCHI

TEARS for the exiled everywhere!
Condemned to pine
In martyred solitudes far from their native shore,
Yearning incessant toward one lost horizon line—
Yet all such haunted exiles in their dreams once more
Walk the beloved ways of home; feel their blood leap
To country and to kin, and patriotism keep
A hearth alight within their souls.
But tears for none
As for the wilful aliens 'neath a foreign sky—
Deserters vain who leave their work undone,
Their cross unborne, to cheat the fires of destiny!
Exiles of idle Pleasure whose golden chains they drag—
Within their dreams no country! Within their hearts no flag!

THE PLAYERS

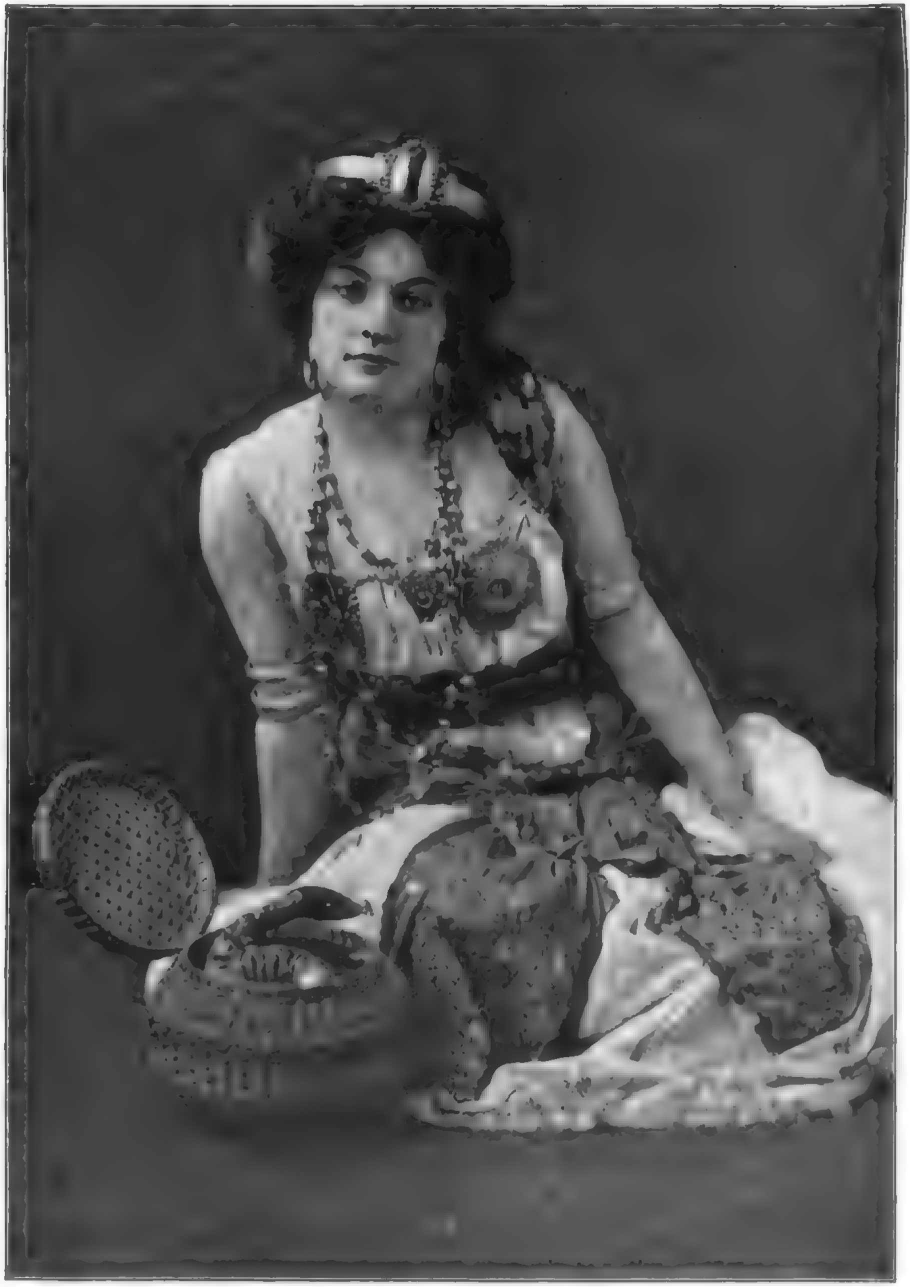
OUT of Italy have come great players to be hailed as geniuses of the stage—women like Ristori and Duse; men like Rossi and Salvini. These have I seen, as well as their distinguished contemporaries of other lands, but to me the most remarkable actor of them all is Ermete Novelli, the latest Italian player to appear in this country.

Certainly no one now on the stage has such versatility as Novelli. He has something like half a hundred plays in his repertoire, any one of which he is prepared to present on any night. And they run the whole gamut from low comedy in modern German and French farce to "King Lear" and "Œdipus Rex." To each one of these many characters that he plays Novelli gives a distinct individuality, so that it stands out clearly defined; nor is there one, even among the great tragic characters, that does not command respect and wonder. There is no dispute about Novelli's greatness in comedy, but his portrayal, or rather his conception, of the classic rôles has provoked much controversy. He makes *Lear* and *Hamlet* studies in insanity of quite distinct types. His *Othello* is also far removed from English traditions, for he brings out in the Moor a barbaric cunning that is utterly at the mercy of *Iago's* subtle intellectual villainy. And by the bye, Ferrati, a member of his company, plays *Iago* as a light comedy part, occasionally giving way to villainy—an almost startling interpretation, but nevertheless convincingly human. For that matter, though the elemental, majestic simplicity of Salvini's *Othello* is missing, somehow Novelli's Moor, as well as Ferrati's *Iago*, is much more human, much more natural than any I have ever seen.

Tradition and custom have so firmly fixed the concepts of the great Shakespearian characters in our minds that it is almost impossible for us to consider seriously any departure from them. But the most prejudiced person cannot fail to realize that Novelli throws entirely new lights on these characters; that he secures effects tremendously impressive, making one feel that they are people who really have lived, not merely lofty creations of a poet's imagination. Possibly it is because Novelli is dependent upon translations, the acting versions of which are greatly changed from the originals, that his conceptions of the characters seem so strange to us. But I am disposed to think that it is the man's philosophy of acting that makes the great difference.

In considering his conceptions, one must, of course, take into account racial limitations. Somehow it is hardly conceivable that there could be a Latin *Lear* or a Latin *Hamlet* as we understand these characters. But as *Shylock*, Novelli is overwhelming; never have I seen the usurer, with his subtlety, his devious reasoning, his fanatical hatred of Christians, made so real, so impressive, so convincing. His *Shylock* illustrates Novelli's marvelous skill in rounding out a character, his fidelity to a conception. It shows the actor's almost immeasurable resources, his mastery of an infinitude of details which he blends into a harmonious whole. I sat beside a scholarly Hebrew who watched the actor's *Shylock* with amazed, enthusiastic delight and who marveled at the great number of little characteristics, essentially Jewish, which, the scholarly one declared, were absolutely true to life and which he had never before seen on the stage.

In the heroic rôles, Novelli does not sweep one along as did Salvini. He cannot create



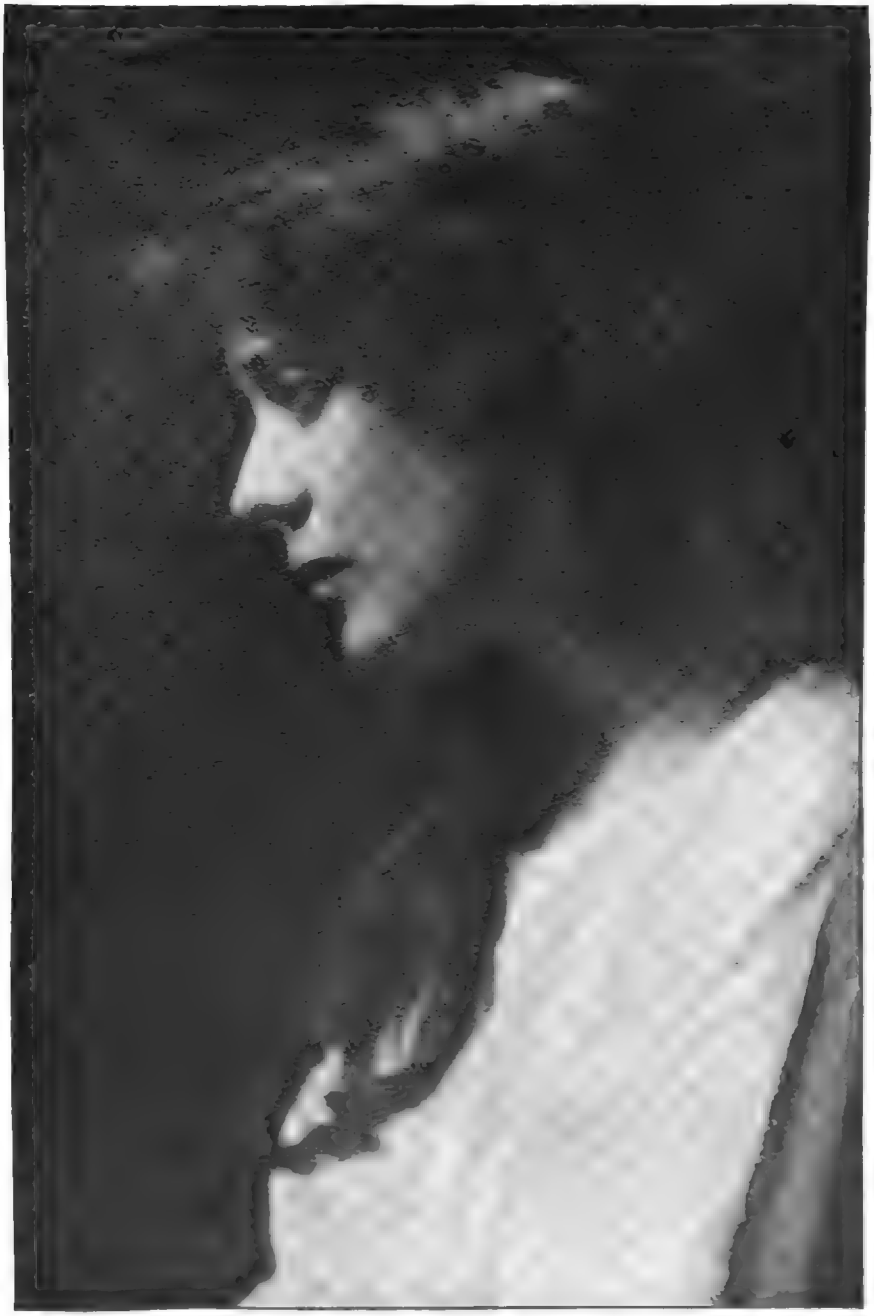
Photograph by C. M. Brooks, New York.

DOROTHY WILLIAMS AS THE SNAKE CHARMER IN "THE TATTOOED MAN."

FRANCES FULLER AS *MARY ANN HEATH* AND DONALD GALLAHER AS *WILLIE SMITH* IN "SALOMY JANE."

an impression of lofty mystery; but there are moments when he holds one silent and still by his very intensity. Always he grips one's brain if he does not deeply stir one's emotions.

It is easier to measure the marvelous art of the man in modern comedy because the standards are so much more familiar. Here one realizes more fully that he is perhaps the greatest master of the technique of acting that the modern stage has known. His coming among us has served to show that acting is not a lost art; that there are giants in these days. He makes it plain that some of the players we exalt have hardly passed the kindergarten stage. He has the most mobile countenance, the most brilliant eyes I have ever seen on the stage. He is almost independent of the spoken word in conveying meaning, and his quick transitions are marvelous. Every move, every inflection, he tells us, is studied, yet they seem to be perfectly



Photograph by Otto Sarony Co., New York.

JULIA MARLOWE.

spontaneous. Though he has a dozen ways of expressing the same emotion, to each he gives a different shading. He has worked out no fewer than ten stage deaths and not one bears a resemblance to another.

His supporting company is made up of finished actors, and there is no part too small to be well played, while the stage management is something of a revelation to those unfamiliar with the continental theatre, where details receive intelligent attention. Also his productions, in scenery and costumes, compare with the elaborate ones with which we are familiar. So great was the success of Novelli in New York that the length of his stay was doubled, and he returned to Italy with the satisfaction of having won a really great triumph.

While the Italian was in New York, the Ben Greet players were holding forth in Elizabethan Shakespeare, according to the announcements—that is, presenting the dramas as Shakespeare wrote them and without change of scenery. Mr. Greet has some good actors in his company, but both good and bad, with the exception of one of the worst, must remain unknown, for Mr. Greet's is the only name that appears on the program. There was a time when Mr. Greet had really fine actors whose reading of the Shakespearian text made the performance very much worth while, but now scenery would be a help. The performances as a whole lacked distinction, as well as any reason for being given at all, although certain details were extremely interesting, as, for instance, the appearance of the *Ghost of Banquo* in "Macbeth." I have never seen it presented so effectively, even with all the accessories.

Those who read "The Spoilers" are likely to be disappointed in the stage version of that particularly fine story, which is so rich in character drawing and in stirring dramatic clashes. In the transformation for acting purposes, it has lost much of that virility, that freshness, that atmosphere of a barbaric life in a new land which gave the original distinction; indeed, it has become merely commonplace melodrama, one of those artificial, baldly theatric productions popular in middle-class theatres. "The Spoilers" should have great success on that circuit. On Broadway, large audiences watched it with a broad grin. They laughed when they were expected to be thrilled, raised eyebrows when they were expected to laugh, and altogether had a beautiful time—but not in the way the dramatists intended. In the play, out of all the wealth of material to draw upon, only two characters have any distinct value, the *Joe Dextry* of George Osbourne and the *Slap Jack Simms* of George K. Henery, which are admirably played. I fancy that Ralph Stuart does as well with *Roy Glenister* as any one could do. In the book *Glenister* is finely human in his strength and weakness; in the play he is the typical hero of melodrama. Mr. Stuart looks the part and he acts with discretion and sincerity, but he could not make Broadway take the character seriously. One prefers him in "By Right of Sword," in which he starred long and successfully.

Campbell Gollan is too good a player to fail as *McNamara*, and Edmund Elton as *Struve*, the second villain, is approximately human. The *Bronco Kid* of Harry Burkhardt is a burlesque, and it is a part that could be made to stand out. *Cherry Malotte*, the only woman in the story who is worth thinking about, in the play becomes the typical adventuress and much subordinated at that. Alleged comedy characters are introduced which are enough to move strong men to tears. The play is magnificently mounted as to scenery and accessories, but the stage management is rather bad.

"The Mills of the Gods," first produced in Chicago under the name of "The Coward," impressed New York audiences much more favorably than it did New York critics. The latter saw only the mistakes in the drama, which are many and glaring, while those who pay were held by the interest that George Broadhurst creates in his story and in his people. As in "The Man of the Hour," he follows old-fashioned methods, which he again proves are very safe.

In a new form, the old "Ticket-of-Leave-Man" notion is the basis of the play. In the first act there is a really effective court scene, thanks to the skill of the players, in which *James Clarke* is proved guilty of theft, in extenuating circumstances, along with his fellow clerk, *Payton*, and both are sent to prison. Robert Drouet and Edgar Selwyn play this scene finely, the former doing better work than I have ever seen him do before. He gives an impression of intense, poignant suffering that gets hold of the audiences. The next act shows *Clarke*, escaped from prison and living under an assumed name, as the designer in a cut-glass factory that he has made a success. And of course he is in love. His peace and comfort are destroyed by the appearance of *Payton*, who proceeds to blackmail the prosperous designer, and the chief climax comes in the struggle between these two—in the end a physical struggle. Frank Sheridan, as a big trust official, gives a particularly fine portrayal. He has authority, conveys the idea of being a man of affairs, and has a touch of sympathy that gives the rôle distinction. Harrison Armstrong, who has the dignity and impressiveness of a judge in the first act, portrays in the last three acts a big, wholesome, country business man who falls in love with his stenographer—Louise Closser, who plays the part in her crisp snappy way—and he is so natural as to seem miles away from the theatre.

Photograph by Hall, New York.

JANE PEYTON AS *MRS. BIX* IN "THE THREE OF US."

Ethel Barrymore, wearying of being herself, and longing to show the public that supports her so generously, that she can play character parts, chose "The Silver Box," by John Galsworthy, in whose "Carrots" Miss Barrymore had previously made a success. "The Silver Box" is a socialistic offering disguised as a play, and though it is not lacking in skilful presentation, neither the story nor the people appeal to an American audience. To begin with, its atmosphere is essentially that of London. Besides, it concerns itself with showing that the rich are sometimes snobbish and unjust, that the poor are sometimes ineffective and suffer horribly and innocently—and these are points that do not exactly come under the head of fresh revelations.

Miss Barrymore plays the rôle of *Mrs. Jones*, a charwoman with a drunken husband who is willing to work, but who is always in trouble because of a not unnatural resentment against the injustice of his lot. The dissipated son of a rich man, in the course of a lark, has gathered up an *Unknown Lady From Beyond*, from whom, in a playful mood, he has taken her bag with all her money. On his way home he meets *Jones*, whom he brings into the house and makes drunk. He tells *Jones* to take anything he likes, and *Jones* selects the lady's silver cigarette box. *Jones* and his wife are arrested for the theft. At the instigation of his father, the rich youth lies to save his name, because of the *Unknown Lady* incident, while *Jones* tells the truth, and is sent to prison. *Mrs. Jones* is left to fight the battle for existence for herself and three children—all alone. Cheerful, isn't it?

Photograph by Otto Sarony Co., New York.

MARIE LOUISE GRIBBIN AS *ANNETTE* IN "NEPTUNE'S DAUGHTER" AT THE HIPPODROME.

Miss Barrymore seems to find pleasure in making herself look like a toil-worn charwoman, and in talking in a scarce audible voice to show how pathetic is her lot. She plays the part well enough, but no better than a score of other actresses who have not a tenth part of her reputation could play it. To me her characterization does not seem to get beneath the externals. Her pathos makes one resentful rather than sympathetic, but one fancies that this is largely the fault of the author. On the other hand, *Jones*, finely portrayed by Bruce McRae, does arouse interest. He rings true in his brutality, his dull, dangerous courage. William Sampson scores as *Roder*, a solicitor; in fact, all the players do excellent work, but no acting could make "The Silver Box" worth while.

The best thing about "The Ambitious Mrs. Alcott" is the stage settings, which are the most artistic I have seen in New York. The drawing-room of a big Washington house was especially notable; it was so beautiful in design, so exquisite in coloring, so rich in furnishing that one was content merely to absorb its beauties for the length of an act. The play deals with the old theme of a woman with a past, a very vivid past, and it is treated in the old worn way, of which we are rather tired. Yet a new arrangement of details makes it interesting for half of the performance. Then the authors, Leo Ditrichstein and Percival Pollard, proceed to kill off the only character in whom one has a sympathetic interest, and one doesn't care a hang what becomes of the others. Dorothy Dorr was the *Mrs. Alcott*, and she marred what might have been a particularly fine performance by her weakness for overacting. She seems to think it necessary to cram her emotions down the throats of the people in the audience as well as of those on the stage.

Mr. Ditrichstein elected to play the part of the diplomat with whom *Mrs. Alcott* has her duel, with the younger brother of her opponent as the prize. *Lawrence Winthrop*

Copyright by Will Armstrong, Boston.

NANCE O'NEIL, WHO IS STARRING IN "CLEO."

is pretty poor stuff for a stage hero, and Mr. Ditrichstein, who is a particularly fine character actor, doesn't shine in what is called a "straight" part. It was difficult to believe him a successful diplomat. Charles Cherry did much better as the brother, although he had small opportunity.

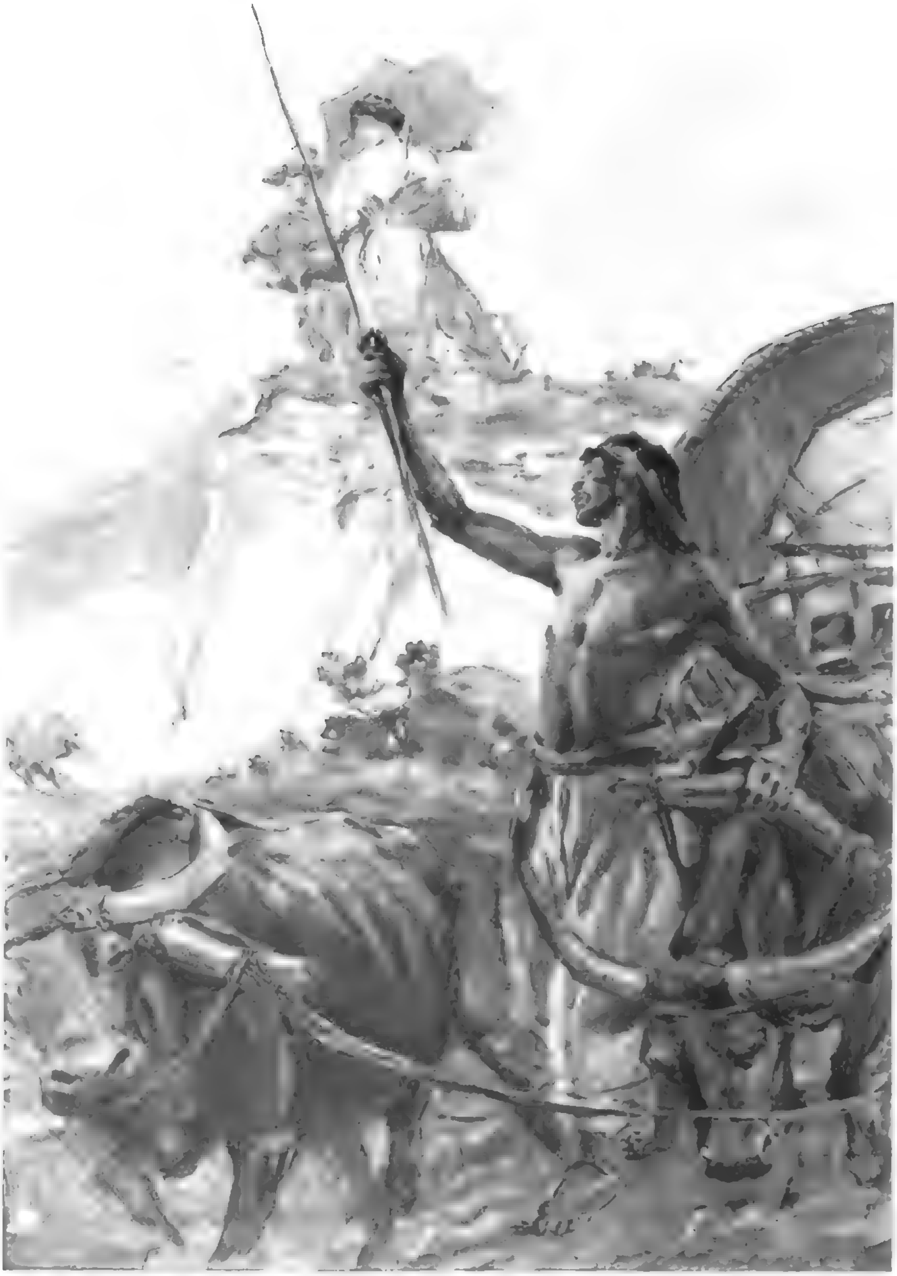
William Hawtrey is essentially English, but his fine skill as an actor enabled him to triumph as *Count Arpad Stephen Hegedy*, the one clearly limned character in the play. Previously Mr. Hawtrey had been appearing in matinée performances of George Bernard Shaw's "Widowers' Houses," playing a hard, selfish, middle-class Londoner who had made his own way in the world, and the contrast between the two characterizations gives each additional effectiveness. "The Ambitious Mrs. Alcott" has brilliant lines; it has literary quality, and that is rather rare nowadays except in the work of Shaw and Barrie.

"Widowers' Houses," by the bye, was excellently played for the most part, and it is astonishing how great an interest Shaw creates in what is in essence a socialistic tract. Never has Ferdinand Gottschalk, who has a habit of making hits, appeared to better advantage than as *Lickcheese*, the vulgarian who does dirty work for the landlord. He has a skill that is extraordinary for laying bare such a character.

Musical shows continue to thrive, despite the cry that they have seen their day. "The Grand Mogul" is a curious hodgepodge located in Hawaii and some mythical oriental isle, and apparently designed to give Frank Moulan something of the opportunity he had in "The Sultan of Sulu," in which he made his great hit. Gustav Luders has composed numerous catchy jingles, and there are John Dunsmure and Maud Lillian Berri, the generously proportioned wife of little Mr. Moulan, to sing the more pretentious numbers.

"The Land of Nod" starts most promisingly. A little girl falls asleep on a hot summer's day and dreams of many things she has heard about, all mixed up very fantastically in the Land of Nod. A bizarre fancy could make much of this notion, but possibilities are sacrificed for the conventional devices that are supposed to be funny. The music was written by Joseph E. Howard, who was formerly a prominent vaudeville singer to the accompaniment of stereopticon pictures, and who has considerable skill in giving a new twist to popular melodies.

"The Song Birds," introduced in "The Land of Nod," is a burlesque on the grand opera rivalry between Oscar Hammerstein and Heinrich Conried. The music is by Victor Herbert and the words are by George V. Hobart. It is brilliantly clever and howlingly funny. William Burress gives a caricature of Mr. Hammerstein that is extraordinarily faithful in make-up, gesture, and voice, while Gus C. Weinburg is only less successful with Herr Conried. The scene in which the two managers come together on the stage of the Manhattan Opera House with their chief singers caused shouts of laughter. A Greek who has a beautiful tenor voice and the name of Notty Lyberopoulo, and who bears a striking resemblance to Caruso, was received with joy. Walter Blair also succeeded in being recognized as Bonci, while Percy Smith was plainly a counterfeit of Plançon.



THERE WAS AT LEAST ANOTHER DAY THAT HE COULD SHARE WITH VERA.

—"*The Adventurer.*"

THE ADVENTURER

By LLOYD OSBOURNE

Joint Author with Robert Louis Stevenson of "The Wrecker" and "The Ebb-Tide": author of "Motormaniacs," "Baby Bullet," etc.

Illustrations by Charles Sarka

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS.—Lewis Kirkpatrick, by nature a wanderer and adventurer, is stranded in London—only a few shillings in his pocket, and all his outfit lost in the selling up of his landlady's goods. Hunting gloomily through the newspaper "want" columns, he comes upon a singular advertisement, signed "Desperate Enterprise," calling for well-educated young men inured to hardship and danger. Kirk applies; and after an anxious, hungry wait, receives an answer appointing an interview with a man wearing a green tie, at a Vienna bakery. Arrived there, he finds a Mr. Smith, who puts him through a stiff examination, assures him of a favorable report, and fixes the time and place for a second meeting. On the following morning, Friday, Kirk presents himself at the designated house, where he passes a severe medical examination and, as the third test, receives a hundred-pound note, which he is to return intact on Monday afternoon. Having sewed the note into his waistcoat, he settles for the night on a park bench, for he has less than two shillings to live on. Here he falls asleep and is attacked by thieves, who kick him into insensibility just as the police arrive. He regains consciousness on Sunday in a hospital, and finds that his clothes have been given by mistake to a discharged patient named Betts. He at once seeks out Betts and bullies him into confessing that he had found the note and had spent eight pounds of it, which he could not repay. Kirk forces him to give up the remainder, and then, desperate under the necessity of completing the amount, finally makes an appeal to Homer Kittredge, the literary lion of London, who willingly provides the money. Triumphant, Kirk returns to Mr. Smith and is given a ticket to a port in the West Indies, but no clue to the nature of the "desperate enterprise." Indeed, it is not until the day after reaching Port-of-Spain that he receives directions to proceed up the Orinoco. On the same boat with him is a Miss Westbrook whom Kirk had seen, disguised as a housemaid, at Mr. Smith's. Shortly after sailing she speaks to him, begging his protection, and letting him understand that she is in some way connected with the mystery. An intimate comradeship, soon deepening to love on Kirk's part, is established between them, and lasts throughout the long journey by boat and wagon into the heart of South America.

CHAPTER IX (*Continued*)

VERA'S hammock was slung inside the wagon; a poncho was draped over the front; and in this compact little bower she was left for the night. The rest of the party slept on the ground around the fire, Kirk with his revolver under the rough grass pillow he had made. It had never occurred to him to be afraid of anything on the Bismarck; but here, in this outlandish outpost of the woods, he felt the need of being armed and ready for any emergency that might arise. He slept badly. He was restless and apprehensive. His head was racked by conjectures and forebodings. The mystery in which he had so long moved suddenly became intolerable. Where was he being taken? What was the meaning of it all? And strangest of all, what could Vera Westbrook have to do with it? What inducement—or compulsion—could be sufficient to force her to face such perils? He trembled to think of the risks she had run so unconcernedly. No, not unconcernedly—there had been times when she was frightened—when he had seen her quail and lose heart—when (in spirit, at least) she had clung to him, her courage gone, her vivid face stained with tears.

In spite of these questionings, Kirk awoke greatly refreshed. A delicious morning brought with it acquiescence and philosophy. Secrets? Mysteries? Oh, he would unravel them fast enough; possibly even too soon. There was at least another day that he could share with Vera, rambling and talking and laughing without a thought of the future or of separation. They had an exhilarating breakfast together on the floor, while the oxen were being yoked again under the direction of Coffeecake.

The day was a repetition of the one before. They had almost to walk backward to keep pace with the oxen. Crawl, crawl, crawl, with stops under shady trees, and long, confidential talks. By two o'clock it had grown so unsupportably hot that they took shelter in the wagon, and played games of cards on the jolting floor, peeping out at times to keep tab on the Orinoco. Kirk said he had grown so attached to the old river that he did not wish to lose it; to which Vera replied, with sparkling ambiguity, that he need not be afraid, as there was a good deal of it left! Kirk asked her what she meant, but she evaded the question by trumping his king, and turning him off with a smile that might have meant much or nothing.

Night was falling as they entered a little village beside the river. It was a place with twenty or thirty houses, and the whole population came out to greet them. There were a hundred people at least, chattering like so many monkeys, and mobbing the wagon as though a circus had come to town. They were all Indians, of varying shades of swarthiness and dirt, a squalid, noisy crowd, with inquisitive hands, and jeering, guttural voices. They accompanied the wagon to the water's edge, where, moored to the bank, was a small stern-wheel steamer, hardly bigger than a fair-sized launch. This vessel was the only civilized looking object in San Fernando de Atabapo. She was a smart little craft, with an upper deck, awninged over fore and aft, giving her a top-heavy look, as though the merest puff might send her over. A lantern glimmered on her main deck, illuminating the figure of a solitary white man. He was of middle age, stout, big, and fair, with untrimmed beard and hair that gave him the appearance of a blond gorilla. Kirk found himself shaking a large and friendly hand, and listening to a large and friendly voice. Both belonged to Captain de Ruyter, late of the Dutch Navy, who introduced himself in accents suggesting that he held a golf ball in his mouth.

"How many?" he asked.

"Two," said Kirk. "Myself, and—this young lady!"

"Leddy!" exclaimed Captain de Ruyter. "Vass is dass you say?"

"I am Mr. Westbrook's daughter," said Vera, stepping forward, and laying her hand on his sleeve.

The ex-naval officer straightened himself and saluted. He became instantly deferential, clicking his heels and standing at attention.

"Captain de Ruyter, madam! At your service, madam!" he said.

"May I have a few words with you alone, captain?" she asked.

The blond gorilla respectfully led her aft, guiding her past the obstructions of the deck with deep-voiced warnings and apologies. Kirk was at a loss to know what to do with himself; and after lingering a minute or two in indecision, he finally mounted to the deck above, and seated himself on a bench. It was a clear and tranquil night. The stars were reflected in the water, shimmering like little streaks of fire. Coffeecake's voice was heard above the uproar of the crowd, fiercely jabbering in mingled entreaty, expostulation, and command. A flaming torch silhouetted the nearer houses, enhancing their strange and foreign aspect. In all his wanderings Kirk had never experienced such a sense of wildness, remoteness, and savagery. Never had he felt so immeasurably far from the world of civilization. Even in Arorai he had had the fellowship of the sea, that illimitable highway which bound him to Sydney, San Francisco, and all those haunts of men. No ocean could seem so impenetrable as these forests that now hemmed him in—these wastes of jungle, swamp, and unmapped mountains. He was in the very heart of South America; and as he gazed across the Orinoco he realized that he was in a country less known than Africa—untrodden and unexplored—save on the fringes of those giant rivers that alone had been penetrated by the trader and the orchid hunter.

The little vessel shivered beneath him. Her propeller slowly revolved. She glided past the village, and headed up-stream.

CHAPTER X

The Moltke—such was her name—was as clean and cozy as a little yacht. In contrast with the Bismarck she was a miniature palace. They dined that night in a brightly lighted cabin, waited on by an Indian steward in a white jacket. The dinner consisted of several courses, each of them excellent; there were napkins, silverware, finger bowls, and black coffee in little cups—all in extraordinary contrast with Coffeecake's pell-mell housekeeping. There was evidently an understanding between Captain de Ruyter and Miss Westbrook. The former talked gravely on impersonal topics—the difficulty of keeping meat without ice; the tastelessness of monkeys; the delicious flavor of a certain kind of eel. The stout Hollander was a great gourmand; and, to judge from his random observations, devoted most of his attention to the galley.

It was strange to sit there—as Kirk did—and politely make conversation out of generalities, while questions rose to his lips that he could not ask, nor even dare to look. Vera was in noticeably good spirits and as composed as though she were seated at the table of some ocean liner, with New York or Liverpool awaiting her at the end of the trip. It was not lost on Kirk that Captain de Ruyter treated her with a respect that bordered on servility. He would stop, even in the midst of such exciting sentences as "then you stoff him with chestnuts, and laying him—" at the merest hint of her wishing to speak or perhaps to motion to the steward for another roll. From de Ruyter's manner toward her she might have been a queen, and she accepted his obsequiousness as her right, greatly to Kirk's perplexity.

The next morning it was even worse. The captain had given up his cabin to her, and she had thus been enabled to draw on her trunks and make a toilette. She appeared at breakfast as radiant and dainty as though she had stepped straight out of Trouville. Kirk was abashed at the contrast he presented to her, in his serge trousers and flannel shirt. It seemed to exemplify a change in their circumstances that made it an incredible presumption for him to love her. She perceived his moodiness, and perhaps divined its cause; and she unbent to him with so charming a grace—courted back his good humor with such sparkling glances, and little caressing ways—that his bitterness turned into an unreasonable delight—and he forgot everything in the ecstasy of the moment.

The Moltke had left the Orinoco near the tumble-down settlement, and was steaming up one of its tributaries named the Inirida. It was a shallower stream, but with the same densely forested banks; and its tortuous channels gave the effect of a series of lakes, one unfolding after another in an unending succession. Although the Moltke drew only four feet of water, it took careful piloting to keep her off the shoals and sand-banks; and more than once she actually grazed the bottom and muddied the water with the impact.

During all those days on the Orinoco they had seen but little of animal life. But here, on the Inirida, they penetrated a more teeming region. The river swarmed with alligators, not lined up decorously like logs on the flats, but making the water positively tadpoly with uncounted thousands. They were fierce, too, snapping at the garbage that was thrown overboard, and flashing their ferocious teeth as they rushed and fought in the shallow water. It was an unnerving sight, nightmarish, flesh-creeping. Worse still were the boas that attacked the live chickens de Ruyter kept in coops on the main deck. These huge serpents several times invaded the ship in the small hours, and the ensuing squawking, uproar, and clubbing was terrific. The captain's only concern was the safety of his larder, but Kirk and Vera failed to share his matter-of-fact view of the situation. It was all very well to be told that boas were not poisonous and were extraordinarily cowardly. The idea of a brute over six yards long, and thick as a man's leg, crawling over the ship at night, disturbed the imagination. What if it broke in the cabin door, or insinuated itself through the screens? De Ruyter derided the suggestion, and built a nightly fort about his broilers. He turned in with a club beside him, and would fly below at the first flutter of his pets.

There were insects, also, to contend against. Tiny ants with stings like drops of melted lead; jiggers that burrowed under the skin, and would back out only if ammonia were applied to the spot; flies of myriad forms, but each with some special power to tease or hurt; centipedes, hairy worms, villainous red-legged tarantulas. But if the disagreeable side of this wonderland has been dwelt upon, it must be remembered that there was another. Parrots of every hue of the rainbow; humming-birds as iridescent as jewels; gorgeous butterflies; troops of monkeys, swinging and swaying in the tree-tops; birds of beautiful and fantastic plumage, delighting the eye with a kaleidoscope of color; ghostly turtles, scurrying in hundreds over the sand at night; fireflies, in astounding profusion, glimmering mysteriously in the glades of the forest, and outlining fallen trunks, or huge, decaying roots.

But after three days' steaming, flat and grassy savannas gradually usurped the place of forest. They had reached a country of llanos that extended to either side as far as the eye could reach: vast billowing plains, parching in the sun, and as illimitable as the sea itself. The air became less stifling, less dank. From twelve to three it was as fiercely hot as ever, but infinitely more endurable. The wide view brought with it a sense of freedom, enhanced by the trade-wind. Every morning it sprang up, to die down later on in the noonday heat, reviving again toward four, to blow briskly until dusk. The sky, no longer a ceiling between two walls of forest, became a dominant feature in the landscape, with piled-up mountains of cloud rimming the horizon with fairy fastnesses.

It was well for Kirk when the Moltke's

voyage approached an end. He had tried hard to fight his growing love, realizing more and more how wide was the distance between Vera Westbrook and himself—wide even if he should win a fortune; infinite, as he was now, without money or definite prospects. But his resolution not to poison an exquisite friendship with thoughts of an impossible love was hard to sustain with Vera at his side every day, sweet, gracious, infinitely alluring.

The announcement came at dinner, as Kirk inquired of de Ruyter why the ship was still under way.

"Aren't we going to tie up to-night?" he asked.

"No," said the Dutchman, noisily swallowing soup. "Slow down, dat's all, and bring up to Felicidad by midnight. You had better get ready to land, Girgpatrick!"

This was the first time their destination had been alluded to, or named. Felicidad! Kirk liked the sound of it, and his wondering eyes sought Vera's in the hope of an explanation. But she avoided his look, and he forbore to press the unspoken question. He was in a fever of anticipation. He saw visions of danger, of hardship, of extraordinary opportunities to be taken advantage of. He had courage for them all, the health and vigor and unshaken determination. These elemental qualities are supreme in the wild places. It is there that a man stands out for what he is, judged only by the primitive standard. The thought stirred Kirk stupendously. Nothing was impossible—not even—! He would win her. He would win the hundred thousand pounds. He would conquer every obstacle!

A sad evening succeeded dinner. Vera was preoccupied and said little. They had been so happy together, so happy—and now it was all over. They indulged in some mirthful recollections. They followed their acquaintance from the Bolivar to the Bismarck, and from the Bismarck to the Moltke, laughing as they brought back every little incident of their varied journey. But it was the laughter of sentiment, in which there was a note of tears, with long pauses when each remained silent. Separation impended; strangers; a new order of things. Those long bright days together, those enchanting evenings under the stars were fast fading into the past. Kirk expressed the hope that the steamer would strike a bank, and thus delay the catastrophe of parting. Vera let the observation pass with a smile, and a denying movement of her graceful head, as though fate could not thus be trifled with.

Kirk felt for her hand in the dark, and pressed it. She gently drew it away.

"No, no, you must not," she exclaimed, impetuously arresting the words that rose to his lips. "Let it end as it began—an idyl—untarnished, unvulgarized, ethereal as a dream. This is what made me like you—you have been so chivalrous, so good, so generous and forbearing. Don't disappoint me now when it is all over!"

"It has grown very hard," he said moodily. "I wouldn't be a man if I had not loved you. God knows, I resisted all I could. I've never cared for the rôle of the hopeless suppliant. I've tried all along to keep myself from slipping into that sort of relation toward you—not for your sake, not because I was generous, or anything of that kind—but because I'm a proud man, who hates to humiliate himself. And I realize how hopeless it is for me—with nothing to offer—to think of you."

Her face, beautiful and unrelenting in the starlight, filled him with a sudden bitterness. He leaned over the rail, gazing in dejection at the water below. She came over and nestled close beside him.

"Poor little Babes in the Wood," she exclaimed. "They tried so hard to keep the serpent out of their paradise, but the horrid thing would get in!"

Her tone was so contrite, so piquant and tender that Kirk was disarmed. He had to smile in spite of himself.

"You are a dear, dear fellow," she went on. "Perhaps I had to resist a little bit myself. It hurt me when you said it humiliated you—to care for me. It isn't humiliating at all—it ought to be a liberal education."

They both laughed. Her charm was irresistible. Kirk was filled with a wild and unreasoning elation. It delighted him to wring that admission from her, however whimsically and mockingly she had put it.

"Now I must pack up and get in a little nap," she added, and before he could protest she had fled and disappeared down the companion.

Kirk remained on deck, smoking cigar after cigar in the darkness. He was in a whirl of conflicting emotions, undergoing alternations of happiness and misery. He knew not what to think—what to hope. But he was a dear, dear fellow. Those words repeated themselves exultantly, in soft and limpid accents, consoling him in his more somber moments of reflection. But he could not rid himself of the impression that she had taken farewell of him; that her tenderness had been inspired by the impending change in their relations. He seemed to feel that he had been dismissed, sweetly, graciously, reluctantly—but still—dismissed. It checked the presumption that her words had encouraged. It was but natural, at the end of their singular intimacy, that she should let him down easily. He had been good. He had been chivalrous. He had acted, at any rate, like a gentleman, and she had thus repaid him in the only manner possible. A disquieting thought, indeed, obtrusive, and not easily to be denied. Well, time would show, though the suspense in the meanwhile was hard to bear. Yet—yet——!

He dozed off and awoke again. The steamer was still moving. A glance at his watch showed it to be nearly one o'clock. Where was Felicidad? De Ruyter, always an incompetent, had probably miscalculated his position. The dim, flat landscape on either hand betrayed no sign of habitation. The splashing wheel turned monotonously, tirelessly, as though it had all the rest of the night before it. Kirk looked ahead for distant lights, but there were no lights—none, at least, save the sinking stars. It was cold, and he walked briskly up and down to warm himself, wondering whether to go below or to stick it out a little longer. He finally decided on his bunk, and descended to the lower depth. He was groping for the door handle when the ship suddenly stopped. There was a jangle of bells in the engine-room; sleepy, querulous orders; the tramp of feet, a shivering impact as the vessel ground her side against a creaking wall of piles. Kirk ran forward, and almost fell into de Ruyter's arms.

"Felicidad!" said the latter grumpily.

All that Kirk could see was a small wharf to which they were being made fast. Whatever else Felicidad consisted of was hidden in the darkness. There was no one to meet them—no sign of life or animation. All was ghostly, black, and silent. Kirk got his bag, and stepped ashore, joining the captain and Miss Westbrook, who were awaiting him. De Ruyter held a lantern which he raised as Kirk approached, yawning as he did so.

"Gome," he said, and with that he led the way, Vera and Kirk walking obediently behind him. They took hold of hands like children, laughing as they stumbled along, and making fun of the whole adventure. Vera said she liked the air of spaciousness—the noble plan on which Felicidad had been laid out. Room, that was the great thing in a modern city. There certainly seemed to be an unlimited amount of it. Room—if nothing else. To all appearance the captain was leading them across a trackless prairie, though in the blinding light of his lantern it was impossible to discern what might lie before them.

"Who goes there?" rang out a voice, close and startling.

"Friend!" cried de Ruyter.

An indistinct figure was seen, rifle in hand.

"Is dass you, Nash?" inquired the captain.

"Bet your boots," replied the sentry, in a nasal and familiar vernacular, grounding his weapon, and cheerfully shaking hands. Kirk and Vera drew a little apart as there ensued a whispered colloquy between de Ruyter and the stranger.

"I'll go up to headquarters and report, while you take Girgpatrick, and find him a shake-down somewhere."

"Sure," said Mr. Nash.

The party divided, Kirk following his new friend, while de Ruyter and the girl started off in another direction. The night was as black as pitch, but Nash strode on as though he could have found his way blindfolded. Kirk perceived a glimmer of white looming large and vague against a denser shadow. Nash stopped, and lighted a match, revealing a large tent. Its front stood open, showing within a double line of cots, in which twenty men or more were lying asleep. They tiptoed in softly, guided by one match after another, searching for an unoccupied bed. They found two in the corner, and Nash whispered to Kirk to take his choice.

"Happy dreams!" he said, and forthwith departed.

Kirk took off his shoes, and lying down as he was, drew the coverlet over him.

So this was Felicidad!

CHAPTER XI

In spite of weariness, Kirk was too restless and excited to sleep. The heavy breathing all about him, the occasional snores, the gurgling and gasping of the man next him—all irritated his nerves, and helped to keep him wide awake. Several times he rose, and crept out of the tent, eager for the first peep of dawn. He was fearful that it might come unawares, and rob him of a single moment.

At the first indication of lessening darkness he put on his shoes and sallied forth. His watch, visible for the first time, showed him half past four. From the ground a mist was rising, unwholesome and malarious, earthy in its smell, and sodden with fever. Tents and mist, tents and mist—that was all he could make out. Felicidad was a camp, military in its precision and regularity—a compact hollow square of canvas, with an imposing center tent that could easily have housed a small circus. Kirk made the round of the settlement, peering inquisitively into the various tents.

He seemed to be the only person in Felicidad who was awake at that hour, and he was overcome with a sort of awe as he looked in at cots and sleeping figures. These dim interiors had the bareness of soldiers' quarters. They were rough and comfortless, with clothes hanging, laundry fashion, from lines stretched from end to end. A kerosene case for a chair, a lantern, a tin wash-basin—such was the prevailing furniture. Some of the tents were tied fast from within, forbidding entry. Others stood broadly open, concealing nothing—kitchen, mess-rooms with board tables and long benches, storerooms, a sort of office with a typewriter and a pigeon-holed desk. There was a carpenter shop, knee-deep in shavings; a smithy, with forge, bellows, drills, lathe, and open chests containing mechanics' tools; a hospital, smelling of disinfectants.

Kirk next turned his attention to the central marquee, but stopped short, and then drew back as he heard the measured tread of the sentry. He had a vision of a man passing and repassing with a rifle on his shoulder. Tramp, tramp, tramp, and turn. Tramp, tramp, tramp, and turn. Kirk retreated. He had a misgiving that he should be ordered back to his tent. He had to see more before that happened. It was still dark and misty, though the eastern clouds were reddening. There yet remained a few minutes more in which to satisfy his consuming curiosity.

He made his way to the end of the white square, attracted by a sort of pole that showed fitfully beyond—a pole or flagstaff of immense height, elusively wrapped in mist. He walked fast, passing the last line of tents, and following a wide and well-defined track. He was excited. There now seemed to be two poles, together with mysterious cordage and, yards high in the air—something ship-like and extraordinary that surpassed his wildest conjectures. He redoubled his pace. He began to run. But the mounting sun was faster than he. As it flashed over the horizon the mist rolled up like the curtain of a theatre vanishing with a startling suddenness in the first rosy beams of morning.

The sight that met his eyes filled him with an inexpressible astonishment. Before him was a vessel, a topsail schooner with the loftiest masts he had ever seen, resting, not on water, but on eight gigantic wheels.

It was a stupefying apparition. Kirk stood still, unable at first to do anything but gasp. Yes, on wheels twenty feet high, with tires eighteen inches wide—powerful and massive as though for the carriage of some giant cannon. But instead of a Brobdingnagian cannon was a fabric of colossal proportions, surmounted by two powerful masts; a vessel a hundred and fifty feet long, rigged, not for the ocean, but to skim the land—an astonishing conception, carried out with boldness and intrepidity. No oversparred racing machine ever carried half the spread of canvas of this monster. Her main-boom passed sixty feet beyond the taffrail, and the sail itself was double the ordinary height. Her foretopsail yards were inordinately long. The slender topmasts seemed to pierce the sky. She would not have lived an hour at sea, and as Kirk gazed up he wondered whether she would fare any better on land. This new seamanship was likely to be twice as exacting as the old. The man who sailed this towering mass would have his work cut out for him. To keep her on an even keel would tax him to the utmost, and he would find himself confronted by problems that none but he had ever faced.

Kirk hurried on, the strange vessel looming up before him, and growing vaster and higher with every step he took toward it. A wooden stairway gave temporary access to the lower deck, which was about ten feet above the ground. Kirk mounted it, and found himself in a spidery cage of aluminum; a skeleton, so to speak, which had yet to be filled in. The framework had been finished to the last rivet, but the secondary stage had been hardly more than begun. Evidences of work were visible on every hand—planks, tools, great rolls of sheet aluminum, partitions of the same material in the first process of erection, cabins and passageways hardly more than outlined in a slender framework of the all-pervading dirty-white metal, with gaping interstices through which the sun was shining.

On the upper deck things were less advanced, hardly a third of it being covered over. Kirk had to pick his way with care along the lanes of planks lest a false step should precipitate him below. Everything was in confusion. Machinery was stacked under tarpaulins. A temporary forge stood beneath the bridge. An eight-cylinder gasoline winch was in course of installation abaft the foremast, and a number of its parts lay scattered about on sheets of canvas. A hundred jobs had been simultaneously going forward, and overlapping one another. Kirk walked through a litter of boxes and barrels, cordage, tool chest, carpenters' benches, paint pots—a bewildering tangle of a thousand discordant objects thrown pell-mell together. There seemed work enough to last a hundred men a hundred years. The land-ship, so trim and stately from a distance, revealed on closer inspection a chaotic interior that was most depressing. She was hardly more than an aluminum shell—a delicate spidery framework—requiring weeks of labor, possibly months, to make her habitable and ready.

Ready? For what? To sail those vast and billowy plains? Incredulity, keen and painful, overcame Kirk as he clambered to the bridge and looked down. Had he fallen into the hands of madmen? What an egregious undertaking—what an absurdity! And it was for this then he had traveled so far, and allowed himself to dream such dazzling dreams? The whole idea was so novel, so amazing, so unheard of that his first sensation was one of frightful disappointment. Then, little by little, he began to reason with himself. What right had he to declare offhand that such a thing was impossible? He remembered that everything new had seemed impossible to somebody—to most people, in fact. The first steamer was an impossibility. The Suez Canal was an impossibility. The Saint Gothard tunnel had been derided by the best engineers. Yet all in time had become facts. Possibly this thing he stood on was destined also to become a fact.

He realized that he had no data to go on; that this was a problem that lay outside his entire experience. It was a question of an enormous resistance having to be overcome by a proportionate sail-plan—a simple equation of the one against the other—to be actually determined only by experiment. But the weight to be thus moved was appalling. Looking down he was dismayed at the incalculable tons of aluminum that met his eyes. It was inconceivable to think of the ship's ever moving. He was daunted afresh by the hugeness and slightness of the fabric; by those crazy wheels that projected outboard so many feet; by those insignificant axles no thicker than his arm. Could they bear the decks, cabins, water-tanks all in process of construction? Then there were people to be carried, food for the people, baggage for the people; weight to be added to weight, with a staggering prodigality.

Then it began to dawn on him why the rigging and sparring had been completed before the hull. Evidently, as a precautionary measure, she had been tried under sail just as soon as the aluminum skeleton had been finished. Why else should they have gone to the trouble of setting up the rigging and bending sails—a task that, in ordinary circumstances, would have been better left to the last. This was a reassuring thought, and was made even more reassuring by the sight of the wheel in the extreme stern—a series of wheels rather, four in all, spaced sufficiently far apart to allow eight or, if need be, sixteen men, to hold the fragile monster on her course.

Kirk made up his mind to go aloft and see how things looked from the foretop. The shrouds were rattled down, thus making it an easy matter to lay aloft. It was not until he had begun to climb that Kirk fully realized the height of those masts. From the bridge they had appeared foreshortened and dwarfed; but now, as he mounted ratline after ratline, he appreciated that he had done them an injustice. He had seldom seen such sticks in anything afloat. The foretop loomed above him as high as a ship's royal. In spite of his eagerness he had again and again to stop and take breath.

At last he reached the top. It was canvased in, breast-high, forming a sort of crow's-nest. It was broad and comfortable, and a man could easily have swung a hammock in it. Against the mast were two flexible speaking-tubes that probably communicated with the steersman and with the bridge respectively. It was from here that the ship was sailed then? It seemed a cumbrous method of giving orders, but there was likely no better way. The new sailorizing had exigencies unknown to the old. The sea, in a sense, was always level, and one was not required to pick out a course. But these vast plains, for all their appearance of flatness, were broken into hummocks, hollows, and outcroppings—not an acre anywhere that could be absolutely trusted. The outlook from the bridge was too limited for safety. But from the crow's-nest a view could be obtained that stopped only at the horizon and a way could be picked out with unerring certainty.

From that dizzy eerie in the sky Kirk looked down on the sea of dingy yellow that stretched away on every side—so vast, so illimitable, so impressive in its immensity and desolation that he was held spellbound before it.

The sun had risen, flooding the eastern rim with fire. The ribbon of the Inirida gleamed like silver as it wound and twisted from horizon to horizon. The Moltke, like a smart tin toy, lay snugged against the wharf, seemingly tied to it by a piece of thread. The camp, also diminutive and suggestive of the play-box, presented a pretty and inviting aspect. Corkscrews of smoke were rising from the kitchens, portending breakfast and a general awakening. Kirk was exhilarated by the freshness of the morning, the strange brilliancy and charm of the scene, the thought of wonderful things to come. He was in a glow of content. His forebodings vanished. The ship would surely sail, and he would sail with her, and it was a great old world after all!

Figures began to cluster in the camp square. Tent after tent emptied its quota. Little groups formed and straggled toward the ship. They were all dressed in overalls, and the prevailing note of dirty khaki gave them the appearance of prisoners put out to work. Kirk counted upward of seventy men advancing toward him. He descended the ratlines, curious indeed to meet his new companions, and eager to fraternize with them. By the time he reached the ground, he was face to face with the vanguard, who greeted him good-naturedly.

"Hello, Bill," said one.

"What's your name, old fellow?" asked another.

"Ain't he a toff!" exclaimed the third. "I say, boys, they've sent us a blooming dook!"

Others thronged about him. Kirk felt like a new boy at school. He was embarrassed under the stare of so many eyes. He was relieved by a little man bustling up, who had an unmistakable air of authority and yet withal so kind and smiling a look that Kirk was instantly drawn to him. He was about thirty, thin, boyish, and alert, with gold spectacles through which danced a pair of bright brown eyes.

"How do you do?" he said, putting out a hand as small as a girl's. "I'm Crawshaw—Lionel Crawshaw—and you are the new chap that arrived last night? Glad to see you. Hope we'll be friends. Now then, fellows, go on!" His tone was almost pleading, but Kirk noticed that he was obeyed promptly. He was an Englishman of a modern and little-known type, the product of polytechnical schools and cheap higher education; a highly trained, highly specialized man, who had never seen the inside of a college.

"You must go back and report to Captain Jackson," he said. "His office is in the big tent there in the center. I'm in charge of the engineering squad. Is it in your line at all? Hope it is, for we are frightfully short-handed. Oh, you've had a little experience with steam-engines! Well, every little bit counts, you know—and you tell him I'll be glad to have you. If a chap has any aptitude in that direction I can always make him useful. American, eh? That's good. You'll take to it like a duck to water. You fellows always do—you and the colonials. Kirkpatrick—is that it? Lewis Kirkpatrick!— Well, I must be off. Good-by. Don't let the carpenters nab you!"

With this final warning he turned away and scurried for the stairs. By this time the ship was reverberating like a factory. Hammers were flying, metal clanging, and the decks were in an uproar which gradually grew deafening. The ship was as animated as an ant-hill, and every ant was busy. It was a stirring spectacle, and Kirk lingered for a while, too absorbed by it to turn away.

But recalling Crawshaw's instructions he at length walked back to the camp, and directed himself to the center tent. The front had been rolled up, and seated at a solitary breakfast within was a tall, thin, baldish man in white clothes. There was something very stiff and formidable in his appearance. Martinet was stamped all over him, and his gray mustache and side whiskers fairly bristled with authority. Even his manner of devouring a banana was provocative and insulting, and he drank his coffee in angry little sips.

"Captain Jackson?" inquired Kirk.

He got a scowling look in reply.

"Mr. Crawshaw told me to report to you."

"Sir," added the captain, with a click of his teeth.

It was a moment before Kirk realized that he had been corrected.

"*To report to you, sir,*" he repeated.

The captain looked him up and down, and then thawed somewhat.

"Come in," he said.

Kirk obeyed.

"Don't slouch like that! Haven't you a back? Stand up straight, and salute!"

Kirk flushed, but he determined not to begin his first day in Felicidad with a quarrel. He gulped down his resentment, and saluted.

"Now, my man," said the captain, "I want you to get one thing in your head before we go any further. I am Captain Horatio B. Jackson, late of the United States Army Transport Service, and I'm in command of this expedition. However little you may like it, you will have to submit to man-of-war discipline. Superior officers are to be saluted whenever addressed, and I will not tolerate slackness or disrespect. There is only one way to run any organization of men, and that is with an iron hand!"

He raised it—the iron hand—and twirled his mustache fiercely.

"Yes, sir," said Kirk.

"What's your name?"

"Lewis Kirkpatrick, sir."

"You are the man that arrived last night in the Moltke?"

"Yes, sir."

"Had any sea experience?"

"Yes, sir."

"Box the compass."

Kirk boxed it—successfully.

"Navigate?"

"Yes, sir."

Captain Jackson made a note of it in a little book. Kirk's deferential demeanor had plainly made a good impression.

"We're busy just now in getting the ship to rights. There's hardly any trade that we don't need—and need badly. We want to use every man to the best advantage. How can you best help us?"

"Mr. Crawshaw wished to have me in the engineering squad, sir."

"Ah, very good! Then report to him for duty after breakfast. If you need anything from the paymaster's department, Mr. Crawshaw will make out the necessary requisitions. You will mess at tent number four, and they will see that you get a cot. You can go."

Kirk was glad to be dismissed. The captain's arrogance irritated him, and it had only been by considerable self-control that he had refrained from sharp answers. But he was an old campaigner, and he knew how foolish it would be to start with the ill-will of his commanding officer. He would do what he was told, and do it smilingly, however much it rubbed him the wrong way. Without being all things to all men, he would try to earn a reputation for willingness and good nature, and put a guard on both his temper and his tongue. There was promotion ahead for somebody, and Kirk was resolved to be in line for it.

He had not the faintest idea where to find mess tent number four. Some of the tents were numbered, and some were not, and there was not a soul in sight to ask. He sought the tent where he had slept; found it empty; and taking it as a starting-point, walked along the canvas street, looking into every tent as he passed. He had not gone very far when he discovered one that was occupied. Seated on a wooden box was a fair, broad-shouldered young man in a nightshirt, engaged in patching the seat of a pair of trousers. In his right eye was a single eye-glass, so ludicrously out of keeping with his single scanty garment that Kirk could not restrain his laughter.

"Hello!" he said.

"Hello, yourself," said the young man, in the pleasant and unmistakable accents of a gentleman. There was something so frank, manly, and engaging in his address that Kirk warmed to him at once.

"I'm looking for tent number four," he exclaimed.

"This is the very spot," said the young man. "Come in, and I'll get you a cup of coffee."

"Oh, I don't want to disturb you," protested Kirk.

"No bother," said the young man, putting down the trousers. "The doctor has laid me off for a couple of days, but I'm glad to lend a hand, and make myself useful, you know." He retired through the rear of the tent, and Kirk heard the rattle of crockery and the sound of a fire being poked up. A little later the young man returned, bearing a bowl of coffee, some lumps of sugar, and a big slice of bread and butter.

"You'll get a real breakfast at eight o'clock," he said. "But this will carry you on in the meanwhile." He laid the things on the board table, and impassively resumed his tailoring. "You're new, of course?" he asked.

"Arrived last night," said Kirk.

"How do you like Crazy-town?"

"It—it seems all right," said Kirk. "I haven't got my bearings yet."

The young man sewed steadily. Kirk drank his coffee, and took bites of bread and butter. There was something pleasantly homelike, almost domestic, in the scene.

The young man was the first to break the silence.

"You look a good sort," he said.

"I am," said Kirk, smiling.

"My chum died two weeks ago of fever," went on the young man, stitching hard. "It's pretty hard to have no chum, and all the best fellows have been snapped up. Why shouldn't you and I hit it off?"

"Sure!" said Kirk.

"I'm St. Aubyn."

"I'm Kirkpatrick—though everybody calls me Kirk."

They shook hands on it.

"Now, chum," said Kirk, leaning his elbow on the table, "tell me all about this thing here—who are the people, and what's the ship, and what sort of tomfoolery is it, anyhow?"

CHAPTER XII

St. Aubyn settled his eye-glass, laid the trousers on one side, and reached for a pipe that was stuck in a pocket of the canvas. He filled and lighted it deliberately.

"Kirk," he said, "that's a pretty big order. Let's begin with what I can't tell you—the object of the whole business—the question that a fellow naturally asks first. The idea is to sail away somewhere after something. Nobody knows exactly what it is—none of us men, at least. Whatever it is, it is situated in the No Man's Land to the southward—a country with hardly any game, not enough water to brush your teeth with, and a million savages aching to fight us. To penetrate such a region in the ordinary way is an impossibility."

"But what do the million savages drink?" inquired Kirk. "Beer, or what?"

"Oh, there's water, of course!" replied St. Aubyn, "but the trouble is to find it. It's scattered about in dirty little holes that you can pass within thirty feet of and never see. Those fellows know where they are, and we don't. The only way is to carry your own supply, and that's why we are putting four thousand gallons into the Fortuna."

"So that's her name, is it?"

"Yes, the Fortuna. Well, you see, to get down there, lugging every pound of water, and every pound of food—and all this, mind you, with a party big enough to fight its way through—is a job that couldn't be done with horses or oxen. A small party might make a dash at it, and trust to luck—but the risk would be frightful. It would be ten to one that they'd either die of thirst or hunger, or else be massacred to a man. Besides, even if they got through, how could they bring the stuff back? It must have seemed an insurmountable problem till some one hit on the idea of a ship. Here we have mobility, ample food and water, and cargo space for all the gold in the Bank of England. Kirk, it was a conception of genius!"

"If it will work," assented the latter. "But this business of putting sails to a traction-engine, however brilliant it may be in theory, has a practical side that makes a fellow skeptical. Load her up with your food and water, put aboard your crew—and then, what if she sticks?"

"Oh, we've seen her do it!" exclaimed St. Aubyn. "Gad, I never saw such a sight in my life. We tried her out a week ago, and she sailed like a bird. She was a bit sulky at first, but the moment she got moving there was no holding her. By Jove, I wish you had been there! Nobody dreamed she would do it. I didn't myself. But she went off like an arrow, with a rattle and a bang, and a bumpty-bump that nearly jounced the heads off us!"

"How far did she go?"

"About a quarter of a mile."

"A quarter of a mile!" exclaimed Kirk. "Why, I thought you were going to say sixty!"

"One of the steering-chains broke. It was too light for the work, and it snapped like a piece of string. We had to lower the sails in double-quick time, and just saved her from going over. But she can sail all right."

"Was she tried again?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Oh, it showed that she could do it! Once that was settled what was the good of wasting time? In fact, there was a big row at headquarters over it, but Westbrook was satisfied, and he carried the day. We are terribly behindhand as it is, what with the sickness we've had—nineteen deaths in two months—and all sorts of heart-breaking delays and bother. The truth is, old fellow"—here St. Aubyn lowered his voice to a deeply confidential key—"the whole affair is held together by only one man. He's the plank between us and eternity, and not much of a plank at that. It's my belief that the expedition may collapse at any moment, and that if Westbrook died we might as well pack up and call it all off."

"Westbrook? Who's Westbrook?"

"Oh, a splendid old fellow! You must have heard his name. He's the great gun man—the Yankee inventor—who's been settled in England, and making guns for the British Government for the last twelve years—Ezra Westbrook and Company, Limited. The Fortuna was his invention. A fine old chap he is, with a splendid energy that overrides everything—even his ill-health. He was the first to get the fever, and has never really shaken it off. But ill as he is, he is the master-mind of the enterprise, and the one that holds things together."

"Who are the rest of them?"

"Well, there's Jackson. You had a little talk with him, didn't you? That was enough, wasn't it? They say he was dropped from the transport service because of insanity. This was about his sole qualification to be put in charge of us—at least, nobody can see any other. He's a great big overbearing, domineering ass, with a genius for making mischief and inventing trouble. Not incompetent—he knows his business—he's all right when it comes to ships—but childishly vain, childishly pretentious—always looking for slights, and finding them."

"Why doesn't Westbrook get rid of him?"

"Can't."

"Why can't he?"

"Because there you run against the widow."

"Who's the widow?"

St. Aubyn laughed, and taking the pipe from his mouth, blew out a cloud of smoke.

"She's an old lady," he went on mirthfully, "a wonderful old lady, as rich as Crœsus and as cracked as a March hare, who has put up all the money. Mrs. Poulteney Hitchcock! By Jove, Kirk, it's a rum world and no mistake! There she was living in Paris, a rich old American with a million a minute, when somehow or other she met Dr. von Zedtwitz, and got this bee in her bonnet. Heaven knows what it has cost her already, or what it may let her in for—though that's the least of it. She's a thoroughbred with her money, and never counts the change. Anyhow, she took up the scheme with volcanic enthusiasm, and never rested a second till it was in shape and moving. They say she went to Westbrook, sent in her card, and laid the problem before him. 'You're an inventor,' she said. 'You have brains, I have money. Is a land-ship feasible—and if it is, will you build it? I don't mind what it costs, but you must guarantee to have it work.' Westbrook tried to dissuade her. He told me himself that at first he regarded her as a lunatic, and attempted to get rid of her. But she wouldn't be got rid of. She hung on. He took a week to think it over, and then began to get excited himself, and see possibilities.

"You know the Fortuna is built of aluminum—and you know also that aluminum is the lightest metal that exists? Haven't you ever wondered why it is not used more? I mean in general engineering. Well, I will tell you. Nobody has ever been able to braze it properly—solder it together, you know. Oh, yes! it's done after a fashion, of course, as with air-ships and saucepan handles and such things—but not really practicably. So far it has been like building wooden houses with tacks instead of nails. Well, Westbrook got that missing solder. Took him a year, but he got it. Ran it down and bagged it. It's a conglomeration of silver, copper, gold, and platinum, and the secret of it all will be worth a fortune. Crawshaw says it will put aluminum second to steel.

"Expensive? Well, I should say it was! But for that matter so is balloon silk for sails in place of canvas. You noticed that, didn't you? Oh, yes, to save weight! Everything to save weight. Hickory, bamboo, silk rope, nickel steel, Norwegian iron wire—every pound is counted. They go so far as to say that fat men will be discriminated against! Why, even our blankets were specially manufactured of the finest and lightest wool—the same idea, you see. Not even boots—only slippers! Light marching order, and nothing carried that can possibly be left."

St. Aubyn stopped, and puffed vigorously at his pipe.

"You were saying Westbrook couldn't get rid of Jackson on account of Mrs. Hitchcock—" Kirk suggested.

"Oh, yes!" St. Aubyn resumed. "You see she's very smitten with Jackson. Jackson is really playing a double game," he said. "The only treasure he is after is the old lady's money, and if he could persuade her to marry him he would drop all this like a hot potato. He's a schemer and a funker, and deliberately makes every difficulty that he can in order to discourage us and keep us back. Of course he dares not show his hand too openly for fear of scaring his bird, who, to do her justice, is the keenest of us all to pull the thing off. But drops of water will wear away a stone, you know."

"But can't anybody undeceive her about him? Show him up? Expose him?"

"Yes, Westbrook has tried to, and so did old Zeddy, but they were both too worked up to have the necessary tact—Westbrook never had much, and Zeddy never had any. It was rather insulting to the old lady to be told that nobody could care for her except for her money—and I fancy that was about how they put it. Their interference only did us more harm, for as they are now hardly on speaking terms with the captain this has doubled his chances of being alone with her. She's a queer old devil, and rather likes being the storm-center. The right way would have been to make much of her, and have hoisted the captain with his own petard. But they weren't Machiavellian enough for that."

"Now, let's get along to Dr. von Zedtwitz," said Kirk. "In the who's who of this business where does he come in?"

"Oh, he's our Columbus!" returned St. Aubyn. "A Prussian Columbus with a Viking beard. A man about fifty, big, thickset, and paunchy. He's had charge of the transportation, and consequently, till lately, we've seen but little of him. The steamers are in his department, and the mails, and the whole task of getting things up here. It must be said that he has done it magnificently. 'My yob,' he calls it. He not only speaks Spanish, which none of the rest can do, but he has a smattering of Indian dialect. He knows all this country like the palm of his hand, and is one of those indefatigable, cast-iron, shove-it-along chaps that go at a thing like a bull. I take my hat off to Zeddy. If the Fortuna ever does sail it will be due to him and Westbrook."

"So those are our leaders?" said Kirk. "Westbrook, von Zedtwitz, Mrs. Poulteney Hitchcock, and Jackson—is that right?"

"Yes," returned St. Aubyn. "They constitute a sort of board of directors, with Jackson as the mouthpiece. There are a couple more at headquarters, but they don't count particularly—McCann, the paymaster, and Phillips, the doctor. But those you name are the Big Four, as we call them."

An alarm-clock went off in the rear quarter somewhere. St. Aubyn jumped to his feet, and even as he did so, a flap was raised, revealing a very bronzed countenance, seamed and weather-beaten, together with one hairy hand.

"Time to set the table," said the apparition.

"Come in, Hildebrand," cried St. Aubyn. "Here's a new chap — want you to meet him!"

The newcomer obeyed. He was a short, dark man with piercing black eyes; clothed in pajamas, and with a cook's apron round his waist.

"Major Hildebrand, late of the Austrian Army," said St. Aubyn, by way of introduction, "and the best cook in camp. Sad to see a cavalryman so reduced, but we've all come down a peg in Felicidad. Major Hildebrand, this is Mr. Lewis Kirkpatrick!"

The pair shook hands.

"Welcome to camp," said the ex-cavalryman, and dropped Kirk's hand abruptly as a hissing in the kitchen caught his ear.

St. Aubyn began to spread the table with tin cups and plates which he brought in on a huge tray. Kirk insisted on helping him, and together they soon had the table spread for twenty-two men.

A few minutes later the tent was invaded by a swarm of men who tramped in noisily, and crowded the benches like a parcel of schoolboys, shoving and joking, as each one sought his accustomed place. St. Aubyn put Kirk between a six-foot-three Australian and a long-nosed cockney Jew, and then bustled off to get an immense coffeepot, from which he began to fill the cups. The major appeared with a platter of corned-beef hash and a capacious dish of sea-pie, both of which he served from an adjoining table with a celerity and dash that spoke of long practise. Above the clatter of knives and forks voices could be heard demanding: "After you with the milk!" "Here, Bobby, coffee!" "Say, old man, fill her up again, will you!" Bobby, as St. Aubyn was familiarly called, was kept on the rush, while the major circled about the table, grabbing empty tin plates, and refilling them from the sideboard. It was a vigorous performance, interspersed with laughter and chaff, and if any one were overlooked he yelled out the fact at the top of his lungs. There were twenty-two hungry men to be fed, and for fifteen minutes Bobby and the major had to dance. Then things gradually quieted down. Pipes, cigarettes, and cigars appeared. Plates were pushed back. Elbows settled contentedly on the table.

Kirk thought he had never seen such a remarkable collection of men. Individuality, character, resolution stood written on every face. Aquiline features predominated—big noses and strong jaws. The majority were of a superior class, and many had the unmistakable accents of gentlemen. Anglo-Saxons were most numerous — Englishmen, Americans, Scotchmen, Irishmen, Australians, Canadians —all in the prime of life. Broad shoulders and deep chests were the rule, and the average of good looks was high. They were a handsome, fearless, reckless-looking set, superb rebels from the counting-house and office, with none of the petty instincts of civilization. The noble savages of their generation, who, after a more or less futile attempt to adjust themselves to money-getting, had thrown up a struggle for which they were so little fitted, and hied themselves to the end of the earth. There, at any rate, they found others like themselves, as well as hardships and dangers.

Kirk was introduced. Had it not been for the overalls, the rolled-up sleeves, the horny, calloused hands, he might have thought himself in some pleasant club. There was the same good-fellowship, the same easy and cordial manners. Kirk liked his new companions, and they evidently liked him, and a pleasant fraternization made him soon feel at home. Apparently the land-ship, and the object of the enterprise had become stale subjects. At least, neither was touched upon in their talk, which turned on the trivialities of their every-day existence, with jokes and personalities that left Kirk somewhat in the dark. But he learned two things: "He" always referred to Captain Jackson, and "she" to Mrs. Poulteney Hitchcock. "He" was the butt of every one's scorn; and the laughter and derision were always the loudest when anything was told to his disadvantage. "She" was let off more lightly, and did not lack for defenders. The attitude of the mess toward her was kindly and humorous, and the shafts of their ridicule were not barbed. But the captain was the common enemy, the detested tyrant, whose vagaries, affectations, and domineering ways were bitterly assailed.

CHAPTER XIII

At nine o'clock they trooped back to work. Kirk followed his party aboard, and hastened to report himself to Mr. Crawshaw. The little engineer, in the center of a busy throng, was hard at work on his gas-engine. The eight cylinders were in position, together with the drums, ratio gears, clutches, and other more important parts of a powerful gasoline winch. But the lesser details and adjustments had yet to be seen to, and these were claiming the energies of the mechanics. Kirk got a smile and encouraging word, and then found himself on his knees with a pair of pliers in his hand, and the job before him of making fast a number of hose-connections. Crawshaw himself was installing the magnets, but his eyes were everywhere, and nothing escaped him. No one had a chance to blunder. He seemed to see through the back of his head. His perky voice forestalled all questions.

"You've forgotten the shimm, Joe! No, no, the other end, Charlie! Where's your washer, Bill? See that she seats right first—hammering's no good! Here, I'll show you, Kirkpatrick!" And so it went with an unvarying good nature that nothing could ruffle.

As the sun mounted toward the zenith the heat grew intense. A spare topsail was triced up by way of an awning, and roughly guyed out to protect the mechanics, but it served little to mitigate the oven-like rays. Every one worked in a bath of perspiration. The metal deck was roasting. The eyes were blinded by a persistent trickle of sweat. But still the work went on with the same determination. There was a breaker of lukewarm water mixed with oatmeal—a combination that was supposed to be good for allaying thirst. But the men emptied it entirely, and called for another, and then another. The tinkle of the tin cup and chain was continuous.

By eleven o'clock the forward winch was not only finished, but was in active operation. The lower-deck gangs had no longer to hoist up their material with a yo-heave-oh! The winch did it for them—the first load being received with cheers. Then work was begun on the after-winch—the exact duplicate of the other—and by noon the bed-plate was laid and securely locked.

There was a brass bell on the bridge, and it was rung loudly as a signal for knocking off.

To Kirk it seemed the most welcome sound he had ever heard in his life. He was dizzy and faint with the unaccustomed labor, performed under such trying conditions, and his voice rose with the rest in a yell of satisfaction. This was one of the time-honored customs of the camp, and it was a point of pride with every one to make all the hullabaloo possible at the first stroke of the bell. It had for them the added zest of something forbidden by the detested Jackson. It jarred on his rigid naval notions, and he had done his utmost to suppress it; but twice a day his ears were affronted by that mighty shout.

Kirk followed his companions back to camp, where St. Aubyn and the major had a capital dinner awaiting them. The circumstances were much the same as at breakfast. The tin plates, the clatter, the racket, the smoke. The interval was longer, however, being from twelve to two. These were the most sweltering hours of the day. There was less talk and laughter; fewer stories. Many of the men stretched out on the floor and dozed off to sleep.

At two o'clock the order was given to turn to again. They straggled out into the blazing sunlight, and took the track for the Fortuna. It was a sleepy, yawning, listless procession, and none of them became really wide-awake till the foremen marshaled them to their respective tasks. Then, as the clang and uproar recommenced they threw off their lethargy and bent to work with a will.

The after-winch was the rendezvous for Crawshaw's men. They assembled about it with their tools while the little engineer assigned them their various jobs. Kirk had grown more adept since the morning. He had got the principle of the thing into his head, and was consequently much better able to carry out his instructions. Crawshaw noticed his improvement and commended him. The praise did Kirk good. He felt less at a disadvantage with the others, and forgot the heat, the flies, and the dead, stifling air. The approbation spurred him on, and he laughed and joked with his comrades, unmindful of anything but the task in hand. He learned incidentally that the engine they were assembling had been especially built in France, weighed but 300 pounds, and was capable of producing 120 horse-power, a marvel of lightness and strength. With the aid of the drums and a wire cable the Fortuna, if necessary, could extricate herself from any difficult place, and proceed, after a fashion, under her own power—at a snail's pace, of course, and at an unwarrantable expense of gasoline, but the engine was expected to save her, at any rate, from actually being stuck anywhere. In the event of a capsize the winches could be removed to the ground, anchored, and used to right her. The sails, too, could be hoisted by this means, and the men saved much heavy labor. Indeed, these two compact, economical engines were regarded as the most important parts of the outfit, and represented a wealth of potential energy.

By half past three the Trades began to blow and the worst of the day was over. A delicious coolness revived the weary and drooping men; and they bared their heads, and breathed in deep inhalations as the wind made the awnings flap and swept the decks with a welcome boisterousness. Ah! the wind —in after days Kirk learned to wait for it with consuming eagerness. It brought life, strength, and courage. It divided the day into hell and heaven.

Shortly after the wind sprang up, the noise on the lower-deck ceased, and the ship became strangely quiet. Kirk wondered what had happened, and was on the point of inquiring of his companions when he was electrified to see a pink parasol emerging from the companion. He knew in a moment whose it was, and his heart gave a leap. Miss Westbrook appeared on the arm of an oldish, distinguished-looking man, whose pale face and thin, frail figure betrayed considerable physical weakness. He had a shawl pinned about his shoulders, and walked with the painful deliberation of an invalid. He rested at the head of the companion, holding to the coamings of the hatch as though to steady himself. With the pair was a third person, a woman of about sixty. She was of medium height, somewhat stout, with a dark, sallow, vivacious face, all puckered up with smiles. There was something mannish in the cut of her costume, and the bright feather run through her felt hat added a note of elderly skittishness. She had a tough, robust, weather-beaten look that contrasted with the old man's evident languor and the girl's delicate and flower-like beauty; and her incessant smiling, giggling, and grimacing affected Kirk somewhat unpleasantly.

There was a general stir at the sight of the newcomers. Work slackened, and every one straightened up as though for inspection. None of the men had seen Miss Westbrook before, and there were subdued murmurs of admiration, and much covert curiosity as they gazed at her. Crawshaw came forward, cap in hand, and was introduced, blushing under the ordeal like a self-conscious boy. The others watched him enviously, and craned their necks to listen as the old gentleman said: "Crawshaw, this is my daughter—Vera, Mr. Crawshaw, my right-hand man." The old lady tittered genially, and made some jeering remarks that were inaudible. Crawshaw led them to the winch, and forthwith plunged into a technical discussion with his superior, while Mrs. Poulteney Hitchcock—for it was she herself—listened with a poll-parrot expression and a mischievous gleam in her crazy eyes.

Vera, demure and silent, seemed unaware of the attention she excited. She held to her father's arm, and looked about shyly, her face lighting as she beheld Kirk. He had been waiting for the glance of recognition, and wondering how he ought to receive it. He was unprepared for her coming over to him and extending her hand. He took it a little sheepishly, very conscious of their altered positions, and of the astonishment of his companions. He was embarrassed at thus being singled out before them, and found some difficulty in answering her greeting in the same gay and cordial tone. But she had hardly more than said his name when Mr. Westbrook caught it, and turning away from Crawshaw, he also came over to Kirk.

"I am very glad to meet you," he said, a little constrainedly. "I feel under a great obligation to you, Mr. Kirkpatrick. Very much in your debt, sir—very much in your debt. If you could make it convenient I should be happy to have you call on us this evening. After eight—? Very good, very good—I shall look forward to it."

Then Mrs. Hitchcock bustled up.

"So you are Mr. Kirkpatrick, hee, hee! I'm the mother of the ship, you know, and you are the new baby, hee, hee! Over a hundred of them—like the old lady that lived in a shoe! What do you think of sailing over the land? But we'll do it in spite of the croakers! If only every man will do his duty, hee, hee! And we'll go home rich, and live happily ever afterward. Live in Paris, you know. No place like Paris. Don't you like Paris best?—I do. *Très gai, très gai*—always something for every minute of the day! And how they'll lionize us! We'll be invited everywhere to tell about it. Afterward I'm going to get Mr. Crawshaw to make me a model of the Fortuna—hee, hee!—in miniature, you know—and put it in a special room all by itself!"

She rattled on in this queer, familiar, scatter-brain sort of way, never waiting for an answer, and incessantly nodding and grinning like a marionette. Kirk did not know what to make of her, and he was greatly relieved when the party passed on and mounted the bridge. Vera smiled to him in farewell, and her face expressed something of his own perplexity and surprise. The old lady seemed hardly better than half-witted and it was disturbing to think of her being the mainspring of the enterprise. He timidly expressed himself on the subject, but only got laughed at.

"Of course, she's crazy," said Crawshaw. "But her money's good, isn't it? And it's only crazy people, anyhow, who can take up revolutionary ideas and work them out. It takes a tomfool, mad-hatter sort of courage to back any new invention. Those hard-headed men you read about are always the last to get into line. They see all the difficulties, and are still discussing them while the idiot is romping home—with his submarine, or wireless, or land-ship, or whatever it is. Then the hard-headed men begin to brag about the wonders of the twentieth century, and forget how they resisted them tooth and nail!"

This was received with a hearty chorus of approval. There was no doubt of Mrs. Poulteney Hitchcock's popularity. Her readiness to buttonhole any one indefinitely was regarded as a proof of democratic spirit. She was generous, too, in righting any little injustices. She would always come and see you if you were ill. If you died she would cry over you. The universal judgment was that she was a "gay old bird" and a "brick."

At half past five work was knocked off for the day. As Kirk descended to the lower deck he was pleased to notice how much was being accomplished. It was possible to see something of the scheme of cabins, saloon, and passageways. The drafty oblong was being floored, screened, and divided. It was assuming a ship-look, and the spidery framework was disappearing behind stretches of sheet aluminum as thin as paper. There were gaps for doors and windows, for ventilator shafts and skylights. On the ground below the ship, and raised on jacks, were two shallow water-tanks in process of being built into the fabric—one forward, one aft, their weight being thus divided, and the strain carried near the trucks. Altogether a very respectable progress had been made for the day, and if it were maintained things would soon be in shape for the start. Kirk went back to camp exceedingly content.

At supper, however, he had to endure a disagreeable amount of questioning and innuendo. Vera Westbrook was the sole topic at table, and though the talk was always within bounds it vexed Kirk to hear her discussed so freely. The whole camp was buzzing with her arrival. It was the sensation of the moment, and a big one—and Kirk, as her fellow passenger, came in for an uncomfortable amount of attention. He put on a stupid, artless air, and parried with a skilful bluntness inquiries that he could not well refuse to answer. To speak for her, to seem to champion her—he instinctively felt would imply a friendship that might do her harm. She had kept much to herself, he said. He had not presumed to do more than offer her the ordinary courtesies. She was a very nice young lady. It pleased him to see that he rather lost ground with his companions. He was plainly a dull fellow who had lacked the audacity to make good use of his opportunities. A chump, in fact.

At eight o'clock, dressed and shaved, he started off to make his call. He found Mr. Westbrook and Vera in their sitting-room tent, the latter reading an English newspaper aloud to her father. Kirk was greeted cordially, although a little formally, and was asked to sit down. He felt nervous under the old man's penetrating gaze, and his heart sank at the rather stereotyped expression of thanks that he was condemned to listen to for the second time that day. Every word seemed to widen the social distance. He replied as best he could, and grew acutely unhappy. There was no real warmth in the old man's manner. But he was an honest old man and paid his debts. Vera was very grave and silent, though her eyes often sought Kirk's in a lingering glance. A conversation was with difficulty kept alive. Mr. Westbrook described the various experiments he had made to determine ground-resistance in designing the Fortuna. It was all very abstruse and difficult to follow, and the old gentleman got rather indignant at his guest's stupidity. Kirk was given a paper full of curves, but he could not get the curves into his head. He answered every question wrong, mixing up the coefficients of one thing with the coefficients of something entirely different. He sat there, hot with shame, wondering what Vera could think of him.

She had never seemed so beautiful to him as she did that night—and never so remote, so utterly beyond those preposterous hopes he had cherished so guiltily in his heart of hearts. She was dressed in a kimono, dark blue in color, richly embroidered with gold, and open at the neck, displaying to perfection her round, white throat, and the classic modeling of her mouth and chin. It tormented Kirk to look at her, and yet he could not keep his eyes away. He ought to have concentrated every faculty in making himself agreeable to her father—in understanding curves—in brightening up at coefficients—but instead he sat there like a clod, with a funereal expression that wrote him down not only an ass, but a boor. It was the Waterloo of all his day-dreams.

Fortunately, there was a diversion at the moment when he least expected it. The flap of the tent was unceremoniously lifted, and a bulky, square-shouldered, Teutonic individual, with enormous whiskers jutting from his chin like tusks, and a face contorted with passion, put himself half in, and beckoned vigorously to Westbrook.

"Why, come in, Zedtwitz," said the old man cheerfully.

"No, you gome out!" cried the German darkly. "It is not a matter for other ears. I have been again insulted by that infamous Jagson. You know him—you know the peeg—you know what he is after! But the time has come to strige—to chegmate him—to end his interference and treachery. Gome, friend Westbrook, and let us take gounsel together, you and I, for else assuredly I will get my pistol, and put a pullet through him."

Von Zedtwitz looked quite capable of carrying out his threats. His eyes were smoldering, and his broad, rugged face was crimson with anger. Standing there in the lamplight he was a formidable figure, a German of the Viking species, of the Bismarckian generation—arrogant, brave, and loyal—a volcano of energy, and an ill man to cross. Westbrook hastened to him. There was a whispered colloquy. The still small voice of common sense on one side—subsiding Teutonic thunders on the other. The two men passed out into the night, and nothing more was heard of them save their retreating footsteps.

"*The Adventurer*" will be continued in the July number.

The Tragedy of the Released Convict

By I. K. FRIEDMAN

Author of "By Bread Alone," "The Autobiography of a Beggar," etc.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Society can forgive crime; it cannot forgive imprisonment. Whole communities may know that a man is guilty of criminal acts, and he may be punished by heavy fines, yet men and women do not shrink from him—there is no physical repulsion. He has been punished, not incarcerated. On the other hand, the ex-convict is instantly known as such, branded by unmistakable evidences. Shattered health, a shifty bearing, a bitter distrust of his fellow men, a loss of ambition to win back his place in life—these are what the state gives him, taking in return years of his time and labor. He emerges to meet his second and greater punishment. He is a pariah. Men refuse to work with him. All mankind instinctively shuns him, not because he has done wrong, but because he has paid the penalty in confinement. The police watch him. When crimes are committed he is arrested and held for hours or days, as the case may be, without evidence, on general principles. It is in the hope of attracting attention to this ghastly anomaly of our civilization, that Mr. Friedman presents the following brief study of a prisoner on parole.

> *What else is to be concluded from this, but that you first make thieves and then punish them?*
>
> SIR THOMAS MORE.

HE was free! The great gates that had held him as in the fastness of the tomb for two whole years opened now, restoring him to the sunlight from which he had so long been cut off. With slow, steady tread he passed beyond the shadows of the high turreted walls of the penitentiary, feeling that the institution had cast across his soul a still deeper and blacker shadow, beyond which he could never pass.

At the station where he was to take his train for Chicago he sank down on a seat, deposited his little bundle beside him, and fell into deep thought. So he was to begin life anew! But with what? With a constitution that had been broken and shattered by prison life, by confinement in a pen-like cell, and by breathing air heavy with the smoke that swept from the chimneys of the great steel-mills into the yards of the penitentiary by day, and into the cells by night, making the air unbreathable, and life itself in the hot days of July and August well-nigh unendurable. He never had done anything but physical labor; during his two years of imprisonment the state had taught him no trade, and now he doubted whether he had strength enough left to perform those tasks for which he had once been fit. It struck him therefore, with a tragic sort of humor, that the state, in punishing him for his crime, had put him in such a position that, unless he were singularly fortunate, he must keep on doing what they had punished him so severely for doing but once.

Had he been learned in criminology, he might have charged society with the responsibility for his ruined health in an even more fundamental, if less direct, sense. For authorities agree that the virility and the functional activity of a large percentage of the so-called criminal class are below par; and it is clear that health, broadly speaking, is to a great extent dependent on social conditions. When we learn, too, that it is deducible from known facts that any occupation causing a high mortality among the children of the workers engaged in it breeds crime and pauperism, we at once establish the relationships existing between social conditions, on the one hand, and health, crime, and pauperism, on the other. And we knit the ugly links still closer when we repeat the figures, given by Dr. Körósi at Budapest in 1894, which show that the average life of the rich classes is 35 years, of the well-to-do 20.6, and of the poor only 13.2.

If a decrease in vitality is responsible for an increase in crime, how much have modern industry and modern industrial processes and conditions done to fill our penitentiaries and jails! In 1899 the New York Department of Labor alone told us that 68,000 are disabled from further work and that another 55,000 persons annually sustain such injury while at work as to cause their temporary withdrawal from the ranks of industry and to throw them for support upon their own savings or upon the public, save in the relatively few cases of those who have insured themselves against such contingencies. Of these unfortunates, crime and the almshouse—the line between the two is fine drawn—claim their full quota.

Again, let us consider the hosts of women, married and single, that the existing industrial system has put to work in factory, mill, and shop, and weigh well the fact that their sedentary and unnatural occupations cause all sorts of pelvic, abdominal, and nervous diseases, and then let us ask what the effect of this must be on both the physical heritage and the environment of their children? How can it result in aught but poor health and neglect, and to what in turn can these lead but to viciousness and crime?

And, to let figures strike their most telling blow last, what shall we say of the system that puts 2,000,000 children at work amid conditions the revelation of which has horrified our nation?

But we are forgetting our released convict, who sits, brooding darkly, in the Joliet station. Thinking of the conditions in which he had been forced to perform the most monotonous kind of labor, never allowed to lift his eyes from his work nor to speak with his neighbor—and so to signify that he was not a mere beast of toil, but a human being—he wondered how he had come out sane. He had seen the reason of more than one man give way under the stress of the "silent system," and there were times when he had thought that he himself was going mad. But it had all ended only in breaking his spirit as well as his health.

He shifted on the wooden bench in the station and coughed, his thin chest heaving and falling, and wiped off the damp that had collected in beads on his pallid, wasted face. Yes, that was the second asset he had acquired in the penitentiary—a broken spirit. He was in a fine way indeed to begin life anew!

SOCIETY THE ROBBER

But why wax bitter? he asked himself ironically, since to offset his ruined health and broken spirit was the third asset acquired in the penitentiary: this was financial, and consisted of the cheap prison-made suit he wore, his ticket to Chicago, and the $10 bill he had poked into the depths of one of his pockets. This the payment for two years of the very hardest toil that it was possible for any man to perform! He began to figure up what he had earned for the state during that time, and his blood grew hot with anger. They had sent him to the penitentiary for theft, and while there they had stolen from him! If this incomprehensible, intangible thing called society had meant honestly by him, why had it not guarded his earnings and restored them to him on the day when he left the penitentiary, thus giving him a fund that would bridge over the trying days of adjustment to a new and different world? Society had not been honest with him; how could society expect him to be honest with it?

TWO YEARS OF SILENCE

He had committed theft; he had been caught, duly tried, and sent to the penitentiary, but the more he thought it over, the harder it was for him to arrive at any sensible conclusion as to what the object of that incarceration had been.

Had those who imprisoned him meant to make a better man of him, to reform him, as the phrase goes? Surely not, for none but madmen would try to work a reform by the methods practised on him. So far as he knew they had not even tried to touch his heart, to speak to the man within him. Certainly, if reform was their object, they had failed signally and ludicrously. For he was morally no different by a thought than when he had entered that chamber of horrors.

The same reasoning applied when he considered whether society's purpose might not have been only self-protection. How shortsighted to release one whom it had made no effort to render less dangerous! On the whole, in view of the fact that the state had apparently tried to do nothing but break his spirit, crush his manhood, destroy his nerve, and wreck his health, the conclusion seemed forced upon him that the purpose had been purely punitive, and not at all corrective. But having done all that, and only that, the state must admit that it was a mere brute. Its treatment of him smacked strongly of revenge.

And now, having exacted more than an eye for an eye, the state assumed the guise of a father tender after inflicting chastisement and said to him, "Be honest henceforth and keep the path of the virtuous." A fierce wrath at society's hypocrisy burned in him, and absorbed him utterly till the scream of a whistle, the rattle of wheels, and a commotion in the station interrupted his brooding and warned him that his train was at hand.

He stepped outside the building, mounted the platform, and entered the rear coach. He found a seat next to an ingenuous-looking old man and dropped into it, unconsciously avoiding the glances of his fellows.

The train tore swiftly along and he sought distraction by gazing out of the window at the scenery swiftly receding and at the huge channel dug for the drainage canal.

"Pretty big thing that," said the old man next to him, guessing on what his thoughts were bent. "Nothing they don't do nowadays, even to making water flow up-hill."

"Yes, I worked on it, lower down," he answered, and he was about to go on, luxuriating in the pleasure of talking to somebody, when the oldster put his hand to his ear and said, "You'll have to talk louder. I didn't catch that!"

He muttered something in reply, and then kept a dogged silence despite the old man's advances. For he realized that his voice, so long disused, had hardly risen above a whisper, and that this was as much a mark of penal servitude as the very lock-step that had been condemned as uselessly degrading.

THE STATE'S BRAND ON CONVICTS

But if his voice had lost its fulness and vigor, his ears had lost none of their sharpness, and presently he overheard behind him a remark about his clothes which showed that they had been recognized as prison-made. Yes, he thought bitterly, they were another of the marks placed on him by the state, marks by which the initiated were to know him for a member of the "criminal class."

He half wished himself back whence he had come; there was little use in going out into the world with all the world against one; but then the world, as far as that went, had always been against him and there was little use in expecting anything else. He had been born in a tenement-house district where vice flourished as naturally and luxuriantly as wheat in the virgin soils of the new West, and his environment had molded him as inevitably as the form shapes the molten metal. He recalled vividly his boyhood home, with an overworked mother and an intoxicated father; his enforced life on the streets; his first days in the great factory, where his pay was shamefully poor, his work wretchedly monotonous, and his opportunity for advancement discouragingly small.

POVERTY THE MOTHER OF CRIME

There had come presently a full realization of his situation, and, as a result, he had assumed a sullen attitude toward the great industrial system that had treated him so unfairly. Home had no attractions for him, and after the stultifying labor of the day he had sought the saloon and the streets for relief and recreation. And there he saw on all sides evidences of waste, of extravagance, of luxury, and he felt the violent and painful contrast with his own humiliating poverty. Then had followed the natural yearning for what lay beyond the power of his scanty purse to buy. What was there to restrain him from seizing the property of another? Certainly not his respect for property; for it was unfair to expect him to pay reverence to what neither his parents nor himself ever had possessed.

Should his respect for the law have acted as a restraining influence? Only those who have property or who break the statutes come into actual contact with the law. To those as poor as himself it signified naught but a tremendous institution, all powerful and threatening, which touched their lives but negatively, telling them what they should and what they should not do, but rarely interceding positively in their behalf. So far as his boyhood had known, the law had made his struggle in life no easier, his occupation no less bitterly monotonous, himself no less mean a drudge.

It was only natural, therefore, he reflected, that he should succumb when a comrade of the street whispered, "You and I are fools to work so hard for a beggarly pittance when we can make a little easy money. Others are doing it everywhere. Look around you! Who are the big men in our ward but the saloon-keeper and the alderman, and who but them wears diamond studs and red vests? And how did they make their money? By working hard for it like you and me? Not much!"

Society had imposed on him the conditions that made his fall inevitable, and who was to be held responsible for it now—himself or society? He remembered that when he had been confined in the county jail to await his trial, a lawyer had addressed all the prisoners in the big hall up-stairs and had told them that crime was due altogether to economic conditions. He said that it had been proved beyond doubt that there are more crimes in hard than in good times, especially crimes against property, and that likewise crimes committed in winter exceed those committed in summer. And he had laid it down as a general law that the curve of crime rises and falls as our prosperity rises and falls, and as another law, that as food becomes increasingly difficult to get, crimes against property increase proportionately, while at the same time there is a fall in the number of crimes against the person.

Time was when the ex-convict had considered the statements of this lawyer too radical and altogether theoretical, but in the long silent hours of his imprisonment, he had come gradually to realize the main contention, that the problem of crime is very largely a problem of poverty.

A glance at the Eleventh Census of the United States would have shown him that the crimes against government ranked as 2.2 per cent. of the sum total, those against society as 22.9, crimes against the person as 21 per cent., crimes against property as 45.8 per cent., while crimes of a miscellaneous character made up the remaining 8.1. In other words, about one-half the crimes committed in the country were almost entirely those of theft! He would have found a still higher proportion in England, the poverty of whose working classes is so marked. In Italy, moreover, it has been estimated that 20 per cent. of the habitual criminals are thieves, in France 24 per cent., in Belgium 23 per cent., in Prussia 23.7 per cent.

RELEASED ON PAROLE

So the problems of crime are world-wide and fundamentally one; and if poverty is not at the root of it all, why is it that as poverty tends to disappear, crime tends to disappear with it?

Meanwhile the train rattled and puffed toward Chicago, and the nearer our ex-convict drew to the battle-ground of his future, the more he shuddered and the more he feared to face the situation. There was still another reason for his gloom besides those he had been brooding over—one disheartenment that, ironically enough, should have been a reassurance. This was parole agreement No. 8,756, which he carried in his pocket, and which guaranteed him his liberty as long as he lived up to the conditions detailed therein. For prisoners in the courts of Illinois, as well as other States, are sentenced for an indeterminate period, limited only by the maximum and the minimum terms fixed by the law for that particular offense, and the board of pardons is authorized to release prisoners on parole within that period.

A HARD CONTRACT

The conditions imposed by the parole are difficult to meet, providing among other things that the paroled prisoner shall not change employment, nor leave employment, except by order of or upon permission from the warden first obtained in writing; that he shall make a monthly report to the warden, stating how much he has earned, how much expended, and for what. If he has been idle, he must state the reason. In case of sickness or the loss of his position through any misfortune whatever, he must report at once to the warden. Parole No. 8,756 knew that these conditions had resulted often in making hypocrites out of the convicts, who found themselves forced to deceive when they submitted their required monthly reports to the prison authorities. He knew that since the indeterminate sentence and the parole law had been established, it had been claimed that seventy per cent. of those so released had reformed; but being a man of more intelligence than the average, he perceived that such statistics were largely the result of guesswork, based on the discovery that few of the paroled men came back to the institution from which they had been released. He saw that the true explanation of the matter lay in the fact that, finding it impossible to live up to the agreement of their parole, released convicts generally left the state in which they had served sentence and resumed a life of crime beyond its borders.

And what a struggle it had been to get even this exacting parole! He had been forced to wait for it several months because, unable to endure this species of strangulation, he had insisted on speaking, thus violating the law of the "silent system," and he had lost a second chance because one of the guards had borne false testimony against him. What brutes were these guards on whose good-will the parole of many prisoners depended; but what could one expect of those willing to accept positions that degraded their incumbents a degree below the convicts over whom they lorded it?

POLITICS IN PRISON CONTROL

Politics, too, he had learned, played no inconsiderable part in the securing of a parole; for the criminals who could command influence were the first to be released, and wealth, too, unlocked prison, as well as other doors. He recalled that the convicted bankers of Illinois who had shamelessly purloined the savings of the poor, had been pardoned before those who had been imprisoned at the same time and whose crimes had inflicted much less suffering on society.

No. 8,756 had heard it whispered that the prisoners in the state penitentiary were used by the members of the pardoning board as mere pawns in the game of politics, and that the power of the board to parole had given its president a power in the state not at all commensurate with the importance of his position.

And who were these men who sat in deliberation over the destinies of thousands? Were they trained criminologists, skilled to decide questions of crime and punishment? Had they the capacity, the knowledge, and the experience that would fit them to perform this nice task, or were they mere politicians—bubbles of chance blown into high places by winds of favoritism?

Factories and mills rearing their high chimneys on the prairies, a scattered outpost of houses, and then a quick increase in rows of squalid tenements reminded No. 8,756 that his train was entering Chicago, and he sat up with a start. Then he shook his head decidedly and told himself that his fears were perhaps groundless. After all, things were far from being as bad as they might be; the parole system, however glaring its faults, was better than the methods it had superseded. For one thing, the new law stipulated that employment should be found for a man before a parole was granted. This was certainly better than being turned loose on a world that shunned the ex-convict as it did a leper.

Our paroled convict realized, too, that in having had work secured for him by friends, he was more fortunate than those who had to depend for employment either on one of the bureaus supported by the state or else on Hope Hall, which owed its existence to the beneficence of the Volunteers of America. To Hope Hall, though it did what good it could, there were serious objections, for here a man came into contact every night with other ex-convicts; and if things went wrong with him, or if he were thrown out of work, he would be tempted to fall in with a comrade's suggestion that since honesty didn't pay, it was wiser to make "easy money" by a return to crime. Moreover, in so far as he could see, there was little difference between coming from Hope Hall and from the penitentiary—both branded a man as a member of the criminal class and put up hard and fast lines between him and the outer world where his one hope lay.

There was also the altogether worthy Central Howard Association to which he might have applied for assistance in seeking employment, and which, he knew, would have done all in its power to aid him, just as it had helped during 1906 to rehabilitate some 500 others through its five branches in various cities.

During the past year the twenty-nine such societies in the United States have lent a helping hand to 4,000 adults and minors who have been discharged from penal institutions. But how poorly does this record compare with the work of the same character done in Great Britain, where nearly every city has a prisoners' aid society. France, too, boasts of over fifty such societies; they abound in Holland and Denmark, while little Switzerland, in this as in nearly all else appertaining to the weal of the social whole, flies its flag in the van of human progress.

SWITZERLAND'S CARE OF CONVICTS

In every district of the Swiss cantons may be found committees, offspring of a great central body, organized by one of the fourteen associations that exist in the republic for the care of the discharged convict. In addition to these, there have been appointed certain "patrons," whose duty it is to form friendly relations with the prisoner during his term of confinement and to look out for his welfare after his discharge; and the value of the method has been proved and its worth has been put beyond question by the great decrease in the number of recommitments in those districts where it has been established most firmly. And again, the Swiss societies, like most of those abroad, guard and care for the earnings the convict may have accumulated when imprisoned.

No. 8,756, nevertheless, taking things for just what they were, had good reason to rejoice that the efforts of his friends had secured him a job with a manufacturer over on the North Side, who himself had once been imprisoned, though on a minor charge, and who had ever since taken a peculiarly active interest in the erring and had made unusual exertions to rehabilitate them.

THE THORNY PATH OF THE PAROLED

But his mind began to run again on the difficulties he should have to cope with. Many employers, he knew, expected more of a paroled prisoner than they did of their own workers. They were likely to treat him more severely, to watch him more closely, to drive him harder, and the ex-convict dared not complain lest he lose his position, lest the fault therefor be imputed to his own wantonness or indolence, his parole be revoked, and he be sent back to prison.

Moreover, since paroled men were usually glad to take any job that the state could get for them, if they could thereby secure liberty, many found themselves working in positions of danger, as in steel-mills, or else they accepted a smaller wage than they were worth.

Another of the difficulties before the paroled convict was the constant suspicion with which he was regarded by authorities. Every time a crime of any moment was committed, the police threw out their drag-nets and arrested every man with a record on whom they could lay their hands. No. 8,756 himself knew of one ex-convict who had been apprehended on suspicion nine times in Chicago and thirty-three times outside of Chicago, and who, proving his innocence, was released after each arrest.

There recurred to him the tragically humorous instance of a certain ex-convict who, while endeavoring to establish himself in the good graces of the righteous, was unfortunate enough to break a recently passed city ordinance by spitting on the street, and was promptly sent back to the realm of iron doors and steel bars from which he had just escaped.

The vigilance of those corporations that guaranteed business against the depredations of their employees haunted him. From the lips of one high in the ranks of the police he had heard the story of a man who had led an exemplary life for sixteen years after his discharge from a penal institution, when suddenly there appeared at the office of the police station an Amazonian representative of a surety company, demanding the privilege of looking through the criminal records in order to search out this man's past. The officer refused; she insisted. He remained firm as adamant. She left vowing vengeance. On the morrow a man from the same organization put in his appearance; to him the officer made a heart-to-heart appeal, begging that the ex-convict be left to enjoy the fruits of honesty that he had won by an almost superhuman effort. The man was touched, and so the present and the future of the one who once had erred were saved from blight. But who might say how many of those who had passed through the open gates had been hounded to death by these surety companies, in their zeal to protect their own coffers and those of their patrons?

His brain in a whirl, his head bent down, No. 8,756 trudged along, firmly resolved to pay no attention to the saloon and the questionable places of amusement that the terms of his parole especially forbade. But these beckoned on all sides, hailing him with luring voices; and it struck him then that for a man newly restored to liberty, these voices must by the very force of reaction make more than an ordinary appeal, and be doubly hard to resist.

Ex-convicts, recognizing him by his clothes and by certain indelible marks that the penitentiary stamps on the bearing of a man, signaled him, but recalling his contract with the state to avoid evil associates, he disregarded them. Yet it was a hard thing to do, for a natural bond of sympathy, fraternity, and understanding draws together the inmates of any institution, a bond that it is hard for the rest of the world to understand or appreciate.

NO PLACE FOR AN EX-CONVICT

At one o'clock Parole No. 8,756 reached the factory whither he was bound, and was at once admitted into the private office of its owner, who considered the situation with him, spoke a few encouraging words, and turned him over to the superintendent, a kind-hearted Dane.

For a few days things went smoothly and uneventfully; then the Dane sought out his employer and said sorrowfully, "I'm afraid we'll have to let No. 8,756 go."

"What's the trouble?"

"The same trouble as with your other experiments with men who have had prison records. He speaks in whispers to the other men; he looks at them out of the corners of his eyes, with the shifty glance peculiar to convicts on the lookout for guards. The men have spotted him and they threaten to quit if he doesn't leave."

The manufacturer sat silent for a while, reflecting. Then he said with a sigh: "I'm afraid, Bangs, we'll have to give up the whole experiment. It simply won't go! By the time the penitentiaries get through with a man we can't do anything with him or for him. It's sheer brutality, though, to keep on punishing a man in this fashion after he's expiated his crime. We literally drive him back to crime and then punish him again. But we've got to protect ourselves; let him go."

THE SPORT OF EVERY WIND

The manufacturer picked up a contract on which he had been figuring, and a half hour later No. 8,756 passed out into the street. In his perturbation he quite forgot his duty of reporting his discharge to the warden at Joliet. Afterward he reflected that he was the sport of every wind that blew, and that if he should happen to incur the enmity of any employer for any reason whatsoever, the employer could have him recommitted by exaggerating or falsifying the reason for his discharge.

With teeth set and fists clenched, resolving that come what might he would not surrender to the powers of darkness until he fell exhausted from the struggle, he walked hastily over to the state employment bureau, asked for its superintendent, and told him frankly what had occurred. His story found a sympathetic ear, and the superintendent promised to communicate with the prison authorities and to see meanwhile what could be done in his behalf.

Two days later, through the kind offices of the bureau, No. 8,756 found himself at work in a wall-paper establishment, to the proprietor of which, a man of philanthropic motives, his history had been confided. For some three weeks things went well and he plucked up courage and looked at the world through eyes that were more friendly and hopeful; then as fate would have it, trifles were missed, complaints were made, and the head of the business felt himself obliged to let the guiltless No. 8,756 go.

His third attempt was made in a stove foundry, but in some inexplicable way one of the men discovered his identity and then his forlorn history repeated itself. At the fourth place, a box factory, the foreman proved to be a petty tyrant, and exacted so much more of him than of the other men that the weakened constitution of No. 8,756 gave him the option between surrendering his job and breaking down.

Afraid to report these changes to the warden, No. 8,756, dangerously near to desperation, was making toward South Chicago in the hope of finding work in a grain elevator when he happened to stumble upon an ex-convict with whom he had formed an acquaintance in Joliet.

The man told him, as they stood on a corner chatting and exchanging experiences, oblivious of the detective shadowing them, that he had the opportunity of opening a small machine-shop, but that the lack of a little money to complete his collection of tools stood in the way of a promised success. He intended to commit a last theft—the first in years—in order to complete his outfit, and then to lead a faultlessly honest life ever afterward. If No. 8,756 would join him in the robbery, he would give him a fair share in the shop and would help establish him in a place of respect in the community. With admirable strength the paroled man resisted this most enticing of temptations, went his way, and secured his job in the grain elevator. That same night his acquaintance perpetrated the theft and was caught making away with his plunder. And the next morning No. 8,756 was arrested at his work, charged with complicity in the robbery, and sent back to Joliet for having violated his parole.

GIVE THE "CRIMINAL" A CHANCE FIRST

Suppose that the judge before whom a prisoner is tried for his first offense were permitted to suspend sentence and to put the prisoner under the care of an intelligent probation officer who should do all in his power to keep his charge from lapsing into evil. Would not this method save such as Parole No. 8,756—typical, I believe, of a large class—to respectable citizenship?

Would not this be infinitely better than paroling a man after he has been sent to a penal institution, after his health has been impaired, his spirit broken, and after there have been put on him those ineradicable marks that make his restitution to society a task all but insuperably difficult? Were this done—and in many states a fair trial of the plan is promised—society would be giving a man his opportunity first, instead of ruining him first and giving him his ghost of a chance afterward.

REFORMATION, NOT PUNISHMENT

Moreover, in those cases in which the suspended sentence should be violated or in which for any reason penal confinement should be found necessary, the ideal that actuates society ought to be reformation and not punishment. And such reformation cannot be wrought by placing at the head of our institutions men who accept the position for pecuniary reasons only, who have not the interest of their charges at heart, who are martinets, knowing nothing of penology, and to whom the greater science of criminology is a sealed book. The whole question, thanks to modern investigators, has become one of science, not of mere mystery and guesswork, and one who is not thoroughly grounded in its principles has no more right to the position of warden of a penitentiary than an illiterate has to the appointment of librarian.

Nor does it need any argument to convince fair-thinking men that the state has no right to impair, much less to shatter, the health of those whom it imprisons for their improvement or to safeguard its own welfare. Therefore, it goes without saying that all of our penal institutions should be thrown open to sunlight and pure, fresh air, and that they should be protected against all disease-breeding germs. The work done behind their doors should not be such, in quality nor quantity, nor performed under such conditions and rules as to be injurious to the body, mind, and soul of the inmates. Relief from the drudgery and the confinement of toil in the factory may be found in the out-of-door employment offered by a penitentiary farm. The newer and more enlightened public opinion is everywhere condemning the letting out of convict labor by contract. But, regardless of the question whether or not our prisons are made self-sustaining, we may go still further, without going too far, and say that the goods produced by a convict should be so disposed of that they may be given him in the shape of coin of the realm after his release, or may help to sustain the members of his family during his imprisonment. As things are now, the state not only often severely punishes the innocent by depriving them of the support of the breadwinner, but also, by exposing them to the temptations incident to poverty, runs the risk of making criminals faster than it corrects them.

Those who study into these matters are coming to see more and more clearly that it is the criminal and not the crime that should be treated; for though the crime may remain the same in innumerable instances, each and every criminal is an individual, and therefore differs from every other criminal. His needs, like his character and his nervous system, are special; and the régime required for either his care or his cure cannot be known until his case has been thoroughly diagnosed. In order that such diagnoses may be made, every state and the United States Government should establish a pathological laboratory, which should ascertain the history, parentage, and physiological condition of each prisoner. It is only by means of such study that discrimination can be made between the congenital criminal and the criminal made such by environment.

ABOLISH THE CAUSE OF CRIME

Yet such reforms as these, potent for good though they are, may still leave us exposed to the ravages of the germs of crime that arise from the inexhaustible culture-bed of bad social conditions and poverty, the tenement-house district and the slum. And these being ills for which society itself is responsible, society should obliterate them absolutely, in the same sane and scientific spirit in which it drains the swamp in order that the mosquito shall not spread noxious malaria broadcast.

Little Stories of Real Life

Under Suspicion

By Mary Stewart Cutting

WHARTON was "under suspicion." The fact came upon him overwhelmingly, astoundingly, as incongruously impossible as if his white skin had turned black, or he had been extraordinarily the sudden possessor of four feet instead of two. He had been trusted ever since he could remember. He had always had a potently honest face, brown eyes that looked at you squarely, a backward toss of the head that seemed to challenge the world, a mouth whose lines were both candid and strong. It was on the strength of his character that he had been given the place of paying teller in the new bank. He had now held the position for three weeks, and every day of these three weeks his cash had been twenty dollars short, no more, no less. And the money went in banking hours.

After the first discovery of it he had gone at once to the cashier, an old friend, who had been instrumental in getting him the place.

"You're rattled, Wharton," said the cashier. "Of course, you have more responsibility here than in your old place, and you get confused—your entries are wrong."

"Confused!" repeated Wharton contemptuously. "If I were that kind of a man, would you have brought me here? I tell you, the money *goes*. I've been here till seven o'clock these nights trying to straighten out that difference. The money goes, and it's from my desk. There's something awfully queer about it! Every morning I say to myself that it's impossible for any money to get away from me that day—and every night it's gone. Don't ask me how—there's nobody to take it—yet it goes."

"We'll go to the president," said the cashier, and to the president the two had gone. There was a secret conclave. The bank examiner was called in, and the books were thoroughly gone over, for it was argued that speculation would not stop at such a small sum. Yet no other theft was discoverable, and every day of the examination *twenty dollars disappeared.*

Every morning Wharton sorted the bills into neat piles in their separate compartments in the drawer; ones, twos, fives, tens, twenties, fifties, one hundreds, and the petty cash by itself. When he paid out money the drawer was pulled out; in the busy time of the day it might stand open for an hour at a time, as he quickly manipulated the bills. No one could possibly reach it from the front, through the grating and over the sloping top of the desk, and when any clerk had business with him Wharton closed the drawer. It was noticeable after a while that no man came within three feet of that desk if he could help it. With the strictest endeavors for secrecy it was known to everybody that from Wharton's desk money went daily, though he leaned upon the desk-lid from nine until twelve each day, and from half-past twelve until he went home. In the intervening half-hour he dined upstairs on the bean soup, roast beef, canned corn, and apple-dumplings furnished benevolently as being appropriate brain-food for sedentary workers. During that interval the cashier or the vice-president took his place. And at the end of three weeks the money was still going.

"There's nobody that *can* take it," said Wharton to his wife, in one of their many talks about the mystery. His wife looked at him anxiously, for the strain had told on him; he had become the shadow of the man who had proudly taken possession of the teller's desk at the beginning of the month. His brown eyes still met one squarely, but there were hollows under them. "I told you there wasn't a fellow in the bank that wasn't as straight as a string—not all the secret investigation has found one that was shady, or dissipated, or in need of funds."

"There's the janitor," suggested his wife for the twentieth time.

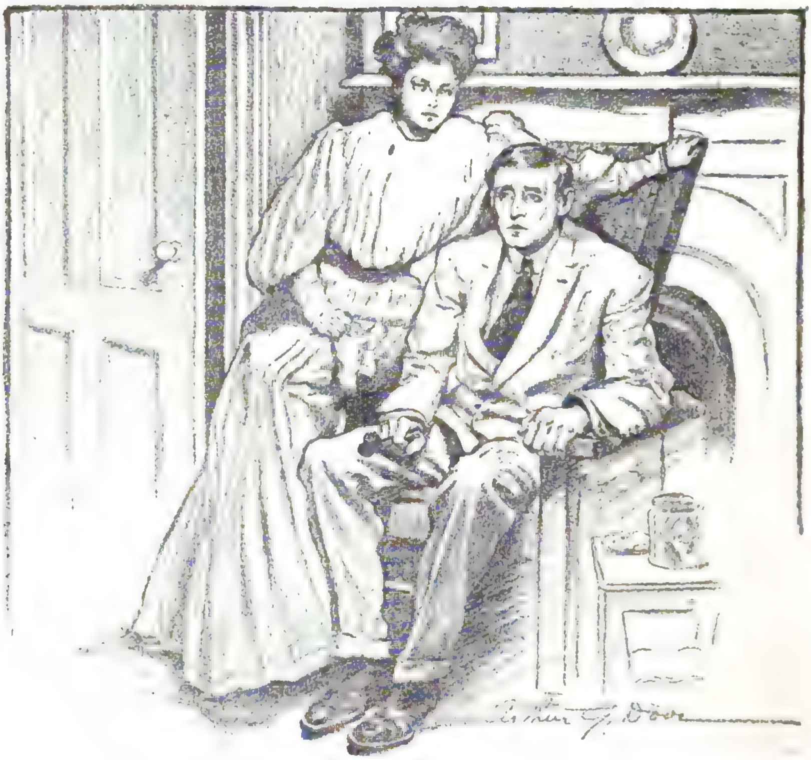
"Now, Esther! use your reason. How many times have I told you that that twenty dollars disappears during banking hours; Andrew is never inside of the railing until all the money is in the safe and locked up for the night. He's a thrifty Scotchman; I heard a piano in his rooms the other night, and he told me he'd been saving up for a year to buy it for his daughter. Esther, there is no one to take that money—but me."

"That's absurd," she retorted quickly, with a rising color. "I told you never to say that to me again."

"All the same, everybody else is saying it," replied Wharton quietly. "It's notorious that it is the men that are trusted who are the defaulters. Oh, it's true! I don't blame the boys for being suspicious of me. You see it's put them all in an awfully unpleasant situation. It's perfectly natural that they should feel sore over it, and there are times when I don't see what else they *can* think."

"Yes—you're too honorable to suspect others, yet you *will* make excuses when they suspect you," cried his wife hotly. "I've no patience with you, Curtis Wharton!" She put her arms around him in an embrace that was fiercely tender, though she suffered more than he.

He did not tell her that two of his fellow-clerks had patently avoided him as they left the bank that day, nor that he had caught snatches of conversation that reddened his haggard cheek. There was a secret conclave



"ESTHER, THERE IS NO ONE TO TAKE THAT MONEY—BUT ME."

in the board-room, to which he was not bidden.

"It narrows down to one thing," said the president sadly. "We have all known and respected Mr. Wharton—we have trusted him—but it narrows down to one thing. There is no one who can take that money but him."

"But he was the one who told us of it," cried the cashier, starting up, "it is not likely——"

The president shrugged his shoulders. "That, of course, is the principle we have gone on. He might have thought it a clever way to avert suspicion. What good does it do to argue? A fact's a fact. Give me some other theory and I'll work on it. I am going to have a detective stand there by Wharton and watch every penny that goes out or comes in. I think the deficit will stop."

The cashier groaned. He and Wharton had been boys together. But he knew that Wharton had had heavy expenses lately; that besides his delicate young wife there was a sister out West who needed help, and that there were some unexpected assessments on property that had to be paid. Wharton had been glad of his advancement to the tellership of the new bank for these reasons. Was it possible that—? Yes, it was the men who were trusted that defaulted, and yet——

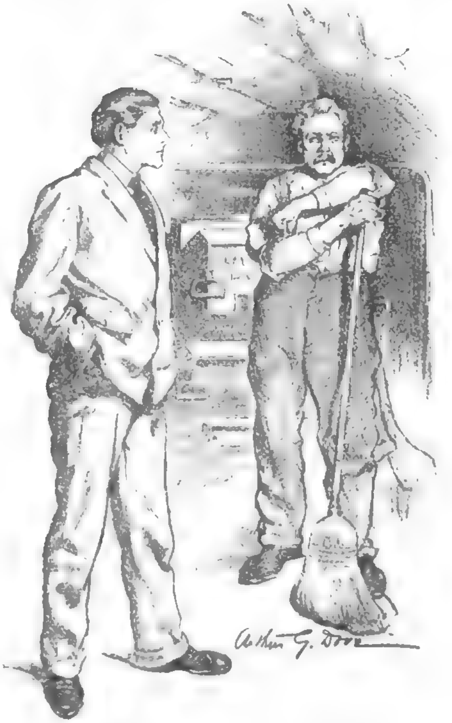
The cashier met the suspected man's steady, bright eyes, and said no! He held out his hand to Wharton and that grip and the faith of his wife kept Wharton's heart brave. He welcomed the detective with an eagerness which the latter interpreted in his own way.

"Downy bird," he said to himself, and awaited developments.

By Wharton's side he stood for three days, and watched every cent paid out or taken in, and every entry made. There was the drawer with the bills as before in neat piles in separate compartments; the ones, twos, fives, tens, twenties, fifties, one hundreds, and the petty cash by itself. When the drawer was closed the twenties lay under the middle of the sloping stationary lid of the desk, and on every one of the three days that the detective stood there a twenty-dollar bill disappeared.

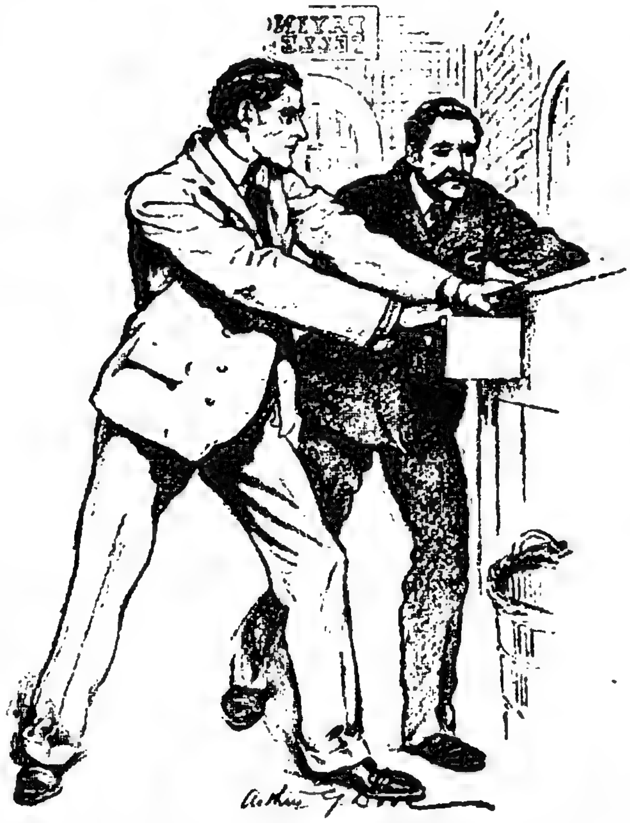
"No, I ain't found out how he gets it," he said to the president. "There's something mighty queer about the job. We've had that drawer out and looked it over half a dozen times—and looked around in the place it came from—in every *corner*—just as you did—and there's not a crack where a bill could slip to, and nothing but three feet of empty space below it, and a concrete floor below that. And there's something queer about Mr. Wharton. He ain't like any man I ever watched before. It doesn't seem to make any difference to him—my being there, I mean. He ain't conscious, nor nervous, nor fidgety, nor too pleasant—and he ain't bluffing, neither. The other day he knocked against me accidentally, and he said: 'I beg your pardon, Mr. Jex, I forgot you were there.' And he *had* forgotten it! It's a queer case."

It *was* a queer case, and to no one queerer than to the man who was under suspicion. A man with less character than he had always borne would have been ousted from his position long ago, but that character was a fabric that still held him up before the world, in spite of the unsettled foundation. In the long walks going to and from the bank, Wharton thought things over deeply; he could feel again sensitively each look, each gesture that showed his fall in the estimation



"NOT A MOUSE, FORBYE A RAT, IS THERE IN THE WHOLE BUILDING."

of his fellows. But greater than his own smart was his pain for the hurt confidence of those who had liked him—he was sure it *had* hurt them to believe ill of him. But in this strange and shadowy scene that he had entered, shadowed with dark thoughts and foul suspicions, and overhung with a pall of dread — he still kept sanely a brave and dominant spirit. He refused to bear the burden of a sin which he had not committed. There was the hand of his friend—a dear friend—the faith of his wife—Esther! and God knew.


THE RAT! QUICK AS THOUGHT HE PULLED THE DRAWER OUT.

"I don't like the janitor's face," said Esther stubbornly, at the breakfast table, the fourth morning of the detective's presence at the bank. "Well, never mind, I won't say it if it bothers you. But if it isn't the janitor—it must be rats."

"Rats it is," said Wharton good-naturedly. He had been awake half the night, thinking, and he walked to the bank with a singularly clear resolution that the mystery should be solved that day. If human agency caused the disappearance of that money human reason ought to be able to find it.

Rats! For the first time he considered the question seriously. In a new bank, with new wood, new desks, and concrete floors, rats had seemed out of the question. And that would be a singular rodent that took daily a bill of the same denomination from the same pile, but fact *was* sometimes very singular. He went down in the cellar as soon as he reached the bank to consult with Andrew, who was indignant at the idea.

"What am I here for, Mr. Wharton, but to keep the place clean and free from that vermin? Not a mouse, forbye a rat, is there in the whole building," said the janitor, "and you'll find neither mouse-hole nor rat-hole down here." There was an indefinable disrespect in his manner.

"Yes, I know," said Wharton, still peering around. The cellar had been gone through many times before unavailingly, and there was nothing more to be seen now.

Yet Wharton had "rats" on the brain; he could not get rid of the idea, which he imparted to the detective. Two or three times they pulled out the drawer with extreme suddenness to surprise a possible intruder—who was not there.

Wharton returned from his lunch at one o'clock. There was a lull in the business for a few minutes; the detective leaned against the side of the desk, and Wharton, sitting in front on a high stool, rested his head down on top of it. Suddenly, through the loud noise and rattle in the street, the low noise and talking in the bank—was that a wee noise *inside* the desk? The rat! Quick as thought he pulled the drawer out and peered up around within the frame-work. There was nothing. He felt above, nothing—his fingers strayed across the under side of the lid—

His face turned white.

"Strike a match!" he said to the detective.

Both men dropped on their knees and looked up by the light of the flaring match. Pressed flat against the under side of the stationary sloping lid of the desk was a *twenty dollar bill!*

"Call the president," said Wharton to the cashier in a strange voice.

It was a clever trick. They had looked up there before and had never seen the workings of it—could not have seen it unless the trick were in operation. The bill stuck to a lump of shoemaker's wax which was fastened to an extremely fine wire. The wire, as they discovered, ran along back in a tiny, concealing groove, on the under side of the desk-lid down through the leg of the desk, and through a tiny hole under the leg into the cellar, where the janitor's hand manipulated it. By letting out the wire the lump of wax fell upon the pile of twenty-dollar bills, and when the wire was drawn taut the bill lay pressed securely against the flat surface of the sloping lid, some inches above the drawer, until the contents of the drawer had been locked up for the night in the safe, and the bank vacated. Then the janitor came in, pocketed his twenty dollars cannily, and set the trap for another day. He had fled while they were still investigating his contrivance.

"It was the janitor, just as you predicted—and the discovery was all because you said rats!" said Wharton playfully to his wife. "What a detective you'd make! It is a continual wonder to us all now that it wasn't made before." He lay upon the sofa white and spent with excitement and the reaction of the relief. He smiled into Esther's brooding face as he went on, with boyish pleasure:

"Every one in the bank came around to shake hands with me, from the president down to little Micky Lanigan. I tell you, it seemed good! It's been pretty hard sometimes to feel—But that's over now. What do you think! They're going to celebrate with a dinner to-morrow night. They're just tumbling over themselves to make it up to me; it touches me more than I can say."

"Oh, *you*!" said his wife, with fond impatience. Her heart was still hot with indignation within her that this man could have walked unknown among his fellows. But she held her peace in homage to a nature so fine that even unjust suspicion could not foul its clear uses. He was only glad that the others rejoiced to find that he was an honest man.

A Hero Anyhow

By Virginia Avis

—AND when the smoke lifted, there right in front of us was a low stone wall an' the enemy shootin' over it. Well, sir, we just charged right over that wall, yellin' like a lot o' Indians—I tell you, that was fightin'!"

The old man's faded blue eyes brightened as he stopped to watch the imaginary battle. From his place on the porch step the boy looked up with round, solemn eyes. "Was that where you got your arm shot off, Uncle Ben?" he asked in awed tones, touching a reverent finger to the empty sleeve.

"Eh?" The old man came back to the present with a start. He looked at the boy with vague distrustfulness, and then passed his hand across his eyes, as if trying to remember. "Seems 's if I can't just recollect 'bout that, sonny," he said.

Strange that Uncle Bennie couldn't remember anything so important! The boy wanted so much to know the story of the empty sleeve, and if Decoration Day didn't bring it, there seemed little hope that any time would. He sighed and scrambled up.

"Well, I must be going—it's time to form. Wh-y, Uncle Ben, you'll be in the same parade with me, won't you? I never thought—It's my first Decoration Day here, you know," he added apologetically.

The old man shook his head sadly. "No, I don't ever march," he said.

"Why, why not? You're an ole soljer—they all do. You've got the right color o' clothes, too," the boy argued.

"They never asked me," the old man answered, moving uneasily, as if the subject troubled him.

The boy looked at him a moment, some resolution growing in his eyes. "Well, I must hurry," he said awkwardly, and was off down the steps.

Uncle Ben did not watch him, but his sister Sophie, who had been standing behind them in the doorway, saw the little figure march straight into the town hall across the square.

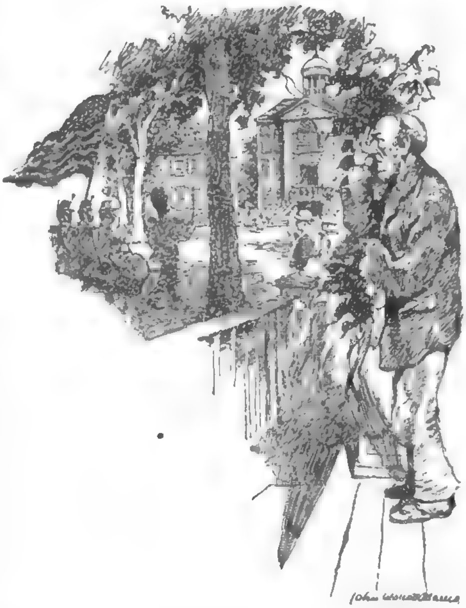
A group of schoolgirls with patriotic sashes went past the gate and called to Uncle Ben, who nodded to them kindly. Presently a boy called in good-natured mockery: "Goin' to march, Uncle Bennie?" Occasionally a badged and flustered citizen hurried across the square and disappeared in the town hall. And from far down the street came the sound of military music, growing louder every moment. The old man on the porch drew himself up, and leaned against a pillar, waiting. He watched till behind the drum-major's lordly figure he caught sight of the Stars and Stripes, and then Uncle Bennie stood erect, and gave the flag a shaky but precise salute.

The black entrance of the city hall swallowed that shining column, and the old man sank down again. Sophie, still watching, saw a small figure run down the steps and around the corner to where the ribbon-decked front of the school parade was already marking time; saw a heavy figure follow and come hurrying across toward the porch. Part way over it began gesticulating and calling to Uncle Bennie. "Why, what's Seth Brown comin' over here for, just when the p'rade's ready to start?" the old man said wonderingly.

"Hi, Bennie, get your hat. You're goin' to march," the heavy Mercury puffed, and then, reaching the gate, he paused and made ceremonious announcement: "Ben, the ole soljers has app'inted me to ask you to honor us by marchin' in the p'rade to-day. Will you come?"

Would he come! Trembling with eagerness, Uncle Bennie rose and started down the steps. "Bring my hat, Sophie," he called excitedly, and she had fairly to run after him with it.

Those who watched the parade from curbs and windows said that no child's face was so eager as Uncle Bennie's; no old soldier's tramp so firm as his. When the long, warm, dusty march had wilted flowers and children, and made the veterans' steps drag wearily, old Bennie's "left—right, left—right" was still regular, his head still erect. No straggling off into the shade for him when the cemetery was reached. He sat upright through the long speech, and when he raised his voice in "America," it was with eyes closed and head thrown back in a very fervor of patriotism. And when the last grave was decorated, the last salute fired, he still kept close to "the boys," hopeful, apparently, of a return parade.



UNCLE BENNIE GAVE THE FLAG A SHAKY BUT PRECISE SALUTE.

His little comrade was hanging about, evidently meaning to walk home with him. But Bennie did not know it. Presently two older boys went by. "When'd jew get to be a ole soljer, Uncle Bennie?" one of them jeered.

Like a flash Bennie's champion turned with doubled fists, but the boys went on, laughing. Sophie, who had been near by, came up and spoke to her brother's small defender, standing there with eyes still flashing.

"I guess Bennie's goin' home with the others," she said pleasantly. "He don't know you got him into the parade; but I guessed, and I want to thank you." She looked closely at his flushed little face, and then, hesitating, asked: "They didn't tell you anything about Bennie, did they—why he hadn't marched or anything?"

The boy's face clouded. "They laughed at first," he said, "and then one of 'em started to explain, but the others wouldn't let him, an' then they went off by themselves, and told me they'd see."

Sophie nodded slowly. "S'pose you come along with me," she suggested. The boy could not refuse, though he looked wistfully after Uncle Bennie's disappearing figure. Sophie was pleasant to him, but Sophie had no empty sleeve. Resignedly, he let her take his hand and lead him away.

"Let's go around among the graves till the crowd gets out," she said. A little way along she stopped where a woman was bending over a mound not marked with the flag. "Sarah Butterfield," Sophie called, "can't you give your flowers to the soldiers this one day? I don't think John Butterfield would thank you to make him rob the country's heroes."

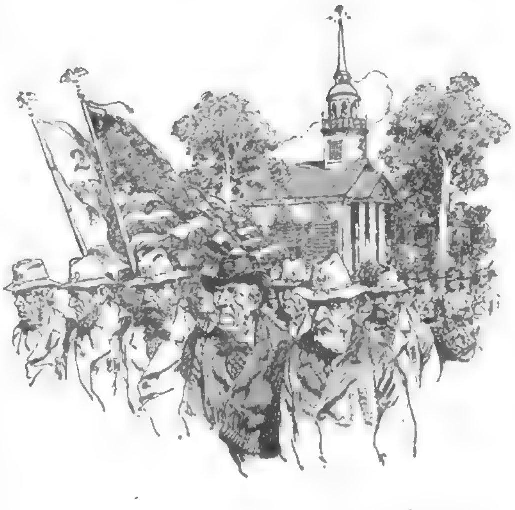
The boy had never heard Sophie so stern. It must be because her brother was a soldier, he thought. Presently she drew him to one side. "Here's where Bennie's mother—and mine—lies," she said. "See—Mary Alice—wife of Alonzo Perkins—1801—1864——"

"Why," the boy said, interested, "that was in war-times, wasn't it?"

Sophie did not look at him. "Yes," she answered.

"Oh—" he looked at the stone again. "December, 1864—why, then, Uncle Bennie must 'a' been away—that was too bad."

"Bennie was home," Sophie said. "That's what I want to tell you before any one else does. Come now—they're 'most all out, and we'll have the road to ourselves. . . . It was this way: When the war broke out, our father—Bennie's and mine—had just died, and we were poor as Job's turkey. Mother was all broken down and hardly able to earn anything, though she would sew as long's she could; my sister Elvie was just a little child, and I was only a frail, ailing young girl and couldn't do much. Well, when the call come, we could see Bennie was just crazy to go—and it wasn't because he was any fonder of a gun than other boys, either—Bennie was always one to be gentle. But it just seemed as if he couldn't stand it not to do something for his country. He didn't say anything much, and I didn't realize then, but mother saw some of it. He wouldn't admit anything, though—when any one asked him if he was going, he'd just say, 'Oh, I guess not yet.' But he wasn't himself—he'd sit around kind of solemn, and he wouldn't go to see any of his friends, and kept away from all the public meetings. An' another thing —Bennie was waitin' on a girl then—they wasn't exactly pledged, but I s'pose they would 'a' been. But the girl felt the difference in Bennie, too. I think she must 'a' known why he didn't go—most likely he did tell *her*. But—well, a soldier's uniform means a lot to a woman, and this one —no, I won't say anything against her, for she's dead and gone these many years, but anyway she threw Bennie over for one of the boys that marched away.



NO CHILD'S FACE WAS SO EAGER AS UNCLE BENNIE'S.

"Then come drafting. And Bennie began to brighten up. I believe in spite of not wantin' to leave us, he hoped they'd make him go, thinkin' perhaps some o' the neighbors would look out for us. But they didn't draft him—they found out how all was with us. The night after he'd heard they wouldn't make him go, I guess Bennie got desp'rate. The little boys around town had got to naggin' him, askin' why he didn't go fight when all his cronies had gone, and maybe they'd been worse that day. Anyway, along in the night I heard something stirring in his room, right next to where Elvie and I slept. I lay awake and listened. Pretty soon his door-knob was turned very soft and he went slippin' down the stairs. I slipped after him. Down at the bottom o' the steps I stopped an' peeked out the crack into the kitchen. There was Bennie at the outside door, all dressed and with a bundle on his back. He fumbled at the door and threw it open. It was moonlight. I can remember just how he looked standin' there lookin' out, though I couldn't see his face. He stood a long time an' then he giv' a big sigh—an' shut the door, with him on the inside."

The woman paused, intent on her brother's tragedy, and quite forgetful of the child.

"Didn't he go?" the boy asked at last, when he could stand the silence no longer.

Sophie came back to him. "No, he didn't go, then—nor ever."

The boy gasped, and was silent, stumping along with head down. Then with a flash of inspiration, "How'd his arm get shot off, then?" he asked skeptically.

Sophie looked down at him kindly, and spoke with great gentleness. "I'm coming to that. You see, Bennie got after a while so he'd read everything about the war—he'd sit and read and read the papers as if he was learning them all by heart. And when the boys begun to come back wounded, he'd go an' help take care of them. And they'd tell an' tell about this battle an' that, and Bennie 'd listen an' then come home an' tell us. And sometimes I'd notice he'd leave out the name of the man that told him and he'd kind o' tell things as if he'd been there—maybe he'd even say 'we.' You see his mind just went on that all the time. And then he got hurt in the sawmill—his arm was cut off——"

"Wasn't it shot off at all?" the boy demanded.

Sophie could only shake her head.

"But he *said* it was——"

It was even harder than Sophie had imagined. "That's what I'm tryin' to explain," she said, "that he doesn't know it isn't so. He was terribly sick for a long time when he was hurt, and out of his head—and he talked and talked about fighting. And when he got better—he's never been quite the same—it was always 'we.' But he don't mean to say what isn't true—do you understand that?" She looked anxiously at the drooping head.

"Yes, ma'am," the boy said lifelessly.

"And don't you see how he was a hero, anyhow," she pleaded, "even if he didn't fight with a gun? Oh, my boy, just think how brave he was to stay home for us when he wanted to go so bad! Never complained, either, when he lost his girl and was called a coward and made fun of—and oh, how he did want to go! I can't make anybody know how much he wanted to go. *Don't* you see that he's a hero, anyhow?"

There was pathetic appeal in Sophie's eyes as she waited the child's verdict.

At ten it is not easy to substitute a passive hero for one who has carried the flag over the enemy's ramparts. But Harold made a brave effort. "Yes'm, I do," he said, and looked up at her, smiling a little deprecatory smile. "You see, I—I just thought he'd had his arm *shot* off. Tell him"—they were near home now—"tell him I'll—I'll come—tomorrow."

On Being Waked by a Factory Girl, Singing

By WALTER PRICHARD EATON

YOU wake me with your shrill soprano,
  Sloe-eyed Yiddish maid,
Singing as you hem a coat sleeve
  Or turn a strip of braid;
I lie in bed and curse your tumult
  That spoiled my morning rest,
And wonder who on earth concocted
  That early-rising jest;
He may get up what time it please him—
  For that, and so may you—
But by what right do you compel me
  To lose my best sleep, too?
Confound you, it's a beastly outrage. . . .
  But what is that you sing—
A queer, outlandish, Slavic folk-song,
  A plaintive, minor thing?
Perhaps they sang it in the steerage
  To soothe your eyelids down,
Perhaps for you it means the homeland
  In this great, homeless town!
My broken dreams were of a homeland
  Afar from these drab walls,
Where woodlands spread, and on the grasses
  At night the sweet dew falls:
My fellow in the prison city,
  I rise to face the day,
And humbly send my prayer for pardon
  Across the area-way!

A Row of Books

By JOHAN BARRETT

THE Japanese have a legend of a party of blind men who, having chanced upon an elephant, attempted to find out what it was. One of them examined its left hind leg. Another was picked up by its trunk. A third secured a ladder and so grasped its right ear. Afterward they compared notes; but not only could they never agree as to the nature of the beast, but each to his dying day maintained that the others were liars. Science and Religion have long been engaged in a similar argument. Are there not many readers of EVERYBODY'S who, confronted with the duty of grounding their children in religious truths, are at a loss how, in so doing, to guard them reasonably against future disillusionment? If so, Sir Oliver Lodge, who is a scientist of wide repute and also a man of genuine religious understanding, has published a catechism of twenty questions and answers that will be of invaluable help to them. It is called "The Substance of Faith, Allied with Science" (Harper), and it is the only one of the many attempts at so-called "reconciliation" that I have read which is worth the paper it is printed on. This is because, instead of trying to "reconcile" irreconcilable *inferences*, it aims at stating simply and concisely the points of possible agreement. The task was one of great difficulty, because there is nothing in the world so difficult of achievement as simplicity, and nothing simpler than truth. The result, however, is a statement which is enough for any child to believe and to which only a very narrow dogmatist or a very hair-splitting scientist will take exception.

◆

Miss Edith Rickert's novel, "The Golden Hawk" (Baker & Taylor), is one of those infrequent and correspondingly welcome tales in which the author has not only told a story, but expressed a mood. Miss Rickert is a writer with a temperament. She responds strongly to varying aspects of nature and of human nature; attunes herself, as it were, to their vibrations, and reproduces them modulated by her own timbre. Two years ago she published a story called "The Reaper" in which, with rare technique and a sensitive rendering of delicate values, she mirrored the somber tones of life on the bleak slopes of the Shetland Islands. In the present work she evokes for us, gaily and laughingly, yet with a feeling that goes beneath the surface glamour, the self-confiding and irresponsible Gascon spirit of sun-flecked Provence. The Hawk is a gay young braggart who starts out from Avignon, confidence in his heart and his fortune on his back, to see life and to conquer the world. How far he accomplishes these purposes he who reads will know. It is quite beside the mark to outline the tale. It is the author's absorption in the spirit of it that counts; an absorption that leads us, willingly, far from the familiar paths of conventional fiction, to show us one temperament interpreted by another.

◆

In speaking of Myra Kelly's novel, "The Isle of Dreams" (Appleton), it behooves us to remember that the second work of a new writer is like a baby's second summer. It marks a period of readjustment. The impulses that determined the first writing have been exhausted. Henceforth it is grow teeth or die, and the crisis bespeaks our patience. "Little Citizens," Myra Kelly's pictures of child life on the East Side in New York, was a charming example of spontaneous expression. The author, then a teacher in the public schools, had met and known and loved these youngsters and wrote of them with a sympathy, humor, and understanding that won instant recognition. Very naturally she has determined to try her hand at fiction and, also very naturally, her story shows inexperience. It is a love story with a young artist for a heroine, an art collector for Prince Charming, a plot over-sentimental in its naïveté, and character contrasts rather crudely emphasized. If one is under twenty, one may read it with enjoyment. If not, one had better await the author's next book.

❧

For purposes of criticism one may change a trite old saying into "Truth is stranger than fiction can afford to be." Strange coincidences and other freaks of Fate may be carried off by a good story with live people in it; but they seldom, of themselves, *make* a good story; and they never make one because they are "really true" or "perfectly possible." Aquila Kempster's novel, "Salvage" (Appleton), is a story of crime and reform and retribution, which is rather well written and introduces some pleasant and quite knowable people. But it never lets us really enjoy them because it keeps constantly bringing our attention back to the *plot* and forcing us, instead, say, of once for all accepting an impossibility and being done with it, to justify a succession of improbable events on the mere score of their actual possibility. Gelett Burgess's new story of "The White Cat" (Bobbs-Merrill), is, on the other hand, a good example of how the dramatic and fictional elements of an exotic but remotely possible situation may be utilized. The tale is based on a case of "double personality" in a beautiful girl, and parallels the fairy-tale from which it takes its name. It is a clever adaptation to the story-teller's own ends of the sensational guesses of modern science, and, although it ends in a furor of fuss and firearms, it makes a decidedly entertaining yarn.

❧

Some five years ago F. Schuyler Mathews published a "Field Book of American Wild Flowers" (Putnam), which for compactness, convenience, and reliability is, as far as I know, unsurpassed. It contains some three hundred illustrations, twenty-four of them in color, and all of them good likenesses. It can be slipped into a coat pocket, and I have carried and used my copy in many parts of the country and have never stumped it but once. I mention it because another book—also about out-of-doors, pocket size, and unsurpassed of its kind, reminded me of it. This other book is a new one, written by Horace Kephart, and is called "The Book of Camping and Woodcraft" (Outing). It is crammed full of good ideas, good talk, and good information. Of course the art of getting along in the wilderness is not to be learned in the study. Yet woodsmanship is an acquirement whose devotees never tire of comparing notes, and Mr. Kephart's volume is as entertaining as it is instructive. It will prove a handy reference book, and good company to boot, to any occasional dweller in tents, be he old stager or new.

❧

Some critical observer of the output of the human imagination has claimed that there are, really, but seven stories in existence, and that all known tales are variations or combinations of these prismatic elements. Whether the computation be accurate or not, it is certainly true that the chief task of current fiction is to dress old themes in new clothes; and this is exactly what John Corbin has done in "The Cave Man" (Appleton). Mr. Corbin's novel is a variation of basic story number one, that of the hero whose heart is true to Poll for a humanly improbable period, in the face of humanly irresistible discouragement, and who is finally rewarded by defeating and discrediting his treacherous rival, the villain. But this outline of the tale is only what, in scientific jargon, is called "the final analysis." On its face the story is about Wall Street, and Washington Square, and the formation of Trusts, and the manipulation of "corners." Only, instead of dealing with these matters as Mr. Lawson or Mr. Lefèvre has dealt with them, Mr. Corbin treats them as mere accessories of romance. He has, as it were, cut out from the realistic cloth of the day, a 1907 spring suit for an old friend.

❧

Hutchins Hapgood, in "The Spirit of Labor" (Duffield), gives us an outline of the life of a laboring man now prominent in union and radical circles in Chicago. The man is one whom Mr. Hapgood considers an approximate incarnation of the type, and one whom he met constantly and intimately for some months. It may be recalled that in 1904 Joseph R. Buchanan published his own experiences under the title of "The Story of a Labor Agitator." That book was extremely interesting and had all the earmarks of a straight story. I believe that it was, if anything, more straightforward than most autobiographies. I remember, however, that after I had read the book I met Buchanan and talked with him, and my judgment of the man added to my understanding of his story. Now it is just this combination that we get in Mr. Hapgood's "The Spirit of Labor." We have Anton's (the laboring man's) own story, and Hapgood's judgment and comments on it and on him. And Mr. Hapgood is admirably fitted to act in this capacity of interpreter. He is interested in the human equation. He likes to find the other fellow's point of view, and when he finds it he likes to get into it and take a look around. Finally, he knows his own mind and says what he thinks straight from the shoulder and straight to the point.

Everywhere you go this spring, every one you meet is complaining of the increased cost of the necessities of life. Chiffon is up. Lobsters are up. Even Camembert cheese is up. No one seems to have noticed, however, the one exception to the movement. The price of fiction is unchanged. And not only that. We are getting four and five and six hundred pages at the price of three hundred. The dark-haired adventuress, the amateur detective, the autobiographical hero, are all doing more stunts and working longer hours for the same stipend. Yet no one seems grateful. On the contrary, I am inclined to think that a little booklet of forty pages and a scant quarter inch in thickness is about the best value among the new offerings. This little booklet is Miss Ida Tarbell's "He Knew Lincoln" (McClure, Phillips). It contains nothing but a short interview with an old shopkeeper in Springfield, Illinois. It is full of sentiment—think of Miss Tarbell writing forty pages of sentiment! But it brings home to you, as no four hundred pages have ever done, the personality of the biggest of Americans—or of moderns. It grips you in a way that is always disconcerting to the Anglo-Saxon. But if, a week or two later, you begin to distrust the quality of its emotional appeal and reread it, it grips you harder.

❧

Occasionally it is possible for one who is given to literary botanizing, and who consequently pokes around a bit in the woods-roads and thickets of current publications, to call the attention of his friends to a find that they would be unlikely to see from the highway. Who, for instance, while rushing along at forty miles an hour in a six-cylinder novel of "intrigue and adventure," would notice a brace of stories translated from the Hindu, or stop to read them if he did? Yet the two Indian legends that F. W. Bain has done into exquisite English in "A Draught of the Blue" (Putnam), are not only very beautiful stories in themselves, with the aromatic suggestion of the East about them, but they speak to us in a voice whose tones most of us once loved but have forgotten. Our own fiction is, for the most part, so terribly sophisticated! It has lost its illusions. It has outgrown, utterly, the knack of occupying, on occasion, the fairy-tale point of view, the ability to believe—not to make-believe—in abstract passions: in love and hate, and grief and despair. And so it is a genuine pleasure and tonic, a drink of cool water on a dusty noon, to find some writer, even if it be a forgotten Hindu, who speaks to us with the wisdom of years joined to the faith of youth.

❧

OTHER BOOKS

"The Truce in the East and its Aftermath"—(Macmillan). An interesting, although somewhat rambling, discussion of the political and economic results of the Russian-Japanese war, together with descriptions of Korea and parts of China, by B. L. Putnam Weale.

"A Break in Training"—(Outing). A collection of very good stories of college athletics, by Arthur Ruhl.

"The Psychic Riddle"—(Funk & Wagnalls). A new volume by Dr. Isaac K. Funk, containing his personal experiences in the investigation of spiritualistic manifestations.

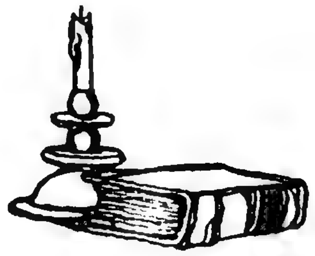
"Madame de Treymes"—(Scribner). A novelette by Mrs. Edith Wharton, giving the history of an international episode. Like most of the author's short stories, this one has both the brilliancy and the hardness of etched metal.

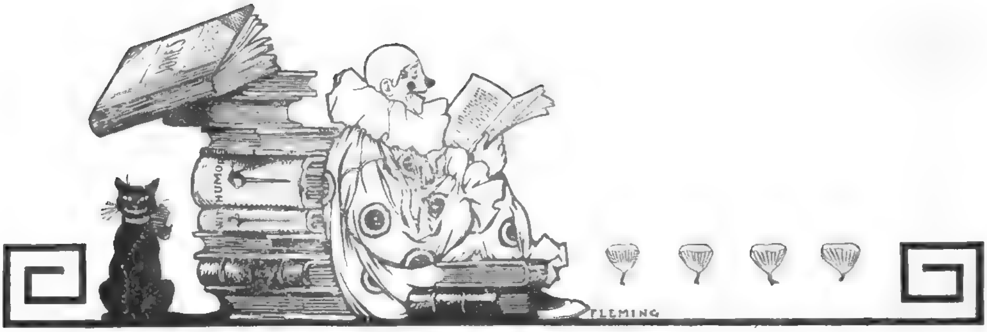
"New Chronicles of Rebecca"—(Houghton, Mifflin). A series of second bites at Kate Douglas Wiggin's best cherry—the heroine of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."

"The Nature and Origin of Life"—(A. S. Barnes). Translated from the French of Felix le Dantec. An explanation of the methods, discoveries, and deductions of modern biology. A valuable little book.

"The Story of the Outlaw"—(Outing). "Bad men's biographies" by Emerson Hough. About the poorest of this writer's historical compilations.

"Phantom Wires"—(Little, Brown). A well told and rapidly moving story by Arthur Stringer, giving some further adventures of the couple who figured in "The Wire Tappers."





Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree

Editor's Note.—A good story is a treasure, and, like other precious things, hard to find. Our readers can assist us, if they will, by sending any anecdotes they find that seem to them good. Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree."

The Rev. Dr. Twitchell, at the educational conferences at Lexington, began one of his little speeches with, "Gentlemen and ladies." He hastily corrected himself and passed the incident off with the following anecdote:

A teacher asked her class if the sentence, "The horse and the cow is in the lot," were correct. Most of the class thought it all right as it stood, but one little boy found fault.

"Now, children," said the teacher, "listen to Tommy. Why is it wrong, Tommy, to say 'The horse and the cow is in the lot'?"

"Please, ma'am, the lady should be mentioned first."

* * *

Two smart young Londoners once accosted a respectable-looking shepherd in Argyll with:

"You have a very fine view here—you can see a great way."

"Yu ay, yu ay, a ferry great way."

"Ah! You can see America from here, I presume?"

"Farrar than that."

"Farther than that?"

"You jist wait tul the mists gang awa' and you'll see the moon."

* * *

The storekeeper at Yount, Idaho, tells the following tale of Ole Olson, who later became the little town's mayor.

"One night, just before closin' up time, Ole, hatless, coatless, and breathless, come rushin' into the store, an' droppin' on his knees yelled, 'Yon, Yon, hide me, hide me! Ye sheriff's after me!'

"'I've no place to hide you here, Ole,' said I.

"'You moost, you moost!' screamed Ole.

"'Crawl into that gunny-sack then,' said I.

"He'd no more'n gotten hid when in runs the sheriff.

"'Seen Ole?' said he.

"'Don't see him here,' said I, without lyin'.

"Then the sheriff went a-nosin' round an' pretty soon he spotted the gunny-sack over in the corner.

"'What's in here?' said he.

"'Oh, just some old harness and sleigh-bells,' said I.

"With that he gives it an awful boot.

"'Yingle, yingle, yingle!' moaned Ole.

* * *

Miss Sallie Miller, the acknowledged belle of the town, had fewer beaux than were her due. This was owing to her father's peculiar aversion to all young men who called on his daughter. He had a disconcerting way of taking possession of the porch and snubbing her callers while they were waiting for her to come down.

One evening Mr. Newton Brown, a bashful young swain, came a trifle too early for Miss Sallie. Mr. Miller and Newton's father were close friends, but the boy had grown so rapidly that the old gentleman did not recognize little Newt Brown in this tall, gawky youth.

"It looks as if it might rain," the young fellow ventured timidly.

"'Tain't a-goin' to rain," was the gruff response.

For about a quarter of an hour they sat in silence. Finally the old man's curiosity got the better of him.

"Who are you, anyway?" he growled.

"Newton Brown, sir."

"What! Not old Jake Brown's son?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, well," said Mr. Miller more kindly, "it *may* rain. It *may* rain."

⁂

"Two Mormon boys went to school for the first time out in Utah," relates Congressman J. Adam Bede, "and the teacher asked them their names.

"'John and William Smith,' the boys replied.

"'Ah, then you are brothers! How old are you?'

"'Each ten years old, ma'am.'

"'Indeed! Then you are twins?'

"'Please, ma'am,' replied one of the boys, 'only on our father's side.'"

⁂

Not long ago a city editor in Ottumwa, Iowa, was told over the telephone that a prominent citizen had just died suddenly. He called a reporter and told him to rush out and get the "story." Twenty minutes later the reporter returned, sat down at his desk, and began to rattle off copy on his typewriter.

"Well, what about it?" asked the city editor.

"Oh, nothing much," replied the reporter, without looking up. "He was walking along the street when he suddenly clasped his hands to his heart and said, 'I'm going to die!' Then he leaned up against a fence and made good."

⁂

A negro exhorter shouted to his audience, "Come up an' jine de army ob de Lord!"

"I'se done jined," replied one woman.

"Whar'd yo' jine?" asked the exhorter.

"In de Baptis' Church."

"Why, chile," said the exhorter, "yo' aint in de army ob de Lord; yo's in de navy."

⁂

The fact that his two pet bantam hens laid very small eggs troubled little Johnny. At last he was seized with an inspiration. Johnny's father, upon going to the fowl-run one morning, was surprised at seeing an ostrich egg tied to one of the beams, with this injunction chalked above it:

"Keep your eye on this and do your best."

⁂

One Eastern railroad has a regular form for reporting accidents to animals on its right of way. Recently a track foreman had the killing of a cow to report. In answer to the question, "Disposition of carcass?" he wrote: "Kind and gentle."

⁂

"Which is correct," asked a summer boarder who wished to air his knowledge, "to speak of a sitting hen or a setting hen?"

"I don't know," replied the farmer's wife, "and what's more I don't care. But there's one thing I would like to know: when a hen cackles, has she been laying, or is she lying?"

⁂

"Jones was once very ill," relates the late Ambrose Thomas, "and his regular physician being out of town, the family called in another doctor.

"But the family physician unexpectedly returned, and he and the other doctor reached Jones's bedside together. They found the patient in a high fever. Each put his hand under the bedclothes to feel the sick man's pulse, and each accidentally got hold of the other's hand.

"'Typhoid,' said the first physician.

"'Nothing of the sort,' said the other. 'He's only drunk.'"

⁂

A middle-aged farmer accosted a serious-faced youth outside the Grand Central Station in New York the other day.

"Young man," he said, plucking his sleeve, "I wanter go to Central Park."

The youth seemed lost in consideration for a moment.

"Well," he said finally, "you may just this once. But I don't want you ever, *ever* to ask me again."

⁂

Something at the Dutch Treat Club dinner recently reminded George Mallon, of the *Sun*, of an old man up in Malone, New York, called Uncle Ike. He was so famed for his wisdom that whenever anything extraordinary happened, the villagers always asked: "What does Uncle Ike say?"

Once a man became ill there and had to go West. Word came back to Malone about the end of the winter that he had reached the point of death. Everybody naturally asked: "What does Uncle Ike say?"

"He'll live till June," said Uncle Ike promptly.

"Why do you think so?" asked Malone breathlessly.

"Well," answered Uncle Ike sagely, "he always has."

◆

A bespectacled teacher boarded a car one afternoon with a kindergarten class that she was taking for an outing. When they were all settled she bowed effusively to a gentleman sitting directly opposite, but almost immediately discovered that she had made a mistake and that he was an entire stranger. Greatly embarrassed, she leaned over and apologized, saying: "I beg your pardon—I mistook you for the father of two of my little girls."

◆

The poultry editor of the *Buckeye County Gazette* received this letter from a poetical summer cottager:

Dear Editor: What shall I do? Each morn when I visit my hen-house I find two or three fowls on their backs, their feet sticking straight up and their souls wandering through fields Elysian. What is the matter?

Yours in trouble,
———

The prosaic editor replied by return mail:

Dear Friend: The principal trouble with your hens seems to be that they are dead. There isn't much that you can do, as they will probably be that way for some time.

Yrs resptfly,
The Editor.

◆

While waiting for the speaker at a public meeting a pale little man in the audience seemed very nervous. He glanced over his shoulder from time to time and squirmed and shifted about in his seat. At last, unable to stand it any longer, he arose and demanded, in a high, penetrating voice, "Is there a Christian Scientist in this room?"

A woman at the other side of the hall got up and said, "I am a Christian Scientist."

"Well, then, madam," requested the little man, "would you mind changing seats with me? I'm sitting in a draft."

◆

In a New York street-car recently a young man attracted the attention of the other passengers by suddenly leaping from his seat and picking up something from between the slats of the floor. For a moment he examined his find. Then he asked, "Did anybody lose a five-dollar gold piece?"

A ministerial-looking man got up from his seat at the other end of the car and started toward the young man with outstretched hand.

"Yes," he said, "I dropped a five-dollar gold piece when I got on, but owing to the crush I couldn't find it."

"Very well," said the young man gleefully. "Here's a nickel toward it."

◆

"A sense of humor is a help and a blessing through life," says Rear-Admiral Buhler. "But even a sense of humor may exist in excess. I have in mind the case of a British soldier who was sentenced to be flogged. During the flogging he laughed continually. The harder the lash was laid on, the harder the soldier laughed.

"'Wot's so funny about bein' flogged?' demanded the sergeant.

"'Why,' the soldier chuckled, 'I'm the wrong man.'"

◆

O. Henry, the author, vouches for the following:

An effeminate young man daintily placed two cents on a drug-store counter and asked the clerk for a stamp. The clerk tore one off and slid it over to him. The young man drew an envelope from his pocket.

"Would you mind licking it for me and placing it on here?" he lisped.

"Sure," said the clerk, as he started to stamp the letter.

"Oh, stay!" cautioned the young man in great alarm. "Not that way, I beg of you. Kindly place the stamp with the top toward the outer edge of the envelope."

"Sure," said the obliging clerk. "But what in thunder's that for?"

"Why, you see," confided the youth blushingly, "I'm a student in the Cosmopolitan Correspondence School and that's our college yell."

◆

"Queer, isn't it?"
"What's queer?"
"Why, the night falls——"
"Yes."
"—but it doesn't break."
"No."
"And the day breaks——"
"Yes."
"—but it doesn't fall." And he was gone.

◆

"What's all the row over on the next block?" a reporter asked of a policeman.

"Aw, only a wooden weddin'."

"A wooden wedding?"

"Sure. A couple uv Poles is gettin' married."

With "Everybody's" Publishers

THIS is our anniversary. The first number of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE under our management was the June EVERYBODY'S, 1903. Looking back over the four years we find much for encouragement. Our rather unusual success, we frankly admit, has not been entirely due to our efforts. Although we have worked faithfully and, in the main, intelligently, we owe a great deal to our good fortune. We are not born geniuses. Not by a long shot.

You who read this department, we believe, understand that its first purpose is to give our readers a little glimpse of the inside. Every time we "take our pen in hand" to write the monthly instalment, we are fearful that you will be bored or worse. But remembering your interest from the very beginning, 'way back there in June, 1903, and having before us constant evidences of your continued interest, we are encouraged to chat with you as often as you care to listen.

You may be entertained by a brief statement of what we believe to be the most important thing accomplished by EVERYBODY'S in the past year. Accomplished, we mean, in a business way. The first year, you will recall, we pushed the circulation from 150,000 a month to 300,000. This was the result of increasing the size of the magazine from 96 to 144 pages introducing the still-life covers—suggested to us and the first two designed by Ralph Tilton, peace to his memory—straightening out a snarl that the old management had gotten itself into with the news-dealers, advertising judiciously, increasing the advertising showing, which is a good circulation maker, and securing several good live articles that happened to hit the public interest on the minute.

❧

MR. ROCKEFELLER

WHILE all of this was going on, we had been searching everywhere for some great live series that would put EVERYBODY'S circulation up among the leaders. We did not care to be among the "never was's." A hundred leads were discussed, canvassed, investigated, and dropped. You will be surprised to learn what one we worked hardest on. It was the autobiography of John D. Rockefeller. Wouldn't that have been a winner? But Mr. Rockefeller had not at that time learned the value of self-directed publicity. Well, it began to look as if EVERYBODY'S would have to hang around the 300,000 mark when one morning early in the second year, our silent partner—the same one who furnished us with the money to buy EVERYBODY'S—called us on the 'phone and asked if we had seen the Associated Press dispatch in the New York *Times* to the effect that Mr. Lawson was going after Standard Oil. Our editor, Mr. Cosgrave, caught the first train for Boston and stayed there till he saw Mr. Lawson. Not an easy job, as any one knows who has tried it.

We suspect that Mr. Lawson was testing Mr. Cosgrave's persistence to the limit, and was thoroughly investigating the publishers of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, for he realized the character of the fight ahead and he wanted to be quite sure we were in earnest in our desire to get at him. When he was convinced that we were not to be denied, he threw open the door, and thereupon in short order the negotiations were concluded for the crusade of Frenzied Finance.

❧

A RECORD BREAKER

MR. LAWSON'S series carried EVERYBODY'S circulation, or flung it rather, above 500,000 the second year and on up to 700,000 early in the third year, holding between 600,000 and 700,000 till the end of the series. Meantime the circulation had grown so much faster than our advertising receipts that we were compelled to increase the price per copy to fifteen cents. This brings us to the fourth year and the confession that it is a bit more comfortable to look at that fourth year from this end than it was from the other. Our circulation had grown so rapidly that many were prophesying a frightful tumble. We were uncertain but not panicky. We started in to make the most we could out of the situation and the result we regard as the greatest accomplishment of our fourth year.

We have held our circulation above the half million, neck and neck with the leaders and miles ahead of any other fifteen-cent general magazine. We have carried an enormous amount of advertising, running some months above $90,000.

The factor of first importance in these results was the contents of the magazine. We were fortunate in making the magazine so good that you willingly paid fifteen cents for it. Rex Beach's serial and Jack London's helped. We sent Russell around the world and his series was immensely popular. Every number of the magazine seemed to be better than the last. We surprised ourselves.

The advertising came and stayed because EVERYBODY'S is a wonderful puller. It pays advertisers tremendously. You can't understand that, can you? How an advertiser can afford to pay $500 for one page one time in EVERYBODY'S? We are preparing a series of articles on advertising that will tell you a great many things you would like to know about this mysterious, magical thing. We spent $125,000 in newspaper advertising ourselves last year and many thousands of dollars besides in subscription catalogues, prize contests for canvassers and news-dealers, display posters, and all that sort of thing. Possibly we spent more than we needed to spend. We decided when the year began that it was better to spend the money and be sorry than not to spend it and be sorry. So we spent it, and we don't know whether to be sorry or not. But we do know that we ought to be glad, and we are mighty glad, that we have a great big beautiful circulation and such a splendid advertising patronage. We enter on the fifth year well-heeled and hearty. The publisher who overtakes us will have to be sound in wind and limb and powerful speedy.

❧

FROM AN ADVERTISER

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Dear Sir: If my congratulations will help you celebrate the first birthday of Classified Advertising in Magazines, why, here they are and they are offered to you most heartily.

When I first read your announcement of this new departure something over a year ago, I felt that you had "struck the right lead," and this has since been proven to be true, not only by the wonderful growth in that class of advertising as shown in EVERYBODY'S, but also by the fact that so many of the general publications are now following your lead.

I cannot help feeling that this innovation, if it may be called so, on your part has not only given you this additional advertising, but must have added quite materially to the popularity of EVERYBODY'S.

I wish you and EVERYBODY'S still greater success in your work and "An Exceptionally Prosperous New Year."

Very truly yours,
W. W. D.

❧

FROM A NEWSDEALER IN JAPAN

KOBE, JAPAN.

Gentlemen: The excellent reputation which your monthly enjoy here render me extremely desirous of entering if possible unto business relation with you as selling agency on our town and district in it agency you may rely upon my best exertion and would be pleased to have you forward as your terms of settlement together with a some sample copy at few.

Should you be open to the proposal on early reply will you be esteemed favour by return mail.

Gentlemen,
Your most obediently,
Y. N. T.

❧

FROM A SUBSCRIPTION AGENT

CHICAGO, ILL.

Dear Sir: I have received the final report of the results of EVERYBODY'S $10,000 Prize Contest for 1906–7, also the list of March awards. I was very much gratified to find my name in *three* lists and thank The Ridgway Company very much, through you, for my share of the $10,000.

For all your cooperation and for the interest that you have shown in my success I thank you. I shall keep right on working whether a prize is offered or not. I *always* get my commission. I do not think it will be possible for me to canvass outside of Chicago and therefore will not need lists. I have a large number of former subscribers which will furnish me with employment for a long time.

With best wishes for the continued success of EVERYBODY'S,

Yours truly,
H. J. P.

❧

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT exposes the Blunders of certain eminent Animal Story Writers. Page 770.

Vol. XVI Everybody's Magazine No. 6

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Fifth Avenue New York

Tiffany & Co. always welcome a comparison of prices

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 3.

Everybody's Advertisers

PROMISES FULFILLED. A few months ago we first invited your attention to the pages immediately following this Index, to The Hotel Directory therein presented. We promised that they would grow. Again we invite your attention to these pages. To the city hotels have been added resort hotels. And with these has been combined a Bureau of Travel. The modest two pages have grown to fifteen. Our Service has expanded proportionately. We are in a position to suggest routes and stopping places at whatever time of the year you may wish to travel. We can supply you with rates and detailed information concerning any railway or steamship line. By reason of the large number of bookings that we are making for our readers daily, we can secure for you the best of accommodations at the lowest figures anywhere, everywhere.

Have you planned your vacation? Write to our Information Bureau for suggestions and booklets.

THE PUBLISHERS.

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WALTER BAKER & CO.'S
COCOA AND CHOCOLATE

Choice
Recipes

Have a world-wide reputation for high quality
and delicious flavor.

48 HIGHEST AWARDS IN
EUROPE AND AMERICA

*Directions for preparing more than one hundred dainty dishes
in our Choice Recipe Book sent free upon request*

WALTER BAKER & CO., Ltd.
Established 1780
Dorchester, Mass.

THAT VACATION TRIP—What a Postal Card Will Do

Riverton, N. J., April 25th, 1907.

Wm. Chamberlain
Mgr. Everybody's Magazine Travel and Hotel Service,
Union Square, New York

Dear Sir:

A party of five desire to spend two weeks in the woods where there is really good fishing. Can you help me decide where to go? In suggesting places would you kindly tell me regarding hotels and their rates? Also about how to reach the places you suggest and what the railroad fares will be. If there is any charge connected with your service I will gladly pay it.

Thanking you in advance for your kindness, I am,

Very truly yours,
T. Hollingsworth Andrews, Jr.

Everybody's Magazine
THE RIDGWAY COMPANY, PUBLISHERS
Union Square, 31 East 17th Street
New York

Advertising Department
Robert Frothingham, Manager

Mr. T. Hollingsworth Andrews, Jr.,
Riverton, New Jersey.

Dear Sir,-

In reply to yours of April 25th, enclosed you will find a list of hotels, together with all data regarding the best fishing grounds that we know of. The booklets enclosed give rates and all detailed information.

On a separate sheet you will find the routes which you would use in taking any of the seven trips enclosed, together with railroad and Pullman fares. Time tables are also enclosed with the hotel booklets.

When you have arrived at a decision as to where you will go, it will give us great pleasure to reserve hotel accommodations for you, thus insuring your attaining just what you want.

There is no charge for any branch of our Service -- Our desire is to help our readers and we thank you for this opportunity.

Awaiting your further pleasure in this matter, I am,

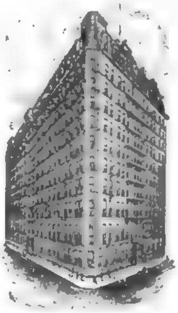
Very truly yours,
Wm. Chamberlain,
Mgr. Everybody's Magazine Travel & Hotel Service.

A postal card will get *you* the same attention—be it seashore, mountains or inland resort which you want to know about.

Why not let us help *you*—our Service was organized for this purpose.

EVERYBODY'S TRAVEL SERVICE—METROPOLITAN HOTELS

NEW YORK CITY



THE NEW GRAND HOTEL

Broadway and 31st Street

500 rooms, 300 baths. All rooms and baths lighted by natural light and perfectly ventilated.

Rates: Single room and suites, with and without bath, $1.50 per day and upwards.

Hurlbert Grand Hotel Co.

GEORGE F. HURLBERT, Pres.

HOTEL EARLE

New family and transient hotel.

Convenient to all places. Accommodations quiet and refined.

Cuisine unexcelled.

Room with private bath - - $2.00

Room with private bath and meals, 3.50

Special rates for two weeks or more.

One block from 8th Street 6th Avenue Elevated Station.

103 WAVERLY PLACE

BROADWAY CENTRAL HOTEL

BROADWAY, Cor. THIRD STREET, NEW YORK

Excellence Without Extravagance

RATES

American Plan - - - $2.50 per day

European Plan - - - 1.00 per day

OUR TABLE is the foundation of our enormous business

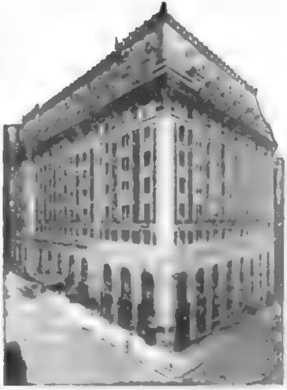
Excellent Food   Good Service

Send for large, colored map of New York, free

CINCINNATI, O.

HOTEL SINTON

CINCINNATI



Finest Hotel West of New York   **FAIR PRICES**

400 Rooms

Absolutely Fire-Proof

Large, Light Sample Rooms

Grand Convention Hall

Magnificently equipped

Service unsurpassed

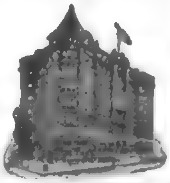
EDWARD N. ROTH, Managing Director

The ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL, Cincinnati

This European Plan Hotel, for 30 years under management of the Roths, famous on both continents for its cuisine, continues to be the exclusive, club-like hotel of Cincinnati.

EDWARD N. ROTH, *President*   CHAS. G. ROTH, *Manager*

WASHINGTON, D. C.—JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION STOP OVER



The Cochran

14th Street and K, Washington, D. C.

Absolutely Fireproof   *American Plan*

Newly Furnished and Decorated. All rooms equipped with Local and Long Distance Telephones. Cuisine and Service first class.

Baggage Checked at the Hotel to all points in the United States

$3.50 A DAY AND UPWARDS

E. S. COCHRAN, *Mgr.*

DEWEY HOTEL

14th and L Sts., N. W.

SPECIAL SUMMER RATES

European Plan, $1.00 Day and up

American Plan, $17.50 Week and up

M. O. AND W. W. BROWN

Managers

NIAGARA FALLS, CAN.

Directly facing both Falls

The Clifton Hotel

Niagara Falls, Can.

New and up-to-date in every respect.

American Plan

Rates, $4 to $6 per day

Apply for booklet to

Geo. R. Major, Mgr.

TORONTO, CAN.

The Queen's Hotel

Is within easy reach of steamboat landing, and commands view of Lake Ontario. It is surrounded by beautiful gardens, which render it the coolest hotel in Toronto.

AMERICAN PLAN $3.00 & UP

Hotel Coaches Meet All Boats and Trains

McGAW [illegible]

Full detailed information, rates and booklets mailed on request

JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION

Hotels and Lodging Houses at Jamestown Exposition

EVERYBODY'S Hotel and Travel Service, from an investigation recently made by our special representatives of the conditions surrounding the Jamestown Exposition at Norfolk, Va., wishes to make the following announcement:

A list of 1085 hotels, boarding houses and lodging houses has been compiled and is now in the possession of our Hotel Information Department, and we are now prepared to mail a copy of this list to any and all applicants free of charge. Address

Everybody's Magazine Travel and Hotel Service
Union Square, New York

JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION HOTELS, FORTRESS MONROE, VA.

HOTEL CHAMBERLIN, FORTRESS MONROE, VIRGINIA

"POYNT COMFORT" TAVERN, FORTRESS MONROE, VIRGINIA

These two magnificently appointed Hotels are under the same management, and offer the best and most convenient accommodations for Exposition visitors. The reasons for this statement are:

1st. They are only twenty minutes from the Exposition Grounds.
2d. The route is by ferry, which takes you directly through the assembled fleets, as you go to and fro each day.
3d. The boats are large and comfortable and the service frequent; not hot, dusty trolley or steam cars.
4th. Old Point is a Government reservation. The sanitary conditions and police regulations are as good as "Uncle Sam" can make them.
5th. Fortress Monroe, at Old Point, will be the scene of daily military maneuvers, band concerts, drills, parades, etc.
6th. We have always cool days and nights; Old Point is ten degrees to twenty degrees cooler than the other side of Hampton Roads, where the Exposition is to be held.
7th. **There are no mosquitoes.**
8th. **Our rates are reasonable, our business is permanent; we will be here after the Exposition closes, and we want to make friends for future business, so we do not intend to raise our prices.**
9th. We have the finest open-air restaurant in the world at the CHAMBERLIN; right over the water, in full view of all the ships and Grounds. The best a la carte service.
10th. We have accommodations for 2,000 people.

The steamers of this line all stop at Old Point. Booklets of both Hotels are to be had at the offices of all transportation companies, EVERYBODY'S Travel Bureau, or you can address, for information and the reservation of rooms,

GEORGE F. ADAMS, Manager, FORTRESS MONROE, VIRGINIA.

Old Point and Fortress Monroe are the same place; Old Point Comfort being the old historic name, Fortress Monroe being the Postoffice.

Full detailed information, rates and booklets mailed on request

EVERYBODY'S TRAVEL SERVICE—SUMMER RESORT DIRECTORY

JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION HOTELS—NORFOLK, VA.

WILLOUGHBY BEACH, VA.

Willoughby Beach Hotel

Situated directly on the water, yet only 15 minutes away from the Exposition grounds, by either direct trolley line which passes the door, or by our private launch service—the nearest hotel to the Exposition, situated on salt water. Salt water bathing, music every evening, private pier, sea food a specialty. Rates, $1.50 per day and up. European Plan. **H. S. PARKER, Mgr.**

For booklets and full information address Everybody's Magazine Travel Service.

The Lorraine Hotel

GRANBY and TAZEWELL STS.

European Plan

Rates from $1.50 up

Hot and cold running water in every room. Flemish Grill. Absolutely fire proof. Centrally located. Exposition cars pass the door.

L. BERRY DODSON, Mgr.

The Algonquin Hotel

NORFOLK, VIRGINIA

Consistent Rates

An Ideal Stopping Place for Visitors during the Jamestown Exposition

European Plan. Excellent Cafe

A permanent hotel of modern equipment throughout; complete in every detail. Centrally located; accessible to best residential and business districts.

WM. C. ROYER, Manager

VICTORIA HOTEL

P. A. S. BRINE, Manager

MAIN STREET, NORFOLK, VIRGINIA

EUROPEAN PLAN ABSOLUTELY NEW

Rates - $3.00 upwards

Direct Car Line from door to Exposition Grounds

Adjacent to Wharf for Water Route. Open May 1st

THE BOTETOURT

Norfolk's newest Hotel. Permanent brick building with all modern improvements, and absolutely fireproof. The ideal stopping place for families visiting the Jamestown Exposition. Car lines passing the door.

EUROPEAN PLAN REASONABLE RATES

S. B. VALENTINE, Manager

PROGRESS HOTEL

JACKSON AND WATER STS., NORFOLK, VIRGINIA

EUROPEAN PLAN - - Rooms $1.00 per day and upward

Modern Improvements Café for Ladies and Gentlemen

Central Location Moderate Prices

Cars to and from Exposition pass the door

Our aim is to give first-class accommodations at moderate rates. Center of hotel and theatre district. Permanent brick building, elevators, baths.

EVERYBODY'S Hotel and Travel Service will tell you all about the various Railway and Steamship routes by which the Jamestown Exposition can be reached, giving you full particulars as to rates and sending to you time tables and descriptive booklets without charge. Write to William Chamberlain, Manager Everybody's Hotel and Travel Service, No. 31 East 17th Street, New York City.

PENNSYLVANIA MOUNTAIN RESORTS—WERNERSVILLE

THE WALTER SANITARIUM, Walters Park, Pa.

In the mountains; nearest, largest, best of the Wernersville Resorts; has its own Post Office.

A Sanitarium, not a Hospital; all modern conveniences, a quiet wholesome place where tired humanity may rest. 50 years experience with sanitory treatments. Address for booklet

ROBERT WALTER, M.D.

Only 94 minutes from Philadelphia and 4 hours from New York without change.

MOUNT POCONO, PA.

THE ONTWOOD

located in the heart of the Pocono region. **Electric Lights, Private Baths, Artesian Water, Sanitary Plumbing.** *Special low rates May and June.*

For booklet, address EVERYBODY'S HOTEL SERVICE or E. R. BOOTH, Mt. Pocono, Pa.

DELAWARE WATER GAP, PA.

CATARACT HOUSE

STRICTLY ELITE

Boating, bathing and riding parties. Good mountain climbing. Tennis and all kinds of sports. Opens June 1st. Rates $2.00 per day; $9.00 to $12.00 weekly. Address L. M. TUCKER, Proprietor, or EVERYBODY'S Information Bureau.

NORTH WATER GAP

WILLOW DELL

The prettiest location of them all. Modern. Homelike. Write for booklet. $8.00 to $10.00 weekly.

J. A. Ozenbaugh,
N. Water Gap,
Pennsylvania.

LAKE HOPATCONG, N. J.

NOLANS POINT VILLA

LAKE HOPATCONG, NEW JERSEY

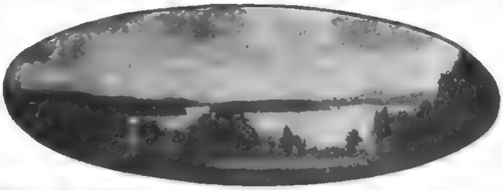
This House opens May 25th for the season. **Terms $2.50 per day; from $12 to $20 a week.** For terms and further information, address

P. J. BRYANT, Mgr.
Lake Hopatcong, Morris County
New Jersey

Full detailed information, rates and booklets mailed on request

EVERYBODY'S TRAVEL SERVICE—SUMMER RESORT DIRECTORY

ADIRONDACK MOUNTAINS, N. Y.



THE ALGONQUIN
Algonquin, N. Y.

A popular resort offering the advantages of living in the most healthful climate in the world, combined with plentiful opportunities for indulgence in such sports as excellent black bass and brook trout fishing, boating on a lake famous for its beautiful clusters of islands. Golf, tennis, music, etc. Booklet tells you more. Open June 10. JOHN HARDING, Prop'r.

WHITEFACE INN

GEM OF THE ADIRONDACKS

Located Directly on Lake Placid, New York

Everything to make summer life enjoyable. Every sport and amusement, large orchestra, no hay fever, every appointment the best, select patronage. $100,000 improvements for season 1907. Address

HARRINGTON MILLS, Manager
Whiteface Inn, Whiteface P.O., New York

PAUL SMITH'S St. Regis Chain of Lakes

Camp, Cottage, Casino and Hotel Life

JUNE TO OCTOBER. Through Pullman's daily without change. New York Central—Paul Smith's Electric Ry. Direct wires—New York Stock Exchange.

UNDER CLIFF

GOLF, TENNIS, BOATING, CLIMBING

For Booklet address Under Cliff, 75 Pratt St., Hartford, Conn.

A choice family resort in the forest, on the rocky shore of beautiful LAKE PLACID

ROCKY POINT INN

$15 to $30 per week

CAMP MOHAWK and COTTAGES

$12 to $18 per week

The finest places in the Adirondacks. **Every sport and amusement. Private Baths.** Write for booklet.

MRS. H. H. LONGSTAFF,
Old Forge, New York

LAKE GEORGE, N. Y.

HULETT HOUSE and TEN COTTAGES

Twenty miles down the Lake amid Picturesque Surroundings and near the best fishing grounds. Bathing a feature. Rushton boats and canoes; Motor launches to rent. Golf, Tennis, Hops, etc. Accommodates 250. Rates ten to fifteen dollars per week. HENRY W. BUCKELL, Prop., Hulett's Landing, N. Y.

HOTEL MARION

A resort where guests can spend a most enjoyable outing. Delightfully situated on West Shore. Superb view—large, airy, and bright rooms with or without private baths. **Farm connected with hotel. Fresh Vegetables, Poultry, Milk, and Fruit.** Fine macadam roads with well equipped livery. JOS. H. MARVEL.

CATSKILL MOUNTAINS

GRANT HOUSE

Orchestra, Roque, Tennis, Golf, on hotel grounds
Automobiling, Boating, Fishing
First-class Cuisine Rates Moderate

Address for Booklet, **GRANT & CORNELL, Prop., Catskill, N. Y.,** or Everybody's Hotel Service

SOUTH PASDENA, CAL.

When in California Visit the Cawston Farm

See the Ostriches at Home. Hundreds of gigantic birds producing the finest feathers in the world.

The N. Y. Journal says: "One of the strangest sights in America." Beautiful semi-tropical parks; interesting aviary of rare birds.

Magnificent Plumes at Producer's Prices—Buy Direct

Our handsome new catalogue gives an interesting account of the feather industry and ostrich raising. Beautiful illustrations and prices of Cawston tips, plumes, boas, stoles, muffs, fans, etc. *Mailed free.*

Your old feathers are valuable. Send them to us and have them cleaned, recurled, repaired and made to look like new.

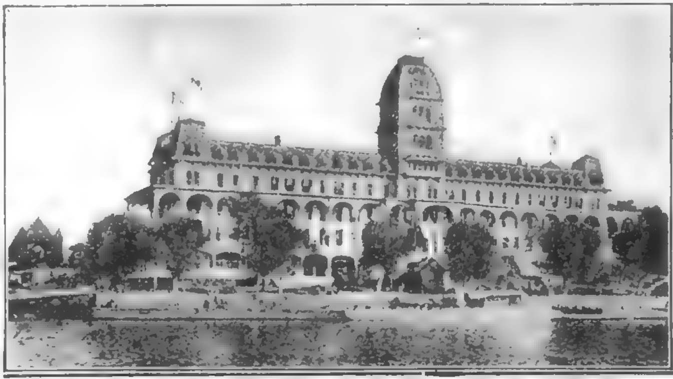
Cawston Ostrich Farm

P. O. Box 51
South Pasadena, Cal.

Full detailed information, rates and booklets mailed on request

EVERYBODY'S TRAVEL SERVICE—SUMMER RESORT DIRECTORY

THOUSAND ISLANDS, N. Y.



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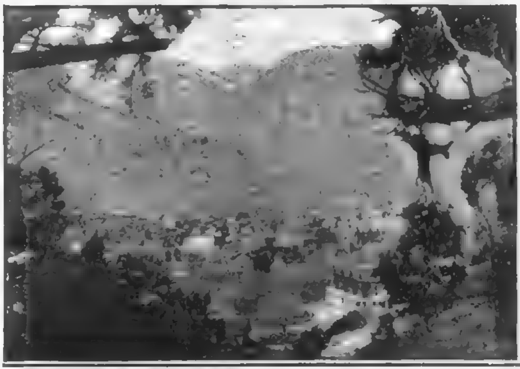

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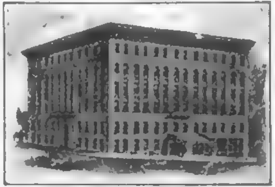

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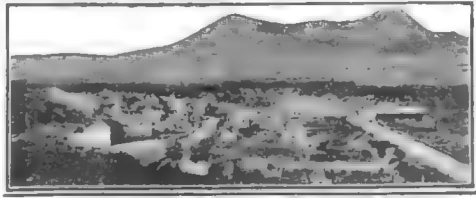

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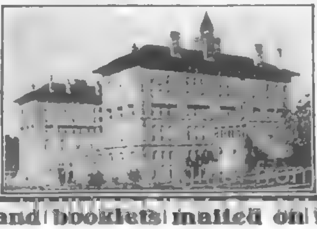

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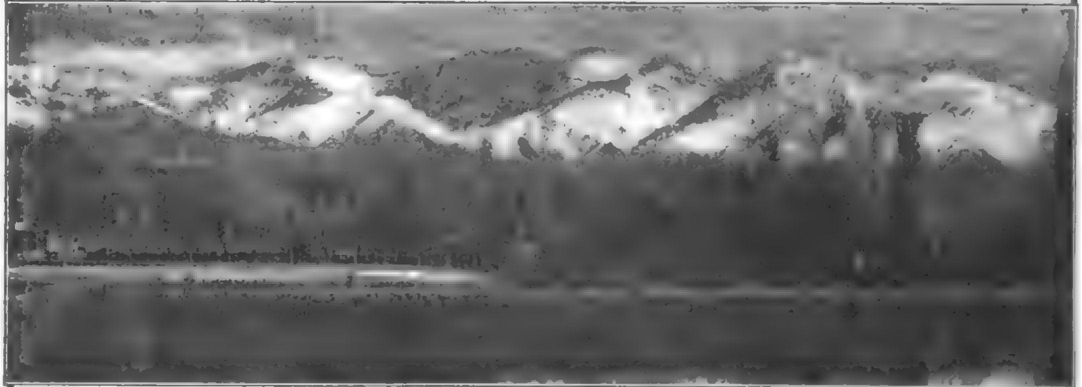

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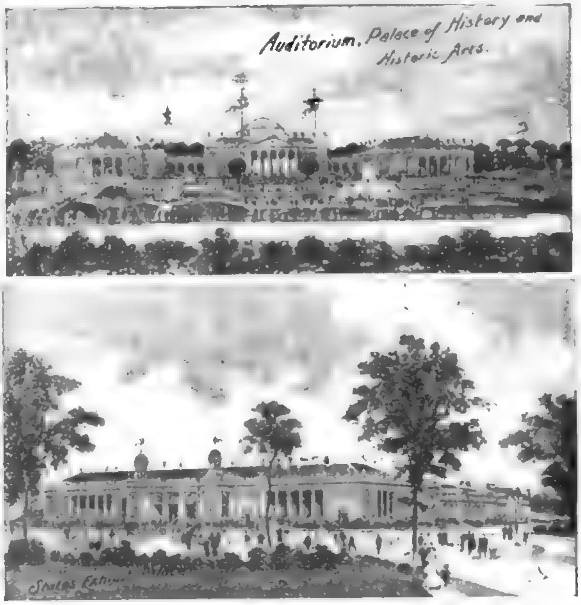

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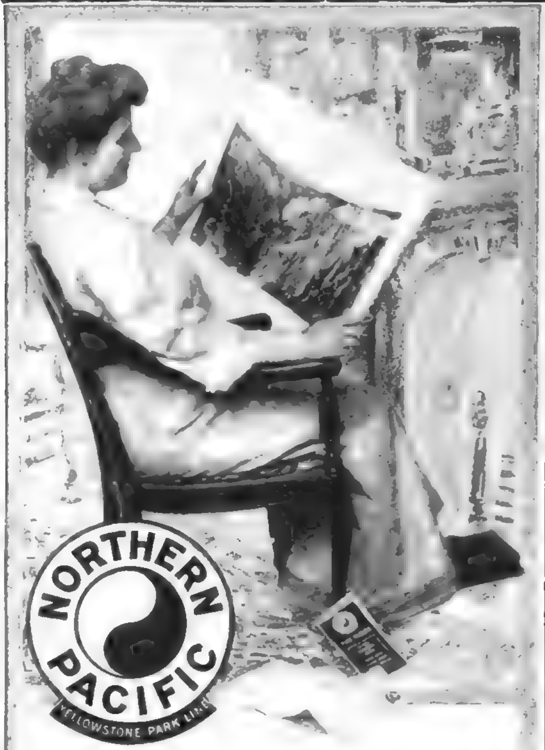

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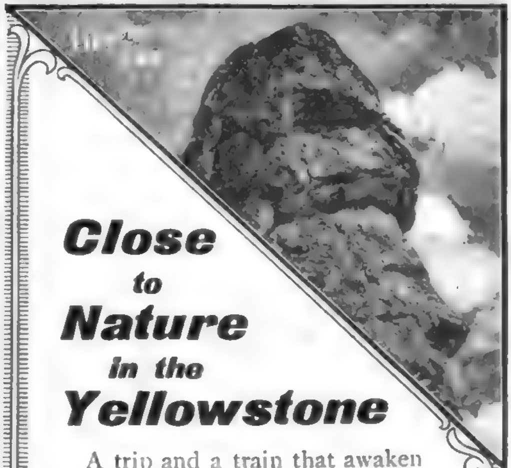

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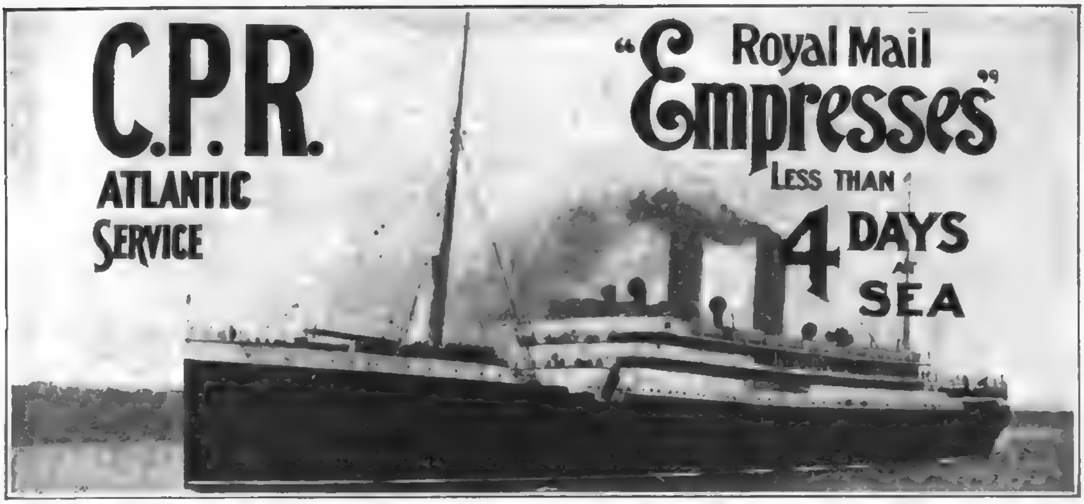
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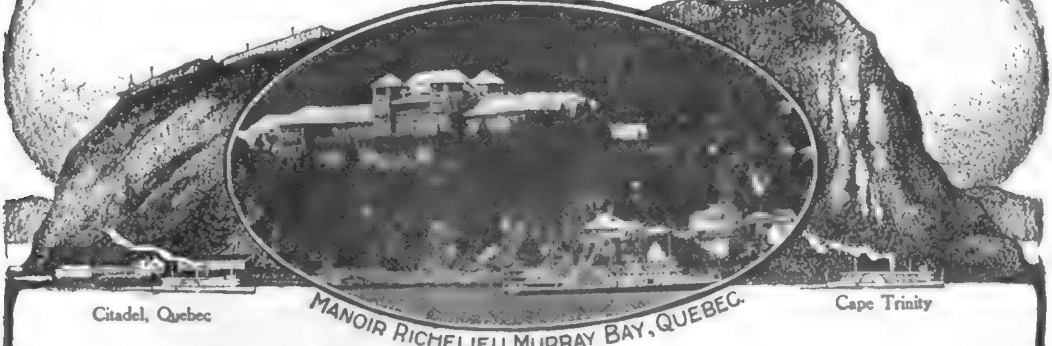
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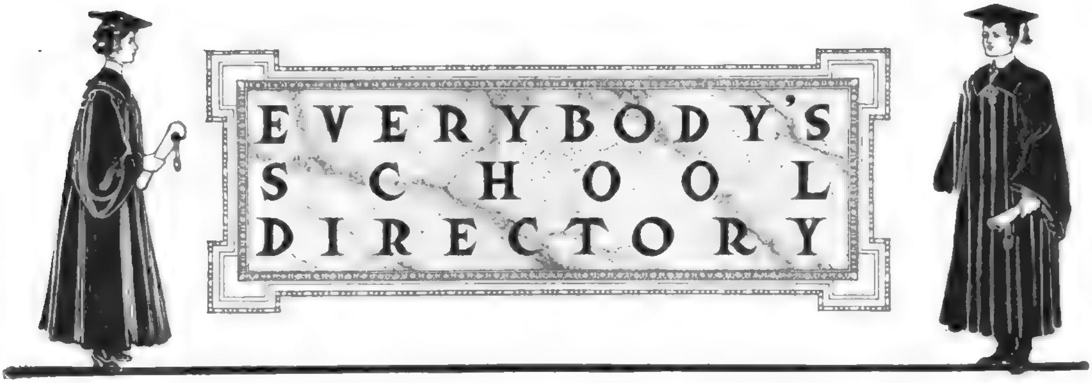

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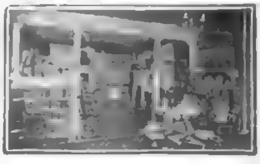

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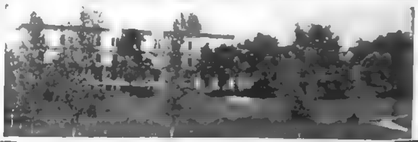

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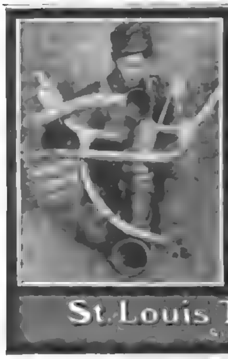

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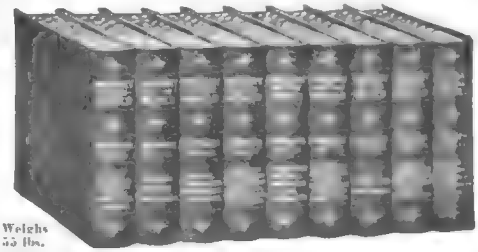

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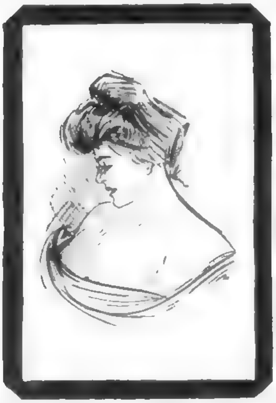

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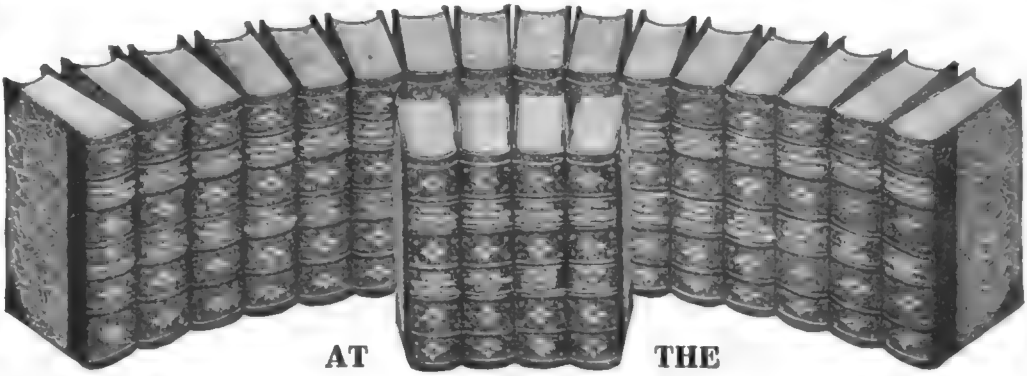

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Everybody's
III

The next

THE JULY

ONCE, in a little Vermont village, lived the Meanest Man That Ever Was. His wife was dickering with the Butcher Man from the Centre, who had stopped his cart at the front gate. She was asking the price of sweet potatoes. The Meanest Man, on his way to the barn, eavesdropped. He was perturbed.

"Skinner," he squealed, "how much is sweet potatoes now?"

"Seven cents a pound," said the man with the white apron.

"Then you can weigh me out one nice 'un," said the Meanest Man, and added apologetically, "the rest of the folks don't care for 'em none."

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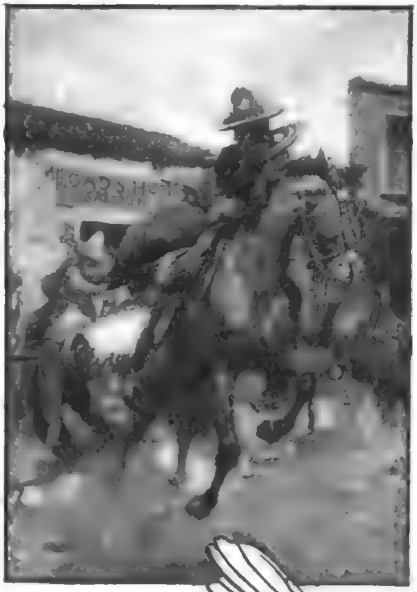

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"The New Strong Wine of Spring" by Katharine Holland Brown, which all the world will love. Then there's "The Circus" by Hartley Davis, and Grace Ellery Channing's story, "In an Even Balance." Eugene Wood on the Jamestown Exposition (you can begin laughing now, you know how good it will be). Dr. W. Hanna Thompson has a clear, powerful, uplifting article, "Brain and Body."

Allen Sangree tells of that pleasing lunatic, "The Baseball Fan," and Will Payne turns over a few facts about "The Overcapitalization of Railroads" which we all want to know.

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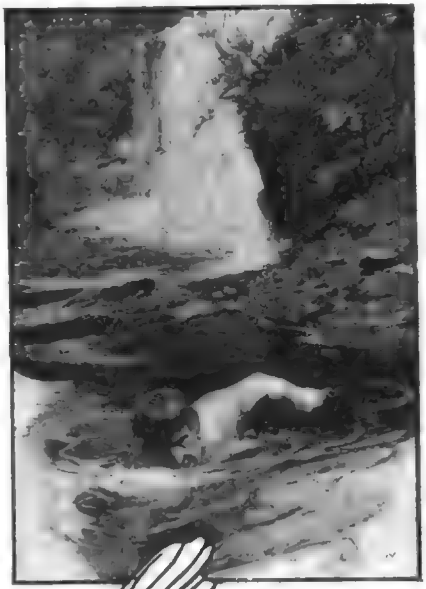

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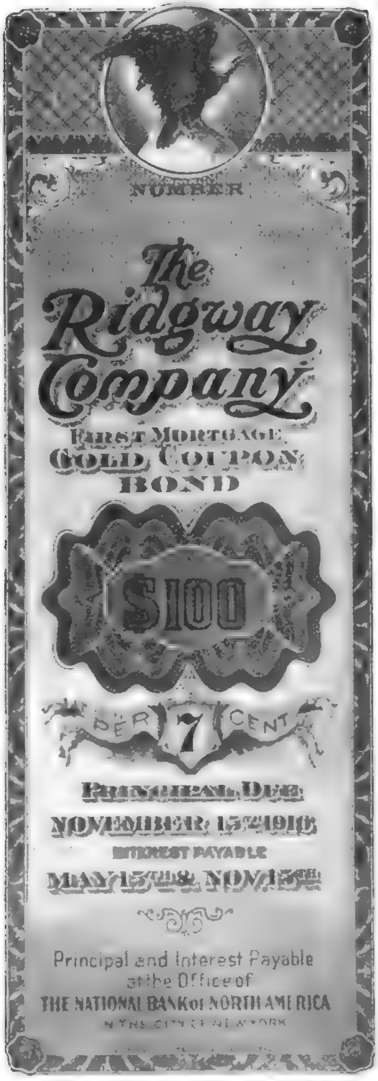

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Only two hundred Bonds ($20,000) of a total issue of $500,000 of The Ridgway Company's 7% First Mortgage Gold Coupon Bonds, are still on sale.

Bonds to the amount of $300,000 are held by the stockholders of The Ridgway Company. Bonds to the amount of $180,000, have been taken by approximately five hundred of Everybody's friends and readers.

We are told by those in touch with the Bond Market, that we have to our credit a remarkable achievement. We thank our friends for their confidence, for we know that money was "high" when the Bonds were first put on the market—October 1st. And we are particularly impressed by the fact that subscriptions to the amount of $42,000 have been received since the general decline in stocks and bonds began, about February 1st, and subscriptions of $12,500 since the general slump in the market, about March 14th.

Present Bond-holders have been for some time adding to their holdings, and would doubtless, in a short time, take up the last of the Bonds. But there is an opportunity still left for those who have hitherto been unable to subscribe, to make a safe investment, guaranteed by mortgage and paying 7% interest, and at the same time secure a material interest in Everybody's Magazine and the work it is doing.

Bonds are in denominations of $100 each, and interest is payable semi-annually at the National Bank of North America. A deposit of 10% secures allotment to you until arrangements can be made for the final payment, for which a reasonable amount of time will be given. Address subscription or request for fuller particulars to

THE RIDGWAY COMPANY, 31 East 17th St., New York City

Prudential Liberality Again Displayed

The Most Important Voluntary Benefit Ever Granted

By The Prudential is now Announced.

All Industrial Policies now in Force under which the Insured have attained age 75, or under which the Insured may attain age 75 during 1907, will be made Free or Paid-up Policies and the

Further Payment of Premiums Will Not Be Required

After the Insured has reached the said age. The Business of The Prudential is so large that, should the present plan be continued, it is estimated that the cost of this concession alone, in ten years, would be over

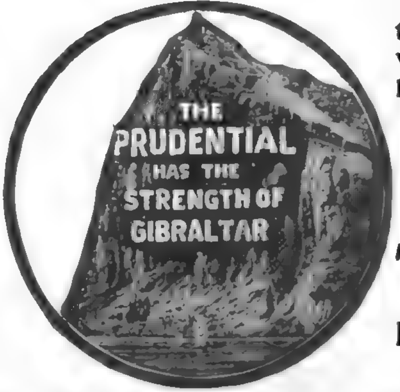
Three and One-Quarter Million Dollars.

For years it has been the practice of The Prudential to add to the benefits already accorded to those who insure with us, giving Policyholders more than their Contracts called for when experience demonstrates that we can safely do so.

These VOLUNTARY CONCESSIONS TO POLICYHOLDERS already aggregate more than

EIGHT MILLION DOLLARS

and every year adds to this amount.



The Company which deals with Policyholders in this spirit of Liberality and fairness, combined with absolute Financial security, is the Company you should insure in.

John F. Dryden
President.

The Prudential

INSURANCE CO. OF AMERICA. Home Office, Newark, N. J.

Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey.

BORN DEC. 8th 1845
PRESIDENT OF BOARD OF ALDERMEN
JUDGE OF THE SUPERIOR COURT

BRONZE TABLETS

The Gorham Company makes Bronze Tablets for all commemorative purposes · It prepares special designs appropriate to any requirements, or carries out with the utmost care the designs of Architects and Sculptors ⊕ ⊕ The exacting character of this work demands a broad experience and facilities of the highest order · These the Gorham Company possesses

THE GORHAM COMPANY
FIFTH AVENVE
NEW YORK

Gorham Silverware

THE introduction of new ideas in Sterling Silver, always a definite part of the Gorham Company's policy, is notably demonstrated this season. Unique effects, never before presented, will be found especially plentiful among the objects designed for practical purposes.

For the selection of Wedding Gifts unusual in character, the productions of this company will be found particularly advantageous, and are to be had of the important jewelers throughout the country, each piece bearing the well known Gorham trade-mark.

TRADE MARK

KIDNAPPED!

Find the Heartless Person.

Do you wake up in the night with a feeling of suffocation and dread?

Do you get dizzy and out of breath on exertion or feel faint when you rise suddenly from a sitting posture?

Does your heart flutter and palpitate at times?

You don't believe it's Coffee, but that is easy to prove.

Quit the Coffee 10 days.

That removes the cause—the poisonous drug, Caffeine.

Then use well-made Postum.

That supplies the food elements required by Nature to rebuild a broken-down nervous system. The changed feeling settles all arguments.

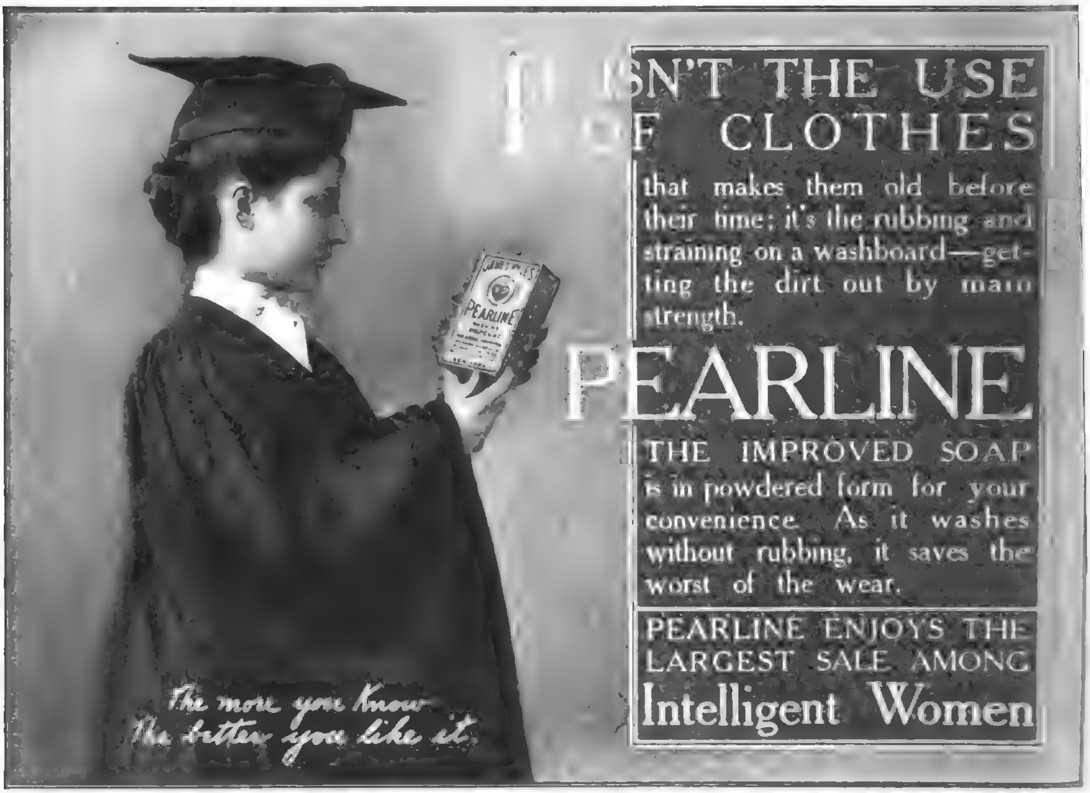
These are incontrovertible facts.

Any physician can tell you this, but the best way to prove it is to quit Coffee and use well-made POSTUM for 10 days.

"There's a Reason" for

POSTUM

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.



IT ISN'T THE USE OF CLOTHES

that makes them old before their time; it's the rubbing and straining on a washboard—getting the dirt out by main strength.

PEARLINE

THE IMPROVED SOAP is in powdered form for your convenience. As it washes without rubbing, it saves the worst of the wear.

PEARLINE ENJOYS THE LARGEST SALE AMONG Intelligent Women

For INFANTS INVALIDS and the AGED

BENGER'S FOOD

IS QUITE DISTINCT

from any other food obtainable. It is distinguished by the ease with which it can be digested and absorbed. It possesses the remarkable property of rendering milk with which it is used quite easy of digestion by infants and invalids.

Benger's Food is a self-digestive food, possessing the all-important advantage that in its preparation the degree of digestion can be determined with the utmost delicacy, and it can be served prepared to suit the exact physical condition of the person for whom it is intended.

Wherever there is a case of enfeebled or impaired digestion, there is a case for **Benger's Food.** **Benger's Food** is prescribed and used in almost every hospital throughout England.

Our guide to the *rearing* of *infants* and the *care* of *invalids* SENT FREE with a generous FREE SAMPLE PACKAGE of *Benger's Food.* If your druggist cannot supply you, write to

BENGER'S FOOD, Ltd., Dept. C, 78 Hudson St., New York
LAMONT, CORLISS & CO., Sole Importers.

SCHERZO

The
Status of the
STEINWAY

Strict adherence to the art ideal has won for the Steinway Piano its present international status as the World Standard.

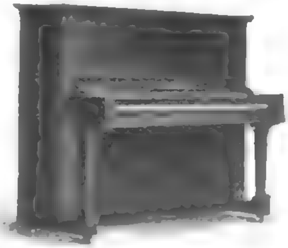
Like a bulwark, the House of Steinway stands opposed to every tendency to vulgarize the piano by commercial and mechanical methods. With all the genius and skill at its command it strives to elevate piano art by making the Steinway the finest instrument known to musical science.

Musicians and artists have learned for over half a century to look to Steinway for piano-progress—and have never been disappointed. The perfect Concert Grand Piano, the ideal Miniature Grand, and the recent marvelous development of the upright, the Vertegrand at $500, are *all* Steinways, and each the standard of its kind.

Steinway Pianos can be bought from any authorized Steinway dealer at New York prices, with cost of transportation added.

Illustrated catalogue and the little booklet, "The Triumph of the Vertegrand," sent on request and mention of this magazine.

STEINWAY & SONS, Steinway Hall
107 and 109 East 14th St., New York



VERTEGRAND PRICE $500

This trade mark is sewn on the end of every genuine Ostermoor.

There are Ostermoor mattresses that have been in constant use three hundred and sixty-five days a year for a quarter of a century. Their owners never cry "Enough"—we have their letters.

A good night's rest, daily and Sunday, is *built* (not stuffed) in every

Ostermoor Mattress

It's the material, the construction, the tufting, the furnishing, the general "know-how" and something else.

If you are *at all* interested, let us send you full particulars in our

144-PAGE BOOK MAILED FREE

We have 2,500 Ostermoor dealers. If we have a dealer in your place, we will send his name—if not, we will ship by express prepaid on *thirty nights' free trial*—money back if you want it.

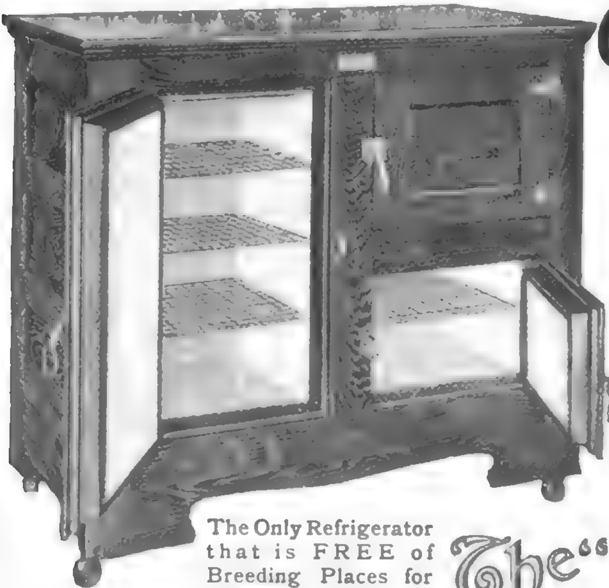
MATTRESSES COST
Express Charges Prepaid

4 ft. 6 in. wide, 45 lbs.	$15.00
4 ft. wide, 40 lbs.	13.35
3 ft. 6 in. wide, 35 lbs.	11.70
3 ft. wide, 30 lbs.	10.00
2 ft. 6 in. wide, 25 lbs.	8.35

All 6 ft. 3 inches long
In two parts 50c. extra.

Ask us for the name of the Ostermoor dealer in your vicinity; he will show you a mattress with the *Ostermoor name and label. Be sure to look for our name and trade mark sewn on the end.* Mattress shipped, express paid by us, same day check is received, if you order of us by mail.

OSTERMOOR & COMPANY
107 Elizabeth Street, New York
Canadian Agency: Alaska Feather & Down Co., Ltd., Montreal



60 Days Free Trial

LOWEST FACTORY PRICES
WE PAY THE FREIGHT.

THE Monroe Refrigerator is ready to *prove* its superiority to your satisfaction, right in your own home—free of any expense or obligation on your part. Just write us. We will send you the Monroe Catalogue. Pick out the style you want to try. We will send you the Refrigerator you select, all prepaid. Test it in your home for 60 days. If it is not all we claim, if it isn't satisfactory to you, just notify us and return it at our expense. The test won't cost you a cent.

We make this 60-Day Free Trial Offer because we want you to *convince yourself* of the superiority of the Monroe Refrigerator through *actual use*—not because of any statements that we make.

No other refrigerator manufacturer *dares* to make an offer like this. We do it because we *know* the Monroe will *stand the test.* If it *couldn't* stand the test we couldn't afford to send it on a 60-Day Free Trial, because every one would come back to us.

You cannot buy a Monroe Refrigerator or anything like it from *any* dealer or agent. We sell direct to you, and to you we are directly responsible.

Send us your name and address *now.*

The Only Refrigerator that is FREE of Breeding Places for Disease Germs.

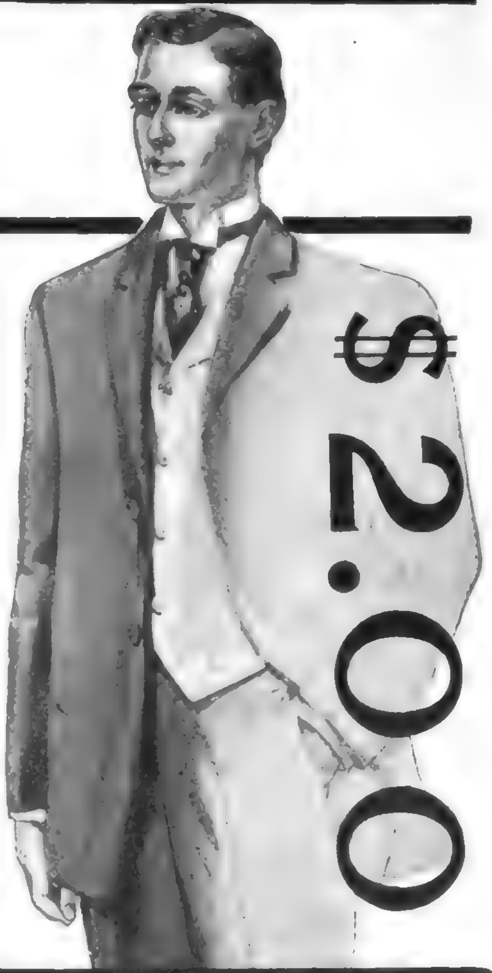
The "Monroe"

The Monroe Refrigerator has food compartments of solid, snow-white, unbreakable *Porcelain Ware,* moulded in *one* piece, with rounded corners. No darkness, no dampness, no corners, cracks or crevices. The *only* refrigerator so made. *All others* have food compartments with the inaccessible corners and crevices which get clogged up with decaying food and breed the germs which *cause decay and disease*

MONROE REFRIGERATOR COMPANY, Station B Lockland, CINCINNATI, OHIO
Patentees and Sole Manufacturers of Solid Porcelain Refrigerators

What are You Worth

From The NECK UP?



It is estimated that the average man is worth $2.00 a day from the neck *down*—what is he worth from the neck *up?*

That depends entirely upon training. If you are trained so that you can plan and direct work you are worth ten times as much as the man who can work only under orders.

The **International Correspondence Schools** go to the man who is struggling along on small pay and say to him, "We will train you for promotion right where you are, or we will qualify you to take up a more congenial line of work at a much higher salary."

What the I. C. S. says it can do, it ***will*** do. It has already done it for others and will do it for ***you,*** if you only show the inclination.

Thousands of ambitious men, realizing this fact, have marked the I. .C S. coupon, and multiplied their wages many times.

During March, 403 students voluntarily reported an increase in salary and position as the direct result of **I. C. S.** training.

In this day of demand for leaders, a young man ought to be ashamed to be satisfied with small wages when he has the I. C. S. ready to qualify him for a higher salary.

Mark the coupon at once and mail it. You need not leave your present work, or your own home, while the I. C. S. prepares you to advance.

Back your ***trained hand*** with a ***trained head!*** It pays big. This coupon is for you. ***Will you use it?***

International Correspondence Schools,
Box 1269, SCRANTON, PA.
Please explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for a larger salary in the position before which I have marked X

Bookkeeper
Stenographer
Advertisement Writer
Show Card Writer
Window Trimmer
Commercial Law
Illustrator
Civil Service
Chemist
Textile Mill Supt.
Electrician
Elec. Engineer
Mechanical Draftsman
Telephone Engineer
Elec. Lighting Supt.
Mechan. Engineer
Surveyor
Stationary Engineer
Civil Engineer
Building Contractor
Architec'l Draftsman
Architect
Structural Engineer
Bridge Engineer
Mining Engineer

Name ________________

Street and No. ________________

City ________________ State ________________

Barrett Specification Roofs

35 Years of Service

The Weetamoe Mill at Fall River was covered with a roof of Coal Tar Pitch, Felt and Gravel, laid along the lines of THE BARRETT SPECIFICATION, in 1872.

Not until 1903 was any renewal necessary. A part of the roof was then re-covered. The remainder of the roof is still in good condition; has had absolutely no repairs during the entire *thirty-five years*, and gives promise of satisfactory service for many years to come.

BARRETT SPECIFICATION ROOFS are without question the only economical and satisfactory covering for manufacturing plants, where, owing to vapors, acid fumes, etc., the test is most severe.

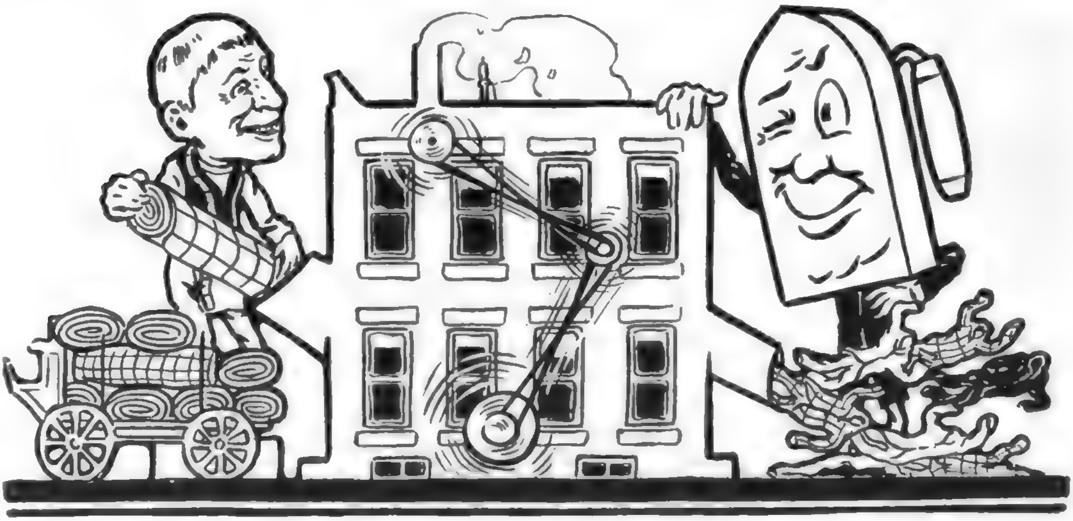
That owners of large plants generally recognize this is best evidenced by the fact that this style of roofing covers a majority of the manufacturing plants of the country

For instance, the General Electric Company at Schenectady, N. Y., has over a million square feet of such Roofs. The immense plants of the Allis-Chalmers Company, The Singer Manufacturing Company, The American Locomotive Works are other notable examples of the use of this style of roofing by representative manufacturing houses.

To any one interested, we shall be pleased to send a Booklet covering the subject in detail, or to give any information desired.

Barrett Manufacturing Company

New York Chicago Philadelphia St. Louis Cleveland Cincinnati Allegheny
Minneapolis Kansas City New Orleans Boston London, Eng.



Rapid Action Clothes Making

By the Machine Itself

"A Suit a minute"—that's the record. Slam 'em together—any old way just so long as the Stitches will hold—and the Thing we're working on *looks* something like a Suit—

—Our Boss doesn't care a rap whether a Sleeve or a Collar is put on properly, or the Foundation of the Coat's Shape—the Canvas and Haircloth—are put in as they should be.

Everything's wrong—from Cutting to Finishing.

The so-called "suit" *might* be made *half* presentable if it were taken apart and properly corrected by Someone who knew how—

But that wouldn't do for a minute—No Siree—that would add to the Cost.

Instead—he gives the Thing to Old Dr. Goose—the Hot Flat Iron—

—And Old Dr. Goose presses here—stretches or shrinks there—and in a jiffy has as fine a *looking* Suit as you would want to see—

That's all the Boss wants.

For he knows that all he'll have to do will be to tell Someone a Fairy Tale, and that Someone may buy that Suit and think for a Week or so that it's a Dandy.

But soon the Lapels will Commence to Bulge—the Collar to Fall away from the back of the Neck—the Shoulders to lose their shape—and the whole Suit will go back to First Principles just as it was when we rushed it out.

• • •

Of course, all clothing is not the "rapid-action" sort.

Take "Sincerity" Suits for instance—

"Sincerity" Suits are not rushed through the Sewing Mill—not much—

"Sincerity" Suits are made with the Utmost Care—all the way through—with the one end in view—to make a perfect fitting Suit with a Permanent Shape.

"Sincerity" Suits are *cut* for that purpose—by the most expert Cutters in America—they're tailored—for that purpose—by the most expert Needleworkers in America—

"Sincerity" Suits are inspected rigorously by the most knowing and Careful Clothing experts in America—the least Alteration required is made by the needle—

—Old Dr. Goose has no opportunity to "dope" a shape in "Sincerity" Suits—his work is not required.

And as a Result—"Sincerity" Suits hold their Shape until you want to buy a new Suit.

"Sincerity" Suits are sold by all the better class ready-to-put-on Clothing Dealers.

Look for the label below in each coat—it insures Style, Service and Satisfaction.

SINCERITY CLOTHES
MADE AND GUARANTEED

JAP-A-LAC

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

A STAIN AND VARNISH COMBINED

JAP-A-LAC
ALL COLORS
NEW WOOD FINISH

JAP-A-LAC—THE HOME BEAUTIFIER

JAP-A-LAC is a stain and varnish combined; the original article of the kind made. It "Wears like iron."

You can use JAP-A-LAC on everything of wood or metal, from cellar to garret.

A JAP-A-LAC home is always a bright, beautiful home.

You can do your own refinishing of scratched or scuffed furniture, and produce a beautiful, lustrous finish as hard as flint, and as smooth as glass. A few cents will cover the cost.

Try JAP-A-LAC today. Be sure to get the genuine, in a can like the illustration. Look for the Green Label

For Sale by Paint, Hardware and Drug Dealers. All sizes from 15c to $2.50.

A WARNING AGAINST THE DEALER WHO TRIES TO SUBSTITUTE.

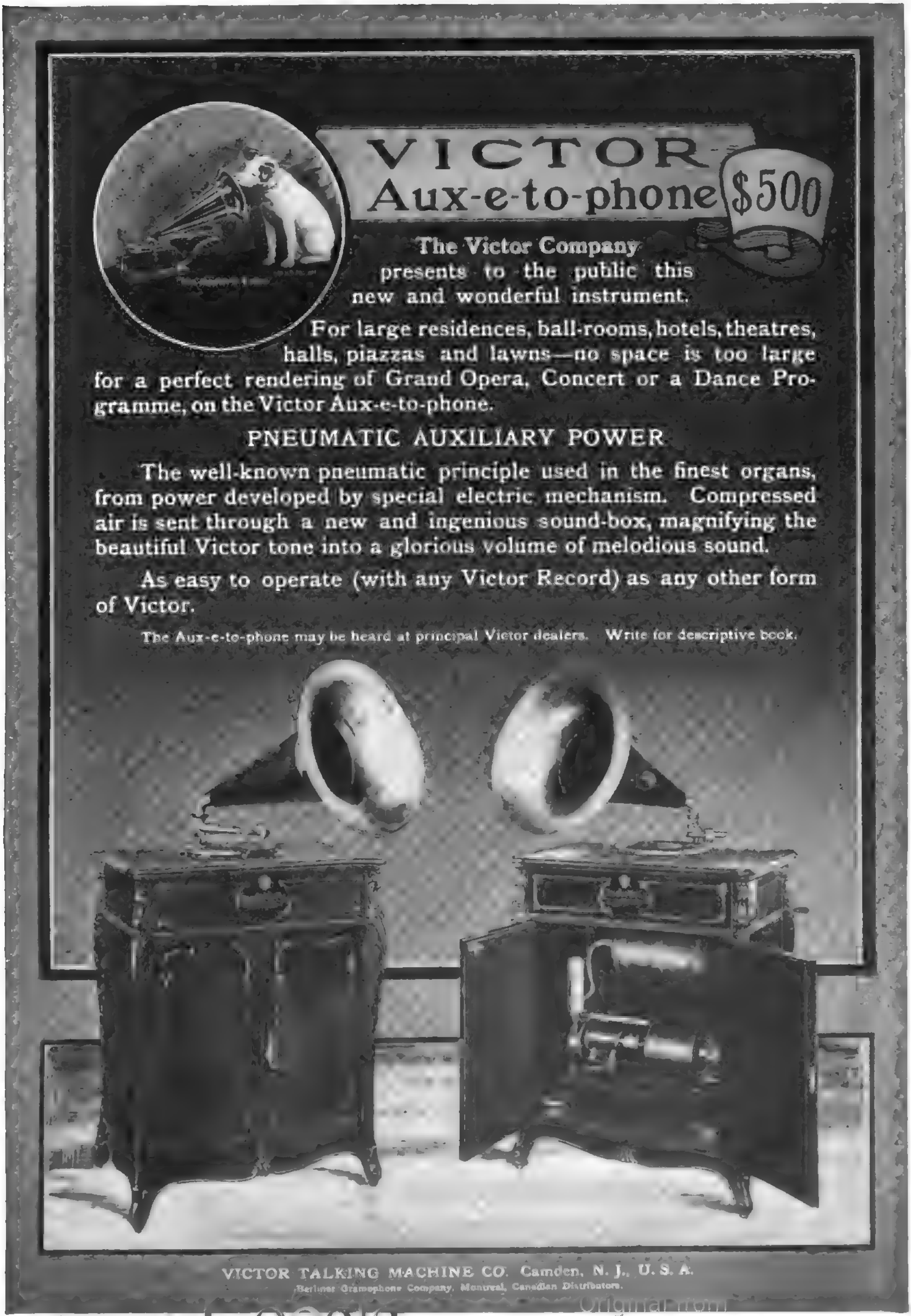
If your dealer offers you a substitute, say to him: "No, thank you; I want what I asked for. Good bye." Trade with the dealer who gives you what you ask for. That's JAP-A-LAC.

Write for beautiful illustrated booklet, and interesting color card. FREE for the asking.

If building, write for our complete Finishing Specifications. They will be mailed free. Our Architectural Green Label Varnishes are of the highest quality.

The Glidden Varnish Co.
631 Rockefeller Bldg., Cleveland, O.

If YOUR dealer does not keep JAP-A-LAC send us his name and 10c. (except for Gold which is 25c) to cover cost of mailing, and we will send FREE Sample, (quarter pint can) to any point in the United States.



VICTOR Aux-e-to-phone $500

The Victor Company presents to the public this new and wonderful instrument.

For large residences, ball-rooms, hotels, theatres, halls, piazzas and lawns—no space is too large for a perfect rendering of Grand Opera, Concert or a Dance Programme, on the Victor Aux-e-to-phone.

PNEUMATIC AUXILIARY POWER

The well-known pneumatic principle used in the finest organs, from power developed by special electric mechanism. Compressed air is sent through a new and ingenious sound-box, magnifying the beautiful Victor tone into a glorious volume of melodious sound.

As easy to operate (with any Victor Record) as any other form of Victor.

The Aux-e-to-phone may be heard at principal Victor dealers. Write for descriptive book.

VICTOR TALKING MACHINE CO. Camden, N. J., U. S. A.
Berliner Gramophone Company, Montreal, Canadian Distributors.

For Whom Is Life Insurance?

It is not for the rich, nor the independent, nor the selfish. It is for the man who recognizes responsibility; for the man who will discriminate—who will take the money he needs for other things and put it in Life Insurance because he sees that the protection of his loved ones after his departure is the greatest need of all. Such a man is worth insuring, and such a man should be sure of his insurance.

The Mutual Life Insurance Company

offers such a man something as good as gold; a bond of the United States could be no better. Its policies give the maximum of security at the minimum of cost. In sixty-four years of history it has paid more money to beneficiaries than any other Company in the world. If you have obligations; if your life means something to others, insurance is for you. Investigate the cost of absolute protection in the Mutual Life.

The Time to Act is NOW.

For the new forms of policies consult our nearest agent, or write direct to

The Mutual Life Insurance
Company of New York,
N. Y.

Who's Your Tailor?

TRADE MARK REGISTERED 1906

COPYRIGHT 1907 ED. V. PRICE & CO., CHICAGO

Workmanship in clothes is a consideration often subserved and made secondary to attractive looking fabrics and some men will order from the first tailor shop or clothing establishment that greets them with an artistic display of fabrics or clothing.

Clothes we make for you are slightly higher in price than ready-to-wear clothing and also higher than those of some other concerns in our line, who advertise clothes that only will look well and wear well as long as they hang on stretchers in the wardrobe, but—

Clothes we make for you are made with scrupulous care—fashioned first and cut from honest fabrics and then made to wear and hold shape through conscientious methods. This work costs money and takes time. The result is satisfaction and trade that is permanent.

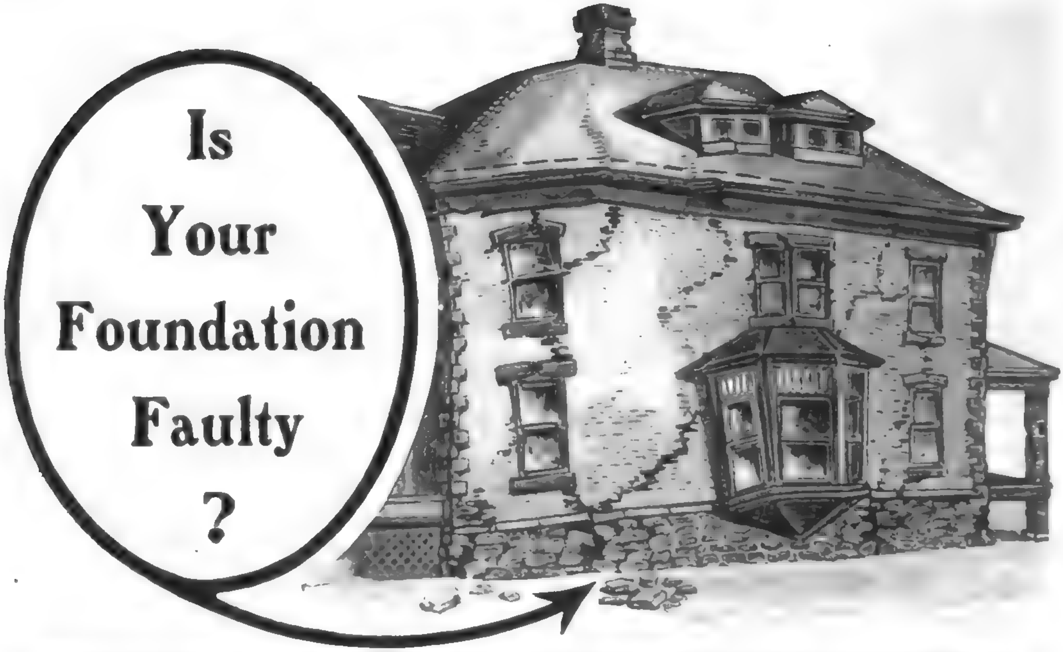
A suit that's made cannot be unmade. You won't want ours unmade.

We will make satisfying clothes for you at from $25 to $35.

Our representative will show you five hundred fabrics from which to select.

Ed. V. Price & Co.

Price Building *Merchant Tailors* **Chicago**



Ninety-eight Per Cent of Life's Failures Can Be Traced to Faulty Foundations

Are you one of the ninety-eight? Take heed before it is too late—quit meat and heavy, hard-to-digest foods—rebuild your foundation with Nature's most wholesome and nourishing food—EGG-O-SEE—whole wheat in its more delicious form.

Mothers, Build Well the Foundations of Your Children

Give them plenty of EGG-O-SEE—Nature's Food, and they will grow strong and vigorous and be well equipped for life's battles later on. American mothers are showing their appreciation of EGG-O-SEE by serving more of it each morning, than all other flaked cereals combined. This is a stronger endorsement of the great value of EGG-O-SEE, than anything we can say.

EGG-O-SEE is the Ideal Summer Food
Wholesome, Strengthening, Cooling

Costs no more than the ordinary kinds—Large package 10c

FREE—our "-back to nature" book tells how to get well and keep well by natural means. Sent free on application. Write today.

EGG-O-SEE CEREAL COMPANY, Chicago

Ready in a Minute: 21 Kinds

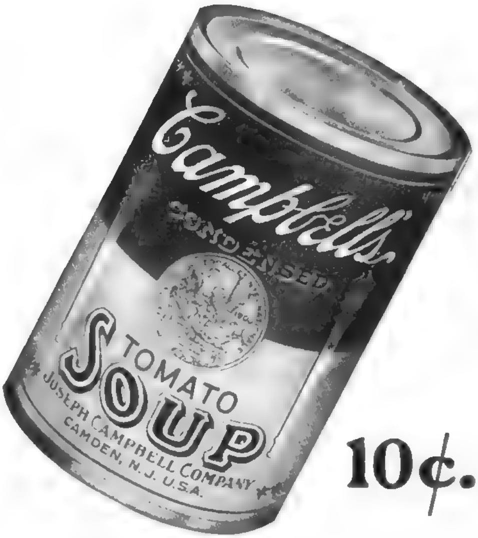
To tempt your appetite.

Freedom from the toil of cooking—summer slavery.

And with all this; quickness, variety and relief;

You get goodness—that's vital.

For real food value that will nourish, sustain and cheer:



10¢.

Campbell's SOUPS

And all you have to do is

Just add hot water and serve

If you haven't tried these three, a treat awaits you:

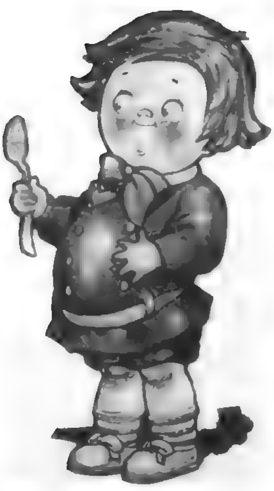
Celery—	Mutton Broth—	Bouillon
For the Nerves	For the Invalid	For Everybody

If your grocer doesn't sell Campbell's Soups, please tell us and send his name and address.

Get acquainted with the "Campbell Kids." Sixteen of them in our pretty Booklet, No. 44. Send postal. **It's free.**

Joseph Campbell Company
Desk No. 44
Camden, New Jersey, U. S. A.

Our plant is operated under Government Supervision
(Act of June 30, 1906)



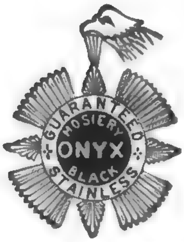
With every thrilling swallow,
Sighed Tommy, o'er and o'er:
"I wish that I was hollow,
So's I could hold some more."

Lord & Taylor

Wholesale Distributors

Science teaches us to get *best results* with *least effort*; the great purchasing public are frequently puzzled how to accomplish this; much time, effort and money is wasted; we can assist you; note trade-mark of

"ONYX" Hose



This trade-mark is stamped on every pair of "ONYX" Hose, which is made for men, women and children in many select qualities, colors and weights.

Ask for "ONYX" Hosiery and accept no substitutes, The trade-mark is the makers' guarantee which protects the buyer against spurious imitations.

Be guided by the "ONYX" trade-mark every time you purchase hosiery and you will have the assurance that you are receiving the best possible value for your money.

Here are a few numbers that we specially recommend at this season:

For Women

310/13. Black gauze, four thread lisle, superior quality, wear resisting, 50c a pair.

409/K, black silk lisle, gauze weight, soft, glossy, flexible, durable; double sole, spliced heel, 50c a pair.

Look Like Silk—Feel Like Silk—
Wear Better Than Silk.

For Men

E/310. Black and colored lisle, six thread heel and toe, four threads all over; known to all men "as the best I ever wore." The only lisle Hose that will not burn nor is harsh to the feet. 50c a pair.

E/325. Men's black and colored silk lisle, every desirable shade, a soft, lustrous, silky hose, very desirable. 50c a pair.

We will mail postpaid on receipt of price a pair of either style; write to department J.

Broadway New York

First Prize in the National Beauty Contest

is to be awarded by photographs alone. This contest is being held by more than a score of great newspapers in as many States. Thousands and thousands of pictures are entered. But in picking the handsomest woman from each State, and in finally selecting the most beautiful of all, the decisions will be based on **merely what the photographs show.** In other words, a really beautiful woman's most winning asset—**her clear, fresh, velvety** skin—cannot be counted at all. A fine complexion makes beautiful even the woman who is otherwise plainest.

Pompeian
Massage Cream

works wonders in restoring the natural health and beauty of the skin. It clears away muddiness and sallowness, smooths out wrinkles and it reduces flabbiness and the double chin.

It softens skin and muscles, increases the facial blood circulation, and brings roses to the cheeks.

Pompeian Massage Cream is not a cosmetic or artificial "beautifier," but a natural aid to natural beauty. It contains no grease and nothing to promote growth of hair, nor harm the most delicate skin. No imitation has the properties of the genuine, and many of the imitations are actually harmful. Remember the exact name.

Test it With Sample and Booklet—Sent Free

Simply send us your name on a postal and we will send you a liberal sample, together with our illustrated book on Facial Massage, an invaluable guide for the proper care of the skin.

We prefer you to buy of your dealer whenever possible, but do not accept a substitute for Pompeian under any circumstances. If your dealer does not keep it, we will send a 50-cent or $1.00 jar of the cream postpaid on receipt of price.

POMPEIAN MFG. CO., 127 Prospect Street, CLEVELAND, OHIO

Pompeian Massage Soap is a fine toilet soap with the same medicinal properties as Pompeian Massage Cream. Sold wherever the cream is sold. 25 cents a cake; 60 cents a box of 3 cakes.

CUT THIS OUT AND SEND IT TO US

Pompeian
Mfg. Co.
127 Prospect St.
Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen:—
Please send, without cost to me, one copy of your book on facial massage and a liberal sample of Pompeian Massage Cream.

Name ....

Address ....

....

BATHS
"Porosknit"
SUMMER
UNDERWEAR
FOR
MEN

"Porosknit" SUMMER UNDERWEAR

TRADE MARK
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

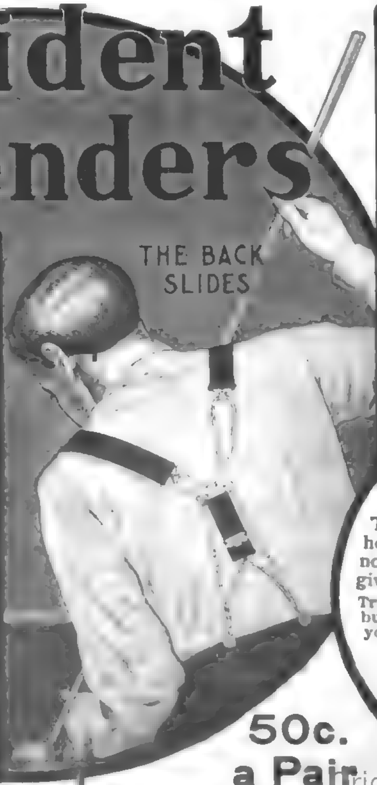
gives your skin the agreeable tingle of a cold bath. Its countless perforations admit the fresh in one continuous cooling current. **Let your body breathe** in "Porosknit" if you would know true comfort, real cleanliness, complete absence of offensive odors, freedom from wet garments, and a soothing sense of ease and poise.

50 Cents Retail—Made in All Styles

Ask your dealer for "Porosknit" If he does not sell it, write for free sample of the fabric and booklet, "Inside Information."

CHALMERS KNITTING CO., 9 Washington Street, AMSTERDAM, N.Y.

President Suspenders



When you asked for Presidents you probably were sidetracked by some man behind a counter who "knew" what you wanted better than you. It's better late than never. Don't be sidetracked again. Judge for yourself. Put on a pair; you'll know in a minute if Presidents are all we claim. If you don't like Presidents take them off and buy others. Your dealer will allow a try-on.

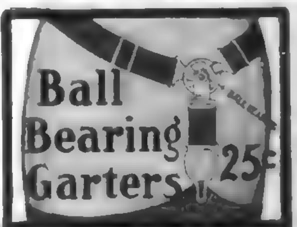
Raise one shoulder — Bend, Lift or Reach and the back slides smoothly and quickly. No strain, no pulling. Presidents rest so lightly you can't feel them.

Light, Medium and Heavy-weight. Extra long for big men. Special size for youths and boys.

If you can't get Presidents in your city buy of us. After three days' wear, if unsatisfactory, return for your money.

THE C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO.
509 Main St., Shirley, Mass.

50c. a Pair



To enjoy a real comfortably dressed leg wear BALL BEARING GARTERS—you'll like them immensely.

The sockhold is separated by a Ball Bearing SWIVEL and works independently—there's no binding, loosening or slipping.

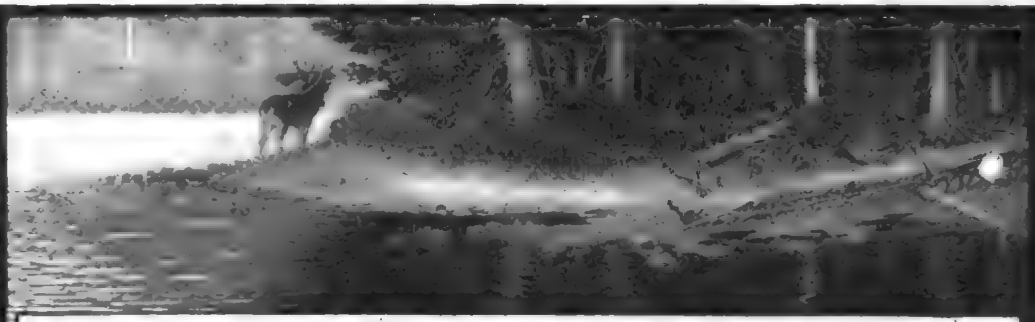
BALL BEARING GARTERS rest snugly and securely hold the socks in place. There's no tension—for that reason they give unusually long service.

Try a pair. If your dealer has [illegible] buy of us by mail and return for your money if unsatisfactory.

25c. A PAIR.

The C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO.
509 Main St.
Shirley, Mass.

WINCHESTER

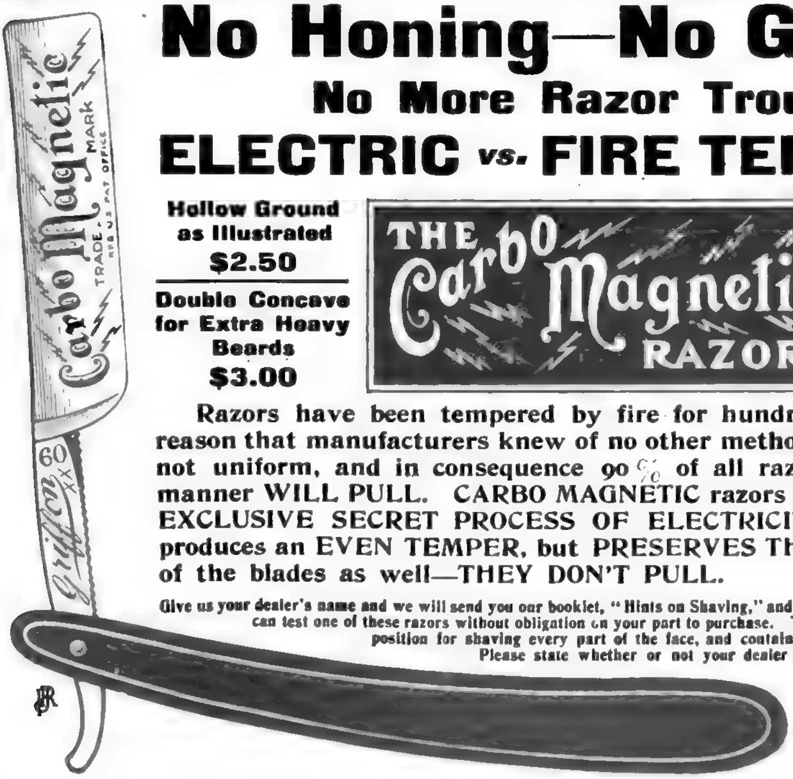


Self-Loading Rifle .351 Caliber High-Power Model 07

This rifle is reloaded by the recoil of the exploded cartridge. All that it is necessary to do to shoot it is to pull the trigger for each shot. The ease and rapidity with which this rifle can be fired, coupled with the tremendous killing qualities of the .351 Caliber High-Power Cartridge make it a splendid big game gun.

Circular fully describing this rifle, "The Gun That Shoots Through Steel," sent upon request.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO. - - NEW HAVEN, CONN.



No Honing—No Grinding

No More Razor Troubles

ELECTRIC vs. FIRE TEMPERING

Hollow Ground as Illustrated
$2.50

Double Concave for Extra Heavy Beards
$3.00

THE Carbo Magnetic RAZOR

Set of Two in Leather Case
$5.50

Carbo Magnetic Strop
$1.00

Razors have been tempered by fire for hundreds of years for the reason that manufacturers knew of no other method. Fire tempering is not uniform, and in consequence 90% of all razors tempered in this manner WILL PULL. CARBO MAGNETIC razors are tempered by OUR EXCLUSIVE SECRET PROCESS OF ELECTRICITY, which, not only produces an EVEN TEMPER, but PRESERVES THE CARBON (the life) of the blades as well—THEY DON'T PULL.

Give us your dealer's name and we will send you our booklet, "Hints on Shaving," and make you a proposition whereby you can test one of these razors without obligation on your part to purchase. This book illustrates the correct razor position for shaving every part of the face, and contains much other valuable information. Please state whether or not your dealer handles the Carbo Magnetic Razor.

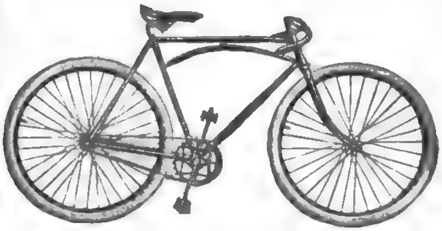
Firm of
A. L. SILBERSTEIN
469 Broadway
NEW YORK

"TRUST THE TRUSS"

The IVER JOHNSON Truss Bridge Bicycle

IVER JOHNSON TRUSS BRIDGE TRADE Trust the Truss TRUSS BRIDGE BICYCLE

This is the bicycle upon which the great six day race was won in Madison Square Garden, December, 1906—a contest that was unusually trying on the bicycles. The Iver Johnson Truss not only makes the bicycle stronger, but easier to "push." This is because the truss gives a rigidity that prevents loss of power through "give" of the frame—a common fault in many bicycles. Iver Johnson Bicycles are honest bicycles at honest prices. Throughout their manufacture only the best of material and the most skilled workmanship are used.



Every Iver Johnson Bicycle is fully guaranteed.

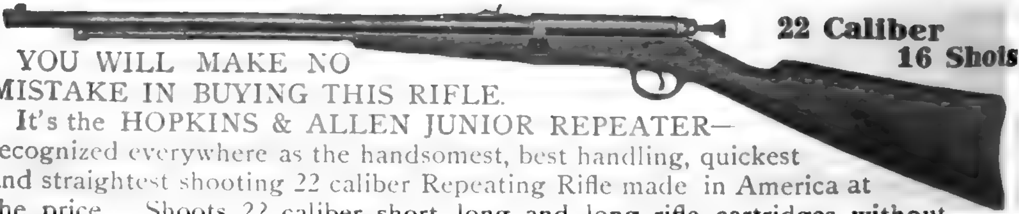
Write for Catalogue and Name of Your Dealer

Catalogue gives full description of all models, with prices and options. Sent free with name of our local dealer upon request.

Iver Johnson's Arms and Cycle Works
126 River St., Fitchburg, Mass.
Manufacturers of Iver Johnson Revolvers ("Hammer the Hammer") and Single Barrel Shotguns.

$8.25 WILL BRING YOU THIS FINE HOPKINS & ALLEN MILITARY BOLT ACTION REPEATING RIFLE

22 Caliber
16 Shots



YOU WILL MAKE NO MISTAKE IN BUYING THIS RIFLE.

It's the HOPKINS & ALLEN JUNIOR REPEATER—recognized everywhere as the handsomest, best handling, quickest and straightest shooting 22 caliber Repeating Rifle made in America at the price. Shoots 22 caliber short, long and long rifle cartridges without change of carrier. Shoots 16-22 caliber short and 12-22 caliber long and long rifle; *the ejector works like lightning. You can make bull's eyes as fast as you can work the trigger; the appearance of the Gun is something to take pride in.*

THE STOCK is of beautiful selected American Walnut, light, strong and graceful—polishes almost like Mahogany. BARREL is of fine high power rifle steel, rifled with our new patented increase twist which gives best range and trajectory. ACTION: is improved Military Bolt Pattern (*side ejection*) which is recognized *as the best action made* for a repeating rifle—action is also equipped with positive *Safety Device*, removing danger of accidental discharge. GUN is 40½ in. long, barrel 22 inches—takes down in two parts and can be packed in a trunk or suit case. *Materials, Manufacture and Assembling are of Highest Grade Throughout—and the Rifle is Warranted to Give Greatest Satisfaction—a Remarkable Bargain at the Price.*

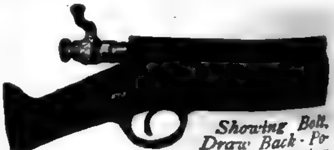
Call at your Dealers or Write us Today. WE WILL SEND THIS RIFLE DIRECT TO YOU FOR $8.25—AND GUARANTEE SAFE DELIVERY AND ENTIRE SATISFACTION—IF YOU CANNOT FIND IT AT NEAREST STORE.

IF YOU ARE INTERESTED IN ANY KIND OF A FIREARM, WRITE FOR OUR BEAUTIFUL "GUN GUIDE & CATALOG" FOR 1907. IT'S **FREE**

Gives more points on guns than any catalog published. Gives best prices and most complete line.

THE HOPKINS & ALLEN ARMS CO.
Dept. 13 Norwich, Conn.
U. S. A.
European Office—6 City Road, Finsbury Sq., London

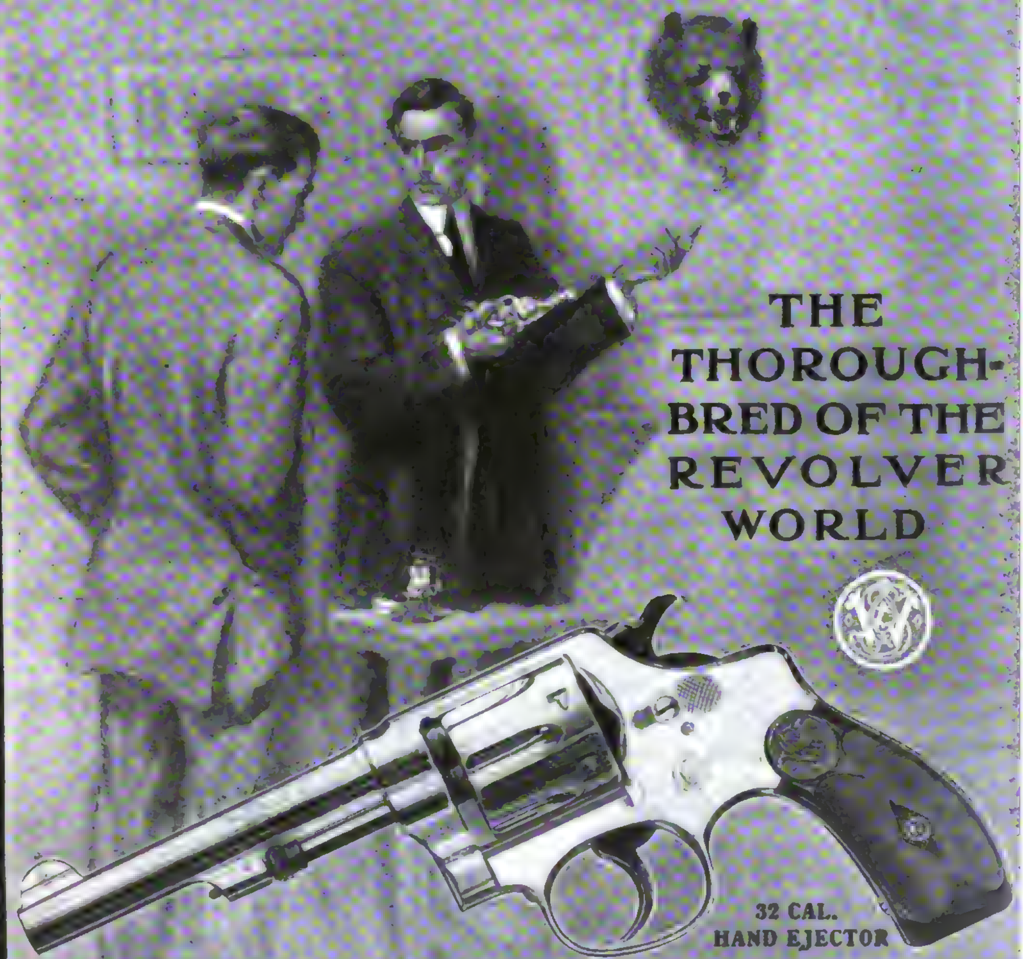
Largest Mfrs. of High-Grade Popular Priced Firearms In the World.



Showing Bolt, Draw Back - Position for ejecting Shell. Push Bolt forward, turn down lever, and new cartridge is ready for firing.

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 3.

SMITH & WESSON



PRIDE in the revolver and pride in the shot—these feelings live in the minds of hundreds of men, who, armed with a SMITH & WESSON, have come successfully out of hard skirmishes at close range. All SMITH & WESSON revolvers are famed for their shooting power and their reliability, and their possession gives a confidence and coolness no other revolver can impart.

Look for the SMITH & WESSON monogram and name on frame and barrel of the revolver you buy. No others are genuine.

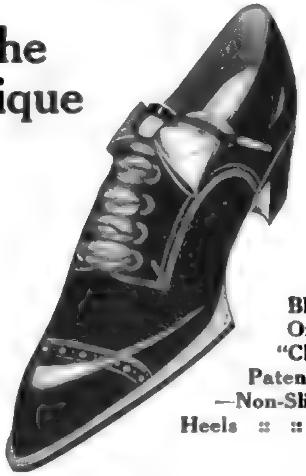
Our Catalog—"The Revolver"—Sent Free on Request

SMITH & WESSON
7 Stockbridge Street, Springfield, Mass.
Pacific Coast Branch, 1346 Park Street, Alameda, Cal.

The Florsheim SHOE

LOOK FOR NAME IN STRAP

The Pique



Blucher
Oxford
"Cheral"
Patent Colt
—Non-Slipping
Heels :: :: :: ::

The shoe that grasps your foot firmly but kindly—like a friend's hand-clasp—is the Florsheim. No mistaking its identity with your foot. No gainsaying its grace and style. No doubt of its enduring service.

Style Book shows "a fit for every foot." Send for it. Most styles sell for $5.00 and $6.00.

Florsheim & Company
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

BANKING BY MAIL.

ASSETS OVER 42 MILLION DOLLARS

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS 6½ MILLION DOLLARS

4% ON SAVINGS

ANY reader of this magazine whose funds yield less than four per cent. will be interested in our system of receiving deposits by mail. The savings banks in Cleveland are among the strongest in the world, and for the past sixty-five years have safely paid four per cent. interest on deposits.

Send to-day for booklet "E."

THE CITIZENS
SAVINGS & TRUST CO.
CLEVELAND, O.

Do you prefer toys to shave with or do you use a real razor?
If the latter the
"URANUS"
is the strop
to keep it keen

$1.50 post paid

KOKEN BARBERS' SUPPLY COMPANY
ST. LOUIS
2504 OHIO AVE.

Summer Comfort in half hose

Very fine, light-weight half hose, made of the finest Egyptian and handsomely mercerized Sea Island yarn, spun with the famous Iron Clad "extra twist" which guarantees long life to every Iron Clad—35c a pair.

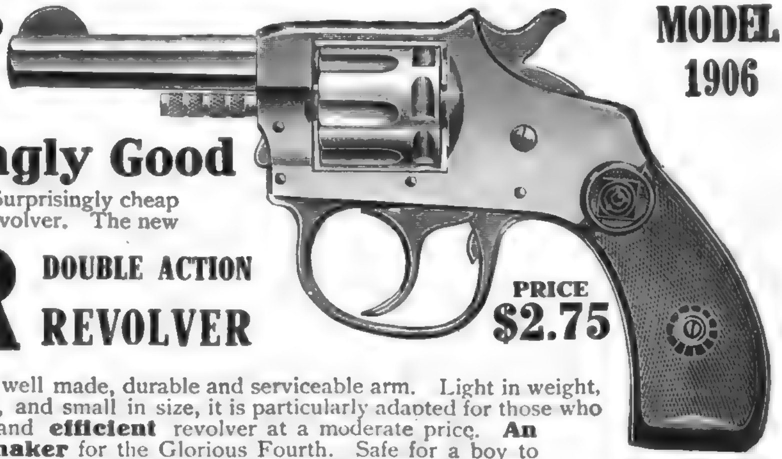
No. 490—Black; 490 T—Tan; 490 M—Mode; 490 B—Blue; 490 G—Gray; 490 D. G.—Dark Gray; 490 O.B.—Oxblood; 490 D.B.—Dark Blue

[illegible] supply you, send us his name and 35c for each [illegible] size.

SEND FOR FREE STYLE BOOK

COOPER, WELLS & CO.
208 Vine Street St. Joseph, Mich.

"Iron Clad"
COOPER WELLS & CO. ST JOE KNIT SEAMLESS HOSIERY ST JOSEPH MICH.



MODEL 1906

Surprisingly Good

for the price. Surprisingly cheap for so good a revolver. The new

H & R DOUBLE ACTION REVOLVER

PRICE $2.75

is a thoroughly well made, durable and serviceable arm. Light in weight, only ten ounces, and small in size, it is particularly adapted for those who desire a **safe** and **efficient** revolver at a moderate price. **An ideal noise-maker** for the Glorious Fourth. Safe for a boy to handle and has none of the disadvantages of the dangerous toy pistol.

Specifications { 22 Caliber, Seven Shot, Rim Fire, Double Action; 2½″ barrel, finest nickel finish, **$2.75**
Also made with 4½″ and 6″ barrel.

The celebrated H & R Hammerless Revolver, ... **$6.50**

For Sale by all dealers in Reliable Sporting Goods. If your dealer does not have it, don't take any other make—we will deliver one on receipt of price.

Write for Catalog of Revolvers and Single Barrel Shot Guns.

HARRINGTON & RICHARDSON ARMS CO., 265 Park Ave., Worcester, Mass.

H & R
Greatest
Revolver
Value for
the Money

THE FIDELITY AND CASUALTY CO.

OF NEW YORK

1876 1907

GEORGE F. SEWARD, President
ROBERT J. HILLAS, Vice-President and Secretary

- **FIDELITY**
- **LIABILITY**
- **ACCIDENT**
- **HEALTH**
- **STEAM BOILER**
- **ELEVATOR**
- **PLATE GLASS**
- **BURGLARY**
- **FLY WHEEL**

This Company has been engaged in the several MINOR MISCELLANEOUS LINES of insurance for THIRTY YEARS, and has built up gradually and prudently A VERY LARGE CASUALTY INSURANCE BUSINESS. Its annual income from premiums is nearly SIX MILLIONS of dollars. Its business is protected by assets of over EIGHT MILLIONS, including an unearned premium reserve of over THREE MILLIONS of dollars, and a special reserve against contingent claims of over ONE AND ONE-HALF MILLIONS. It has paid over TWENTY-FOUR MILLIONS to its policy holders FOR LOSSES. Its constant effort is to give its clients not only INSURANCE indemnity, but prompt and effective INSPECTION and ADJUSTING SERVICES.

INSURANCE THAT INSURES

CAPITAL, - **$1,000,000.00** SURPLUS, - **$1,904,775.76**

DIRECTORS:

DUMONT CLARKE, GEO. E. IDE, WM. J. MATHESON, ANTON A. RAVEN,
WM. P. DIXON, W. G. LOW, ALEXANDER E. ORR, JOHN L. RIKER,
ALFRED W. HOYT, J. G. McCULLOUGH, HENRY E. PIERREPONT, W. EMLEN ROOSEVELT,
GEO. F. SEWARD.

Principal Offices, Nos. 97-103 Cedar Street, New York

Agents in all considerable towns

You may pay more to a custom-tailor for garments made to your measure than you would in purchasing the

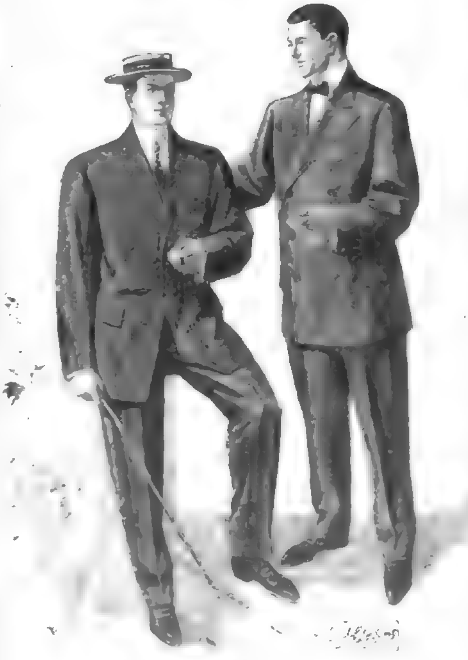
"Peck Clothing"

For Business and Dress

but you won't get any better style, materials, workmanship or fit than in the

"PECK" SUITS AND OVERGARMENTS $12 to $45

Sold by leading dealers throughout the Union. Ask your clothier to show you the new models.



At Wholesale

SYRACUSE NEW YORK CHICAGO

Write today for FREE booklet "Art in Clothes," showing the correct fashions for Summer.

W. S. Peck & Company

Dept. F **Syracuse, N. Y.**

---

900 STYLES of FANCY HAT BANDS

FASHIONS change in fancy hat bands as in everything else. The new styles are ready. Better find out what they are.

There is only one band which lies flat and smooth, that does not wrinkle, slip out of place or get baggy and loose.

"THE WICK ADJUSTABLE FANCY HAT BAND"

"the band with hooks" (all rights reserved). The Wick Band can be adjusted to any hat—straw, panama, slouch or telescope. Goes right on over the old band. Fits any size hat.

Any hat can be made a **Club** or **Varsity** hat by the adjustment of a Wick Band.

Over nine hundred patterns and combinations: Club, Fraternity or College colors; stripes, plaids, polka dots, neat gray or new black and white effects.

25c. and 50c.

at your hatter's or haberdasher's—or send stamps or cash to us and say what colors you want—or leave it to us and we will send you the latest thing, together with our book of color combinations. Address Dept. A.

WICK NARROW FABRIC CO., PHILADELPHIA
Producers of Specialties

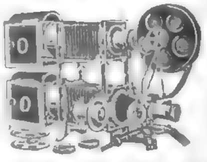
OUR 6% COUPON

BIG THINGS

come from small beginnings. If you will start a savings account with us—a dollar or more will do it—we will pay you 6 per cent interest, compounded semi-annually, which might mean your fortune of the future. Our booklet tells you all about "Banking by Mail." We will help you.

Equitable Banking & Loan Co., Macon, Ga.
Write for booklet C today

IT PAYS BIG To Amuse The Public With Motion Pictures



NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY as our instruction Book and "Business Guide" tells all. We furnish Complete Outfits with Big Advertising Posters, etc. Humorous dramas brimful of fun, travel, history, religion, temperance work and songs illustrated. One man can do it. **Astonishing Opportunity** in any locality for a man with a little money to show in churches, school houses, lodge halls, theatres, etc. **Profits $10 to over $100 per night.** Others do it, **why not you?** It's easy, write to us and we'll tell you how. **Catalogue free.**

AMUSEMENT SUPPLY CO., 450 Chemical Bank Bldg., CHICAGO.

'Ever-Ready' 12 Bladed Safety Razor $1

THE new **Ever-Ready** Safety Razor at **$1.00**, is better to-day than ever. **Guaranteed** the best shaver ever made at any price. No razor is worth $5.00 as long as the **Ever-Ready** sells for $1.00. To-day a million men enjoy their Ever-Ready shave. Removes any beard with velvety ease—no knack or skill required.

Each **Ever-Ready** set at $1.00 is complete with the new **Ever-Ready** frame—**twelve** (12) critically perfect **Ever-Ready** blades, and stropping handle, all compactly cased. Impossible to cut or scratch the face.

Remember, there are **12** separate **Ever-Ready** blades to each $1.00 set—the finest specimen of blade making ever put into a razor. **Ever-Ready** blades can be stropped, or we will give you six new blades any time for six dull ones and twenty-five cents—12 exchanged for forty cents.

We or your dealer will sell you **extra Ever-Ready blades** to fit Star, Yankee, or Gem Razors, or to add to your **Ever-Ready** set, 6 blades for 50c, or 12 for 75c.

Ever-Ready dollar sets are sold by **hardware, cutlery, jewelry, drug stores** and **department stores** throughout America and the world. Beware of the profit-greedy dealer who might try to "palm off" a more profitable substitute. **Mail orders filled, prepaid, upon receipt of $1.00.** Money-back guarantee. Canadian Price, $1.25.

AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CO., 320 Broadway, New York

Hawkeye Refrigerator Basket

Exactly so—a **Basket Refrigerator!** Keeps luncheon delightfully cool for **Picnickers, Sportsmen, Travellers, Automobilists** and **Office-people.** Strong rattan body, hinged lid, nickeled metal lining, interlined with asbestos and hair felt. Removable ice compartment. Bottom dressed with mineral paint—proof against dampness. Ask about our Refrigerator Baskets for Autos.

Size 2, 20x13, 10 inches deep, $3.75

Size 1, 18x10, 8 inches deep, $3.50

Size 0, 14x9, 7 inches deep, $3.00

Let us mail you **Free** illustrated booklet with endorsements from folks you know.

Burlington Basket Co., 218 Main St. Burlington, Iowa.

Use This Basket on THIRTY DAYS' TRIAL

If your hardware dealer does not have Hawkeye Refrigerator Baskets, send us your order. Use it for thirty days. If it does not prove satisfactory in every way return the basket and we will refund your money.

Write for catalogue of Motor Boats—Row Boats—Hunting and Fishing Boats.

Mullins Pressed Steel Boats

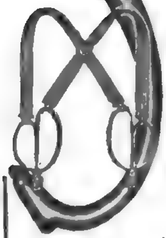
Are the Fastest and Safest Boats Built

They are built of smooth, pressed steel plates, with air chambers in each end like a lifeboat. The smooth, steel hull has handsome lines, and glides through the water with the least possible resistance—they are faster, more durable and safer—they don't crack, leak, dry out, or sink, and are elegant in design and finish.

The Mullins Steel Motor Boats have revolutionized motor boat building, and are superior in every way to wooden motor boats. They are equipped with Mullins Reversible Engines, so simple in construction, and so dependable that a boy can run them, and the Mullins Improved Underwater Exhaust, which makes them absolutely noiseless. Every boat is absolutely guaranteed.

THE W. H. MULLINS CO., 104 Franklin St., SALEM, OHIO.

SE=NO



SUSPENDERS worn under the shirt, give that trim negligee appearance so much desired by every man when his coat is off; "hitching up" the trousers to keep them in place is unnecessary.

You see no suspenders; you feel no suspenders; they are constructed on a new principle whereby you are assured absolute comfort and freedom of motion.

No binding under the arms—no buttons ripped off—no sagging trousers—no vise-like grip across the shoulders, perfect ease everywhere.

50 cents at your dealer, or of us by mail postpaid.

Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back.

EAGLE SUSPENDERS
Camac & Race Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

Safety and Profit

in New York Real Estate

Over Half Million Dollars Paid Investors to Date

FOR YEARS THIS COMPANY HAS PAID

6% GUARANTEED INTEREST

ON ITS BOND SHARES
(By Check Issued Semi-annually)

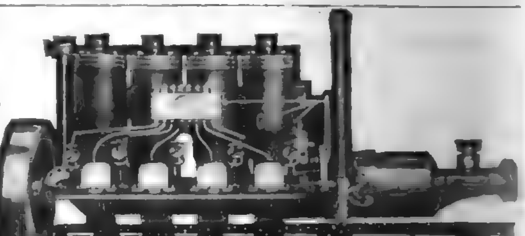
Investments of from $100 to $10,000 accepted, participating in earnings from date of receipt, and every dollar secured by several times its worth in New York Real Estate.

ASSETS $1,650,000

New York Realty Owners Company

489 Fifth Ave., New York

Call or write for Booklet "D"



SMALLEY

MARINE GAS ENGINES

Quality *vs.* Price

The Smalley is not a **cheap** engine—cheap in a money sense. **But it is unquestionably the finest marine engine on the market today—none excepted.** It lasts longer than the boat. Therefore—measured per year of usage per dollar of cost it really costs less than the so-called "cheap" engines. Where is the economy of buying a cheap engine that after one or two seasons wear has to be thrown in the scrap heap?

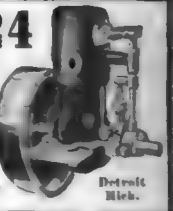
From foundry to finishing room the SMALLEY is built in our own plant by skilled mechanics, and out of the finest materials money can buy. From base to spark plug it is critically inspected and then tested under full load for forty-eight hours. The price is not as high as the quality. Send for our handsome catalogue today. Address Dept. A.

Smalley Motor Co., Ltd., Bay City, Mich., U. S. A.

SKIPPER

Marine Engine

2 H. P. Bare Engine $24



A sure, powerful motor with the most wonderful fuel device known. Runs equally well on **Gasolene, kerosene or Alcohol.** Easy to start, reverse or regulate speed, cannot backfire. 2 h. p. bare engine $24; complete with engine, electric and boat fittings, [illegible]; 4 h. p. complete [illegible]. Catalog free.

St. Clair Motor Co., Dept. N Detroit Mich.

A SHORT CUT IN TELEPHONING FOR 18 TWO-CENT STAMPS

THE ROTARY PHONE-LIST

Attached in a second to any telephone.

It has 25 alphabetically tabbed cards for listing over 425 names and telephone numbers for instant reference. Names of clients, customers, etc., can not be seen by those using your phone. Send your name and address on post card and Phone-List will go forward for your inspection.

PHONE-LIST COMPANY, 3 West 29th Street, NEW YORK

6% CERTIFICATES of DEPOSIT

These certificates yield a larger net income than the ordinary investment and the holder is absolutely free from any inconveniences connected there with. Interest paid January and Ju[illegible] Write for booklet F.

FIRST TRUST & SAVINGS BANK
CAPITAL [illegible] BILLINGS MONT.

UNDERWOOD'S ORIGINAL DEVILED HAM

ORIGINAL
DEVILED
HAM
Wm. UNDERWOOD
BOSTON
MASS

Branded with the Devil, but fit for the Gods

THE SALES OF

UNDERWOOD'S

ORIGINAL DEVILED HAM, TONGUE, TURKEY and CHICKEN

Increased in 1906 over 10%

This was a merited tribute of confidence from the public, as our products have been

Honestly Made and Truthfully Labelled for 85 years

The recently enacted Pure Food Laws have made no change in **UNDERWOOD'S PLANTS, PRODUCTS or LABELS,** for all were passed with highest praise by every State Board of Health that examined them, and by the U. S. Government. *They are no different now than they always have been.*

For sale by all good grocers. If yours does not sell our Deviled Ham, for his name and 15 cents in stamps we will send you a 15-cent can, post-paid.

WM. UNDERWOOD CO.

Established 1822

52 Fulton Street Boston, Mass.

ORIENTAL TOOTH PASTE
JEWSBURY & BROWN
MANCHESTER ENGLAND
ORIENTAL

IN USE 100 YEARS

England's Favorite Dentifrice

Will make your teeth pearly white and sound. Removes tartar, preserves the gums.

Jewsbury & Brown's

ORIENTAL TOOTH PASTE

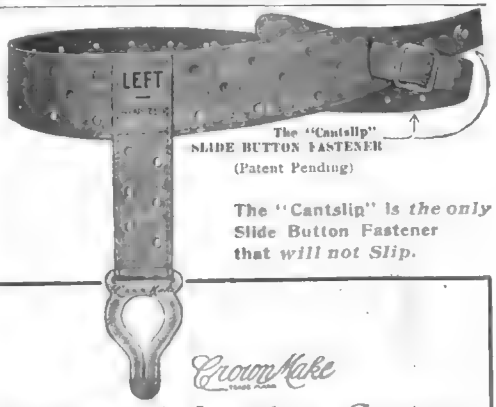
Imparts a delicate fragrance to the breath. Contains the most valuable vegetable antiseptics for cleansing the mouth. Sold in Pots and Tubes. At all good stores.

Sole Importing Agents:

F. R. Arnold & Co., New York

Marshall Field & Co., Chicago

ORIENTAL TOOTH PASTE
JEWSBURY & BROWN



The "Cantslip" SLIDE BUTTON FASTENER (Patent Pending)

The "Cantslip" is *the only* Slide Button Fastener that *will not Slip.*

Crown Make

Perforated Leather Garters.

(Patented April 23d, 1907.)

are the only Leather Garters that are positively

PERSPIRATION AND ODOR-PROOF.

By being perforated the *pores* of the *skin* are *open to air ventilation.* The skin must breathe, otherwise the body cannot be in a healthy condition. Leather absorbs perspiration which leaves a disagreeable odor. Our Leather Garters are LINED WITH A FABRIC treated by a special process. This fabric is *positively perspiration and odor-proof.*

THE "CANTSLIP" SLIDE BUTTON FASTENER gives three inches latitude in adjusting. Garters are easy on and off; made in three sizes: small, medium and large, to retail at **50 Cents and $1.00 a Pair.** If your dealer can't supply you, we will, on receipt of price. Measure just below the knee to find size required.

CROWN SUSPENDER COMPANY

848 Broadway NEW YORK

Write for Illustrated and Descriptive Booklet and Folders.

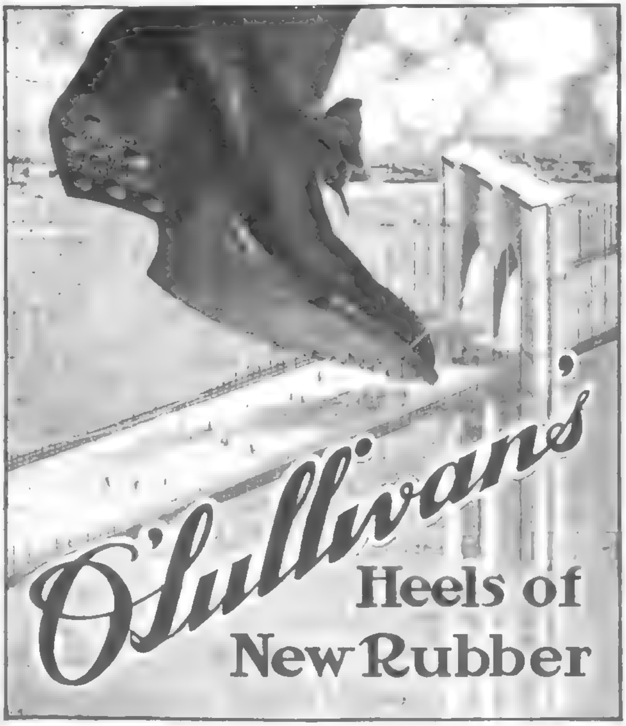
BRIGHTON
FLAT CLASP
GARTERS

Improved
The Brighton
Silk Garter
Registered
Trade Mark

You will never know what true leg comfort means until you wear Brighton Flat Clasp Garters. You can't kick them loose if you try, yet they hug so gently that you never feel them. They don't bind, scratch, tug, pull, squeeze or fall off.

If "seeing's believing"—just ask your dealer to *show you.* He'll tell you Brightons are the only garters with the absolutely flat clasp—which means ease and comfort. Pure silk webbing. Solid nickel-plated brass. 25 cents a pair, all dealers or by mail postpaid.

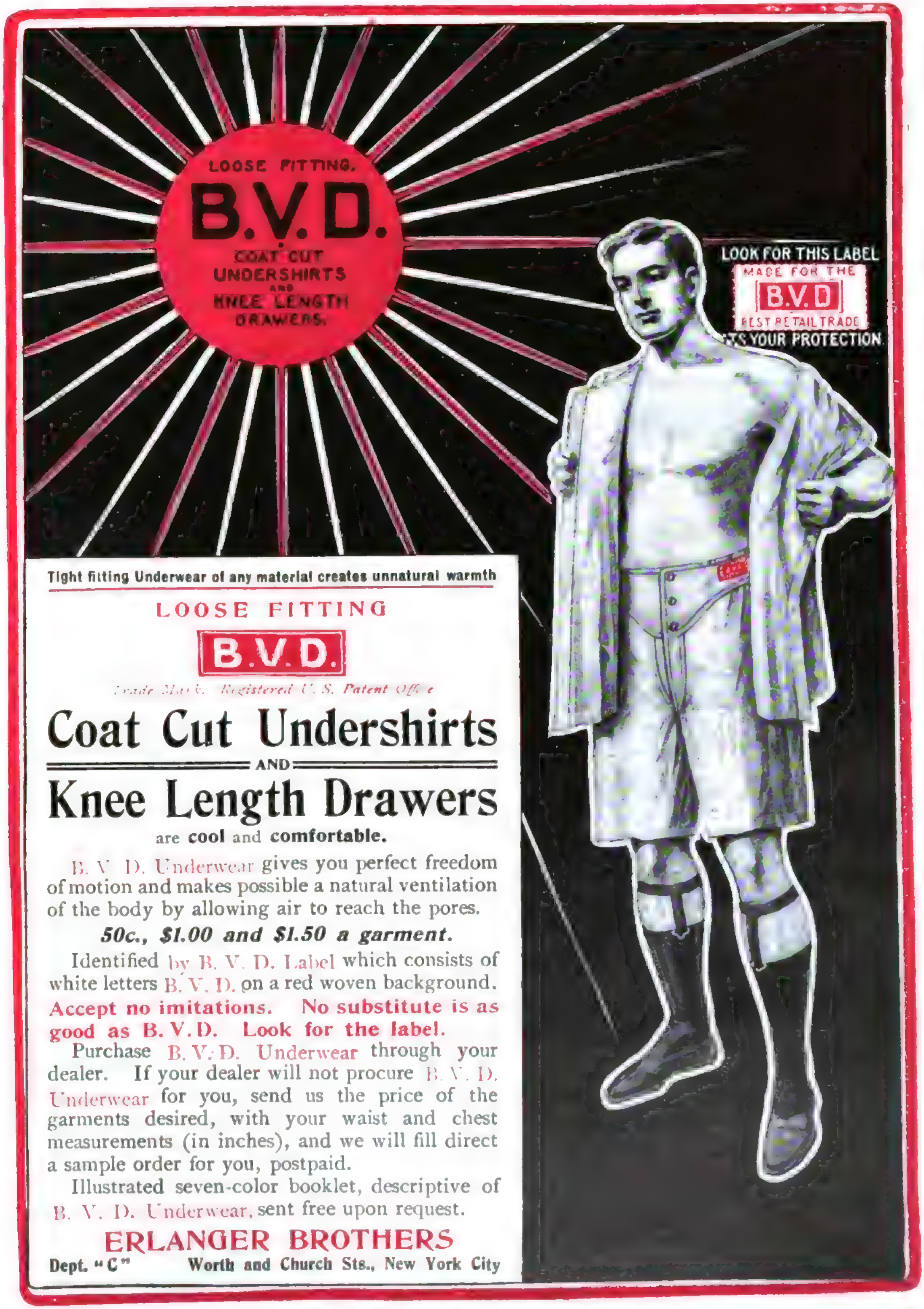
PIONEER SUSPENDER CO. 718 Market St., Philadelphia.
MAKERS OF PIONEER SUSPENDERS.



The Bridge that spans the River of Life and the Heels of New Rubber that make life's burden easy to carry are illustrated here for your benefit. These Heels of New Rubber are a positive relief to all who walk or stand. Nurses are obliged to wear them in the sick room. If it is a fact that they make you step lighter and more buoyant and feel happier in mind and body, adopt them for your own benefit, but be sure and get O'Sullivan's. They are the only heels that are made of new rubber. If your dealer cannot supply you, send 35 cents and diagram of your heel to the manufacturers.

O'Sullivan Rubber Co.
Lowell - - - Mass.

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 3.


LOOSE FITTING.
B.V.D.
COAT CUT
UNDERSHIRTS
AND
KNEE LENGTH
DRAWERS.
LOOK FOR THIS LABEL
MADE FOR THE
B.V.D.
BEST RETAIL TRADE
IT'S YOUR PROTECTION

Tight fitting Underwear of any material creates unnatural warmth

LOOSE FITTING

B.V.D.

Trade Mark. Registered U. S. Patent Office

Coat Cut Undershirts

AND

Knee Length Drawers

are **cool** and **comfortable.**

B. V. D. Underwear gives you perfect freedom of motion and makes possible a natural ventilation of the body by allowing air to reach the pores.

50c., $1.00 and $1.50 a garment.

Identified by B. V. D. Label which consists of white letters B. V. D. on a red woven background.

Accept no imitations. No substitute is as good as B. V. D. Look for the label.

Purchase B. V. D. Underwear through your dealer. If your dealer will not procure B. V. D. Underwear for you, send us the price of the garments desired, with your waist and chest measurements (in inches), and we will fill direct a sample order for you, postpaid.

Illustrated seven-color booklet, descriptive of B. V. D. Underwear, sent free upon request.

ERLANGER BROTHERS

Dept. "C" **Worth and Church Sts., New York City**

Don't Judge by the Price!

The high prices charged for the majority of office appliances may lead some people to doubt the value of the

Daus Tip Top Duplicator

on account of its low price ($5), but the fact that it is used and endorsed by the **N. Y. Central Railroad, U. S. Steel Corporation, Westinghouse Electric Co.**, etc., proves that the work done must be first-class, for with such corporations it is not a question of price.

High-class endorsements are strong arguments, but we do not depend upon them to sell our Tip Top, preferring to have you try it yourself, before buying, by taking advantage of our offer of

100 COPIES FROM ONE ORIGINAL
Daus

Ten Days' Trial without deposit

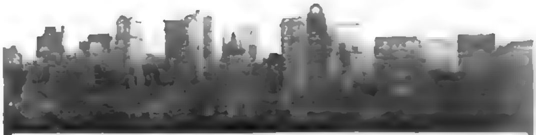
Each machine contains 16 feet of duplicating surface which may be used over and over again. Five different colors can be duplicated at the same time. No printer's ink or expensive supplies required.

100 copies from pen written and 50 copies from typewritten original

Complete Duplicator, cap size, (prints 8¾ x 13 inches), PRICE **$5.00**

Circular of larger sizes upon request. Dealers wanted

FELIX A. T. DAUS DUPLICATOR COMPANY
Daus Building, 111 John Street NEW YORK



6% Bonds

Based on the Ownership of New York Real Estate

IF you have accumulated capital which you would like to place in the safest and most profitable form of investment, or if your income will enable you to lay aside and invest a certain amount annually, it will be worth your while to consider the advantages afforded by A-R-E Six's. They combine stability, security, earning power and cash availability. They are strictly non-speculative; as good as gold, principal and interest, from date of issue to date of maturity, issued in either of two forms:

6% COUPON BONDS—For Income Earning.
6% ACCUMULATIVE BONDS—For Income Funding.

THESE Bonds are the direct contract obligations of the oldest corporation engaged in the business of buying and improving New York real estate for income or for sale and are secured by Assets of over $9,446,000, including Capital and Surplus of over $1,540,000.

If your money doesn't earn 6 Per Cent it is not because it cannot earn it with perfect safety. Write us and let us tell you how. We will be glad to send you our literature, fully describing A-R-E Six's and our extensive New York real estate holdings, including a map of New York, showing the location of our properties. Write today to

A-R-E SIXS

American Real Estate Co.
501 Day and Night Bank Bldg.
5th Ave. and 44th St., New York

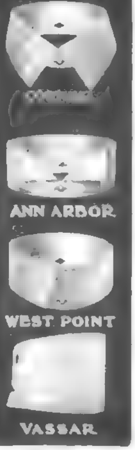
THE BEST SECURITY ON EARTH IS EARTH ITSELF

WATERPROOFED LINEN

LITHOLIN

COLLARS AND CUFFS

COLUMBIA
YALE
BARNARD
STEVENS



A Summer Necessity

For comfort and economy **LITHOLIN Waterproofed Linen Collars and Cuffs** are almost indispensable, especially in warm weather. Wiped with a damp cloth they are as clean as when new, with the original whiteness, and never wilt, crack nor fray. Cuts show only a few of the LITHOLIN styles.

Collars, 25c. Cuffs, 50c.

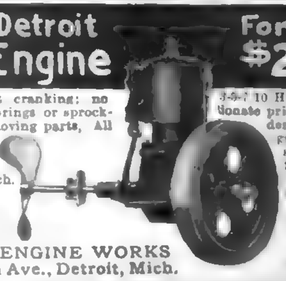
If not at your dealers, send us style, size and number wanted, with remittance, and we will mail to your address, postpaid. Descriptive illustrated catalogue of full line sent free on request.

THE FIBERLOID COMPANY
16 Waverly Place, New York City

2 H.P. Detroit Engine For $29.50

Starts without cranking: no cams, valves, springs or sprockets. Only 3 moving parts. All bearings babbitted. For your Row Boat, Sail Boat, Launch. 10,000 in use

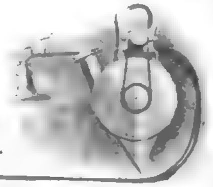
Send for testimonials



3-5-7 10 H. P. Proportionate prices. Cylinders and pistons ground. Crank shafts drop forged steel. All sizes ready to ship.

SEND FOR FREE CATALOG.

DETROIT ENGINE WORKS
1280 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.



Electric Baths

At Home Without Cost

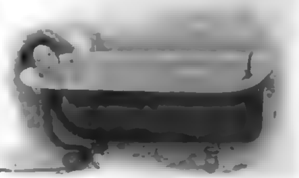
Turn the water in your bath-tub in a life-giving electric current, and kee well. Put our little water motor o the wash-stand faucet, place the ele trodes in the tub and turn on the water Thus you get an electric current in your bath as strong or as weak as you like, and at no expense. The se sation is delightfully refreshing, in vigorating and restful. The

Home Electric Generator

gives to the entire body that form of electric treatment which [illegible] is most beneficial. It wonderfully builds up and [illegible] and nervous systems. The Generator is also equipped [illegible] tric hair and scalp treatments and electric vibratory massage treatments.

Cheap as the Water in the Tub

It costs nothing to operate this generator, and it is [illegible] to last many years. Write for fully illustrated book explaining the WEBER SYSTEM of Electric Baths in your own home.



Weber Electric Co.
512 Main St., Jamestown, N.Y.

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 3.

U.S.
AUTOMATIC
PENCIL SHARPENER

Let us send on 10 days' FREE trial this

U.S. AUTOMATIC PENCIL SHARPENER

Free of all cost to you.

Our Offer:

We will ship to you, express prepaid, one U. S. Automatic Pencil Sharpener. You will screw this Machine down in your office, use it for 10 days, if it makes good all of our claims for it and is satisfactory, send us your check for $3.50. If it is not what you expected, pack it up and ship it back to us, express collect.

Don't this prove our absolute confidence in the Machine?

Our claims for the U. S. Automatic Pencil Sharpener:

It saves $70.00 a year wherever three Pencil users work.

It cuts off just enough and no more. After a Pencil is sharpened you can turn the handle of this Machine all day and it won't cut any more from the Pencil.

It's absolutely simple and has no parts which can get out of order.

It don't grind; it cuts. Can't break lead.

It makes a working "point" and not a wasteful "needle point."

Send for our booklet, "A Saving Pointer." It tells you how to stop a heretofore intangible office expense leak.

Automatic Pencil Sharpener Co., Inc.
Dept. E., 524 Broadway, New York City

TYPEWRITERS ALL MAKES

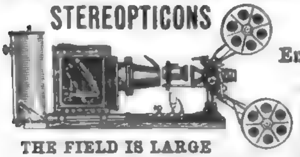
All the standard machines **SOLD** or **RENTED ANYWHERE** at ¼ to ½ **M'F'R'S** prices, allowing **RENTAL TO APPLY ON PRICE.** Shipped with privilege of examination.

☞ Write for Illustrated Catalogue F

TYPEWRITER EMPORIUM, 280 Fifth Ave., CHICAGO

MOVING PICTURE MACHINES

STEREOPTICONS



You Can Make BIG MONEY Entertaining the Public.

Nothing affords better opportunities for men with small capital. We start you, furnishing complete outfits and explicit instructions at a surprisingly low cost.

THE FIELD IS LARGE

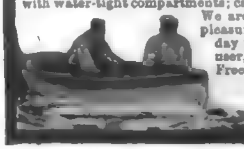
comprising the regular theatre and lecture circuit, also local fields in Churches, Public Schools, Lodges and General Public Gatherings. **Our Entertainment Supply Catalogue** and special offer fully explains everything. **Sent Free.**

CHICAGO PROJECTING CO., 225 Dearborn Street, Dept. 1 Chicago.

16 Ft. Steel Launch with 2 H.P. Engine complete $96

18-21-25 foot launches at proportionate prices. All launches fitted with two cycle reversing engines with speed controlling lever; simplest engine made; starts without cranking, has only 3 moving parts. Steel rowboats, $20.00 All boats fitted with water-tight compartments; cannot sink, need no boat house We are the largest manufacturers of pleasure boats in the world. Orders filled day they are received. We sell direct to user, cutting out all middlemen's profits. Free catalogue

MICHIGAN STEEL BOAT CO.
1280 Jefferson Ave.
Detroit, Michigan



WISS RAZORS

J. WISS & SONS
NEWARK

Cost the Most to Make
Cost the Most to Buy
The Cheapest Razor to Own

Every **Wiss Razor** is unrestrictedly guaranteed by us. Any **Wiss** dealer is authorized to exchange or refund the cost of any razor proving unsatisfactory. If he won't, we will. If you are hard to satisfy on the razor question, write us for particulars about Wiss Razors.

For sale wherever good cutlery is sold

J. WISS & SONS CO.
18-40 Littleton Avenue, Newark, N. J.

$3,000 TO $10,000 A YEAR IN THE REAL ESTATE BUSINESS

WE will teach you by mail the Real Estate, General Brokerage & Insurance Business and appoint you

SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE

of the oldest and largest co-operative real estate and brokerage company in America. Representatives are making $3,000 to $10,000 a year without any investment of capital. Excellent opportunities open to YOU. By our system you can make money in a few weeks without interfering with your present occupation. Our co-operative department will give you more choice, salable property to handle than any other institution in the world. Tear off the coupon — write name and address and mail to us and we will send you free a 62-page book and tell you how you can get a thorough commercial law course free.

The Cross Company is the original real estate school and is connected with no other concern of similar name.

Mail coupon today.

FOLD HERE, TEAR OUT, SIGN AND MAIL

FREE COUPON

The Cross Co.
658 Reaper Blk.
Chicago

Please mail without cost to me your 62-page book and tell me how I can get a full commercial law course free.

Name ....

Address ....

You need not clip coupon if you write & mention EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE.

5%

YOU don't tie your money up indefinitely when you deposit it with this company.

It not only earns interest for every day it is on deposit, but you can withdraw it at any time without notice.

This company has been in business for more than 13 years and has never paid less than 5 per cent interest.

Its deposits are absolutely secured by first mortgages on improved real estate placed in trust with one of the strongest trust companies in Baltimore.

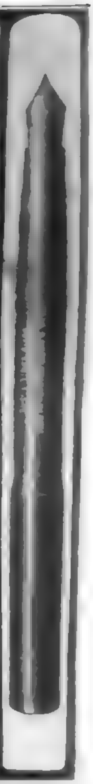
There isn't any sounder or better investment for your money.

Write today for the booklet.

Calvert Mortgage & Deposit Co.

1041 Calvert Building Baltimore, Md.

It does not leak
Any kind of Pen—Point to suit any kind of hand can be fitted
Paul E. Wirt
Fountain Pen



"IT WON'T LEAK"—

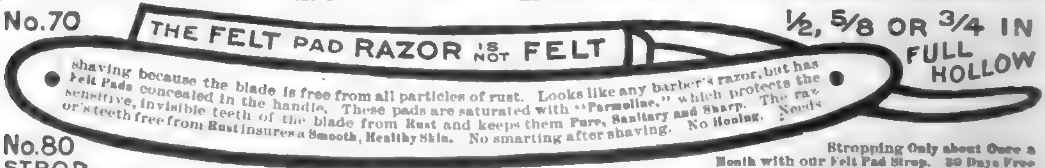
that's the bright particular feature which makes the Paul E. Wirt chief among fountain pens. A fountain pen which allows ink to trickle out of the joint, soiling pocket and fingers, is worse than worthless. It is a nuisance and the owner will be "money in" by throwing it away and buying a

Paul E. Wirt Fountain Pen

Made in various styles and sizes, to write as you wish, with pen points soft or hard, coarse or fine, stub or pointed. Take no substitute.

Send for fully illustrated catalogue and price list.

Box G-4 Bloomsburg, Pa.

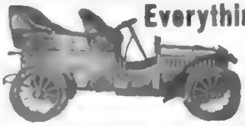


No. 70

THE FELT PAD RAZOR IS NOT FELT shaving because the blade is free from all particles of rust. Looks like any barber's razor, but has Felt Pads concealed in the handle. These pads are saturated with "Parmoline," which protects the sensitive, invisible teeth of the blade from Rust and keeps them Pure, Sanitary and Sharp. The razor's teeth free from Rust insures a Smooth, Healthy Skin. No smarting after shaving. No Honing. Needs Stropping Only about Once a Month with our Felt Pad Strop. 30 Days Free Trial. No. 70 Razor and No. 80 Strop combined $4.00 prepaid express. Free booklet on Luxurious Shaving. Felt Pad Razor Works, 98 Detroit St., Milwaukee, Wis.

½, ⅝ OR ¾ IN FULL HOLLOW

No. 80 STROP
30 DAYS FREE TRIAL.



Everything for the Automobile

AND AUTOMOBILIST

Our 1907 Catalogue No. 35B, 150 pages, 1000 illustrations, 5000 prices with descriptions, yours for the asking.

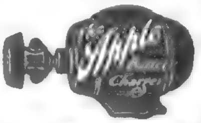
NEUSTADT AUTOMOBILE AND SUPPLY CO.

Largest Parts and Supply House in America

3935 Olive Street ST. LOUIS, MO.

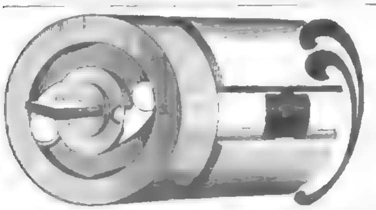
BETTER THAN BATTERIES

alone for sparking your auto, boat or gas engine is a set of storage batteries kept charged by our APPLE BATTERY CHARGER. A dynamo run by the fly wheel of your engine that provides the best current for ignition purposes; always ready for any emergency. Eliminate ignition uncertainties by writing for our Bulletin B-1.



The DAYTON ELECTRICAL MFG. CO.

118 St. Clair Street Dayton, Ohio



Hartshorn Shade Rollers

Wood Rollers Bear the script name of Stewart Hartshorn on label. Get "Improved," no tacks required. *Tin Rollers*

Stewart Hartshorn

LOFTIS SYSTEM Diamonds on Credit

YOU CAN EASILY OWN A DIAMOND OR WATCH, or present one as a gift to some loved one. We send on approval whatever you select from our beautiful catalog. If pleased, pay one fifth on delivery, balance in 8 monthly payments. Written guarantee given. We make $5 or $10 do the work of $50. A Diamond is a good investment. It increases in value 10 to 20% annually. Catalog free. Write to day

LOFTIS BROS. & CO. Estd 1858 | **Old Reliable Original Diamond and Watch Credit House** | **Dept. F. 21 92 to 98 State St., Chicago, Ill.**

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 3.

"The Straw Without a Flaw"

At Mountain or Shore

you'll find "B. & K." STRAW HATS crowning the heads of the most discriminating dressers

"B. & K." Straws

are the lightest, coolest, classiest and most comfortable Straw Hats ever fashioned. Ask your dealer for

"The Straw Without a Flaw"

You'll find this die in crown of Hat.

BLUM & KOCH
HIGHEST GRADE
STRAW HATS
NEW YORK
Exclusive Styles

FREE Sixteen page Booklet E, illustrating and describing the straws of '07, sent on request.

BLUM & KOCH, 84-90 Fifth Ave., New York

Dealers wanted
VIM

$1.69 EACH STEEL FISHING RODS Standard pattern and weight, choice of lengths, very best steel, regulation thick handle, nickled reel seat. Satisfaction Guaranteed or money returned. Regular value $4 to $5, our special sale cut price only $1.69; by express prepaid 21c extra. Send for large cut price free catalog of fishing tackle and sporting goods

THE VIM 68 LAKE ST. DEPT. F 15 CHICAGO

PARKER PENS

LUCKY CURVE

SELL because they EXCEL!

Self Filling or Standard Styel. 11,000 DEALERS. Catalog Free.
PARKER PEN CO., 38 MILL ST., JANESVILLE, WIS.

WE CAN SAVE YOU 25% TO 75%

SOLD - RENTED

ALL MAKES. ALL PRICES

TYPEWRITERS

Catalogue on Application

Machines Shipped for Inspection

NEW YORK
1½ Barclay St.
90 Leonard St.

CHICAGO
319 Dearborn St.
58 Plymouth Ct.

BOSTON,
38 Bromfield St.

ST. LOUIS
208 N. 9th St.

RICHMOND
605 E. Main St.

PHILADELPHIA
715 Sansom St.

SAN FRANCISCO
1011 Golden Gate

KANSAS CITY
817 Wyandotte St.

LOS ANGELES
138 S. Broadway

Executive Office
343 B'way, N. Y.

Write nearest store

12 STORES

THE TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE

The Protection of His Family Is One of Man's First Duties

WE want every worker—business man, clerk, artisan or mechanic—to send for

"Danger In The Day's Work"

It is a handsomely illustrated, valuable and interesting booklet, presenting facts and figures that every head of a family should know.

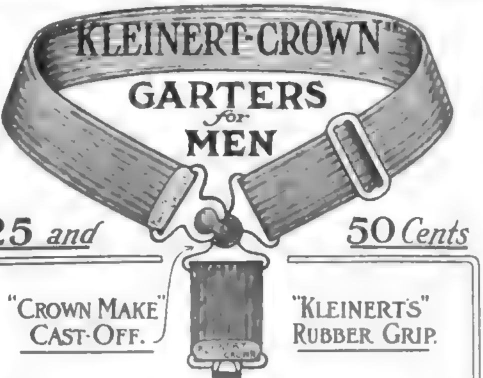
For $1 to $5 Per Month

We protect your income against loss by accident or illness, paying $20 to $100 per month, indemnity for disability, and $100 to $10,000 for accidental death or loss of any two limbs or both eyes.

$500 for Change of Climate and a $25 Gold Bond payable in five years, which thereafter carries a 20 per cent annual dividend. *These features, in combination, are exclusive with this Company.*

We want a man who can devote all or part of his time to representing us in every community. Territory exclusive; commissions large. Send at once for particulars.

Commonwealth Casualty Company
Department A
Philadelphia, Pa.


"KLEINERT-CROWN"
GARTERS for MEN
"CROWN MAKE" CAST-OFF.
"KLEINERT'S" RUBBER GRIP.

25 and 50 Cents

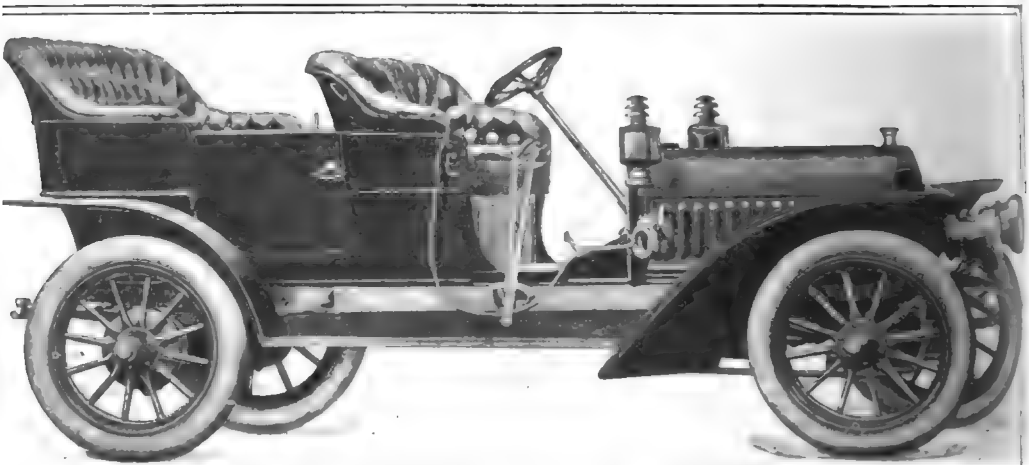
The more critical the Wearer the more emphatic is his appreciation of

"KLEINERT-CROWN GARTERS"

They are made with "KLEINERT'S" Flexible Rubber Grip *and* "Crown Make" patent stud (cast-off) fastener. A perfect combination of *the* two most essential features *of* any good Garter. No slipping on leg; No tearing of Hosiery, *and* positive assurance against unfastening *of* Grip *or* Cast Off.

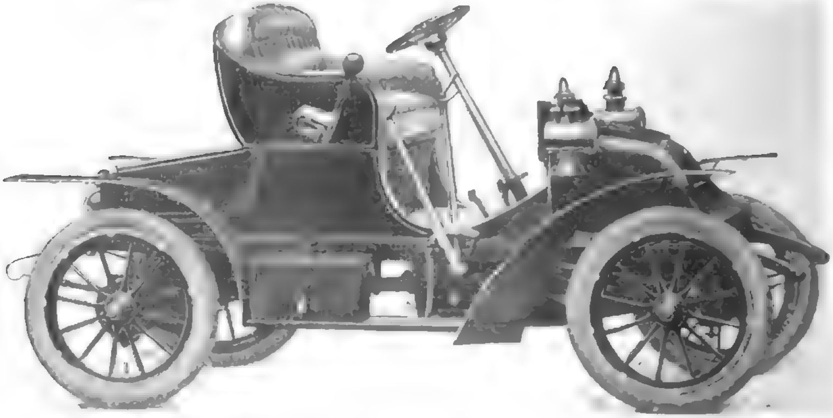
Sample Pair Mailed on receipt of 25¢ (State Color)

I. B. KLEINERT RUBBER CO., *Dept. E*
721-723-725-727 BROADWAY, *New York.*



Type XIV, 30 horse-power, $3000

The Autocar



Type XV, 12 horse-power, $1200

Autocar dealers:

Altoona, Pa.	W. H. & L. C. Wolfe
Baltimore, Md.	Mt. Vernon Motor Car Co., 1118 Cathedral St.
Boston, Mass.	Fred S. Smith, 38 Columbus Ave.
Brooklyn, N. Y.	Williamsburg Auto and Storage Co., 150 Clymer St.
Buffalo, N. Y.	Centaur Motor Co., 53 Franklin St.
Charlotte, N. C.	O. L. Barringer Co.
Chicago, Ill.	Geyler & Levy, 390 Wabash Ave.
Cincinnati, Ohio	The Citizens' Motor Car Co., 914 Broadway
Camden, N. J.	C. C. Albertson, 540 Washington St.
Cleveland, Ohio	Standard Automobile Co., 1206 Huron Road, S. E.
Columbus, Ohio	Orland Kessler Co., 34 W. Capital St.
Denver, Col.	Colburn Automobile Co., 15th St. and Colfax Ave.
Detroit, Mich.	J. H. Brady Auto Co., 234 Jefferson Ave.
Guadalajara, Mexico	Gomez & Figueroa
Hartford, Conn.	Palace Automobile Station Co., 348 Trumbull St.
Indianapolis, Ind.	Indiana Automobile Co., 220 E. New York St.
Los Angeles, Cal.	Middleton Motor Car Co.
Marion, Ohio	C. C. Stoltz
Minneapolis, Minn.	Pence Automobile Co., 717 Hennepin Ave.
Newark, N. J.	Motor Car Co. of New Jersey, 291 Halsey St.
Newburg, N. Y.	Youngs & Co., 249 Grand St
New York City	Autocar Sales Co., Broadway and 80th St
Norwalk, Conn.	F. E. Lockwood & Co.
Pensacola, Fla.	W. W. Van
Philadelphia, Pa.	The Autocar Co., 249 N. Broad St
Portland, Oregon	Cook Automobile Co.
Pittsburg, Pa.	Bankers Bros. Co., Baum and Beatty Sts.
Providence, R. I.	Thomas & Lowe Machy Co., Sabine and W. Exchange Sts.
Richmond, Va.	Motor Transfer Co.
Salt Lake City, Utah	August Stocker, 71 S. State St.
San Francisco, Cal.	Middleton Motor Car Co., 550 Golden Gate Ave.
San Juan, Porto Rico	J. M. Hagart
Savannah, Ga.	R. V. Connerat, 18 E. State St
Saginaw, Mich.	Norris Auto Co.
Seattle, Wash.	Broadway Auto Co., Broadway and Madison St.
St. Louis, Mo.	Park Automobile Co., 4432 Olive St.
Utica, N. Y.	C. H. Childs & Co., 12 Lafayette St.
West Chester, Pa.	Henry R. Hoopes
York, Pa.	J. P. Odea

The Autocar Company 2d St., Ardmore, Pa.

All Autocars sold with standard warranty of N. A. A. M.

Membe : Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers.

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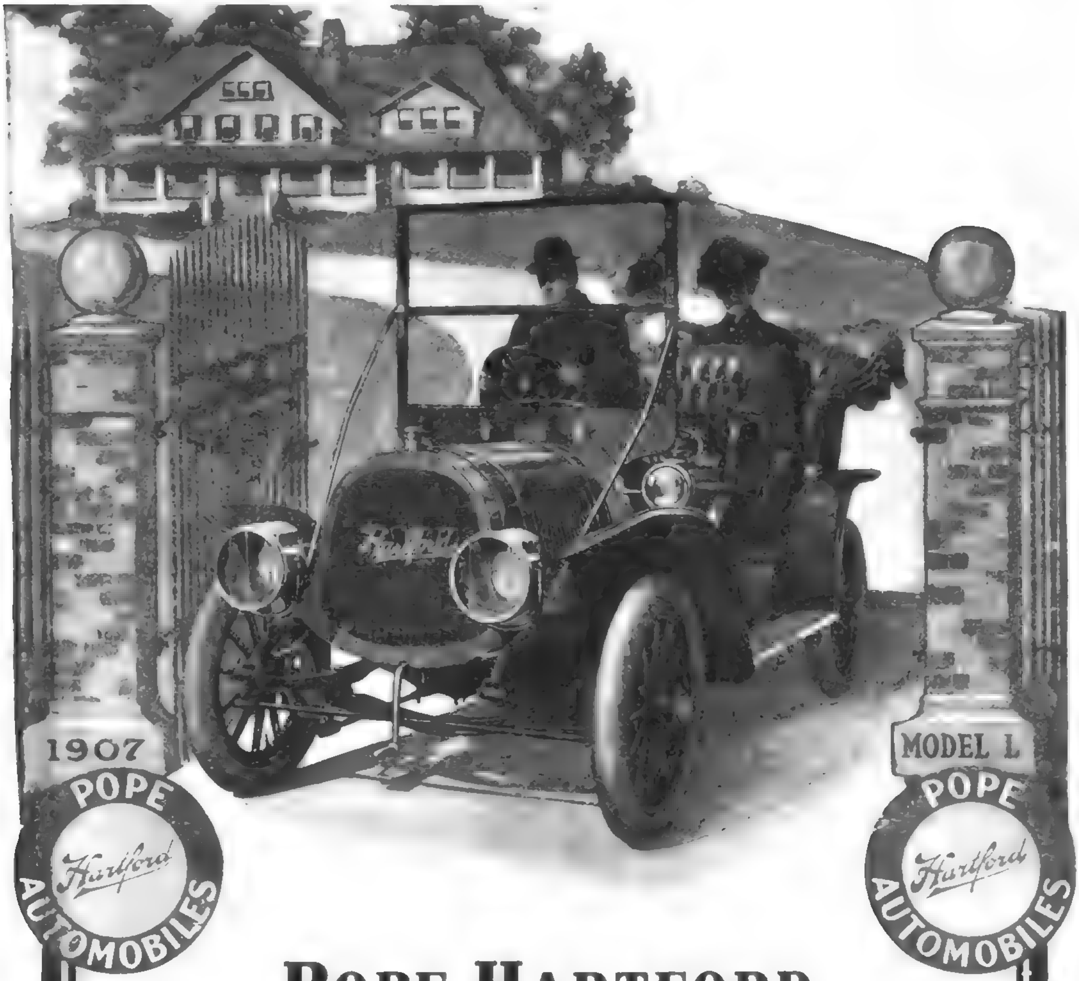

POPE-HARTFORD

PRICE FULLY EQUIPPED $2750.

EXTENSION TOP $150. EXTRA

Find, if you can, a car with as clean a record. The personal experience of every Pope-Hartford owner in 1906 is your assurance and safeguard for 1907. Immunity from trouble, unfailing uniformity of performance—these two vital virtues have been rendered doubly certain in Model L by the remarkable record of Model F.

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Two bucket seats in front, third seat removable

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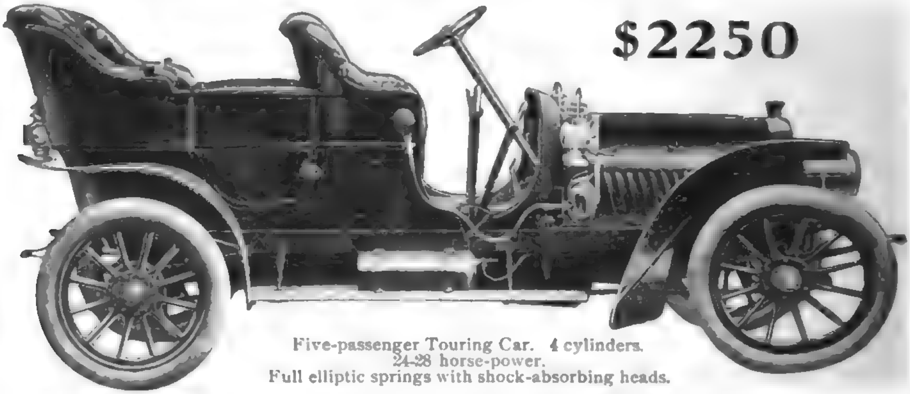

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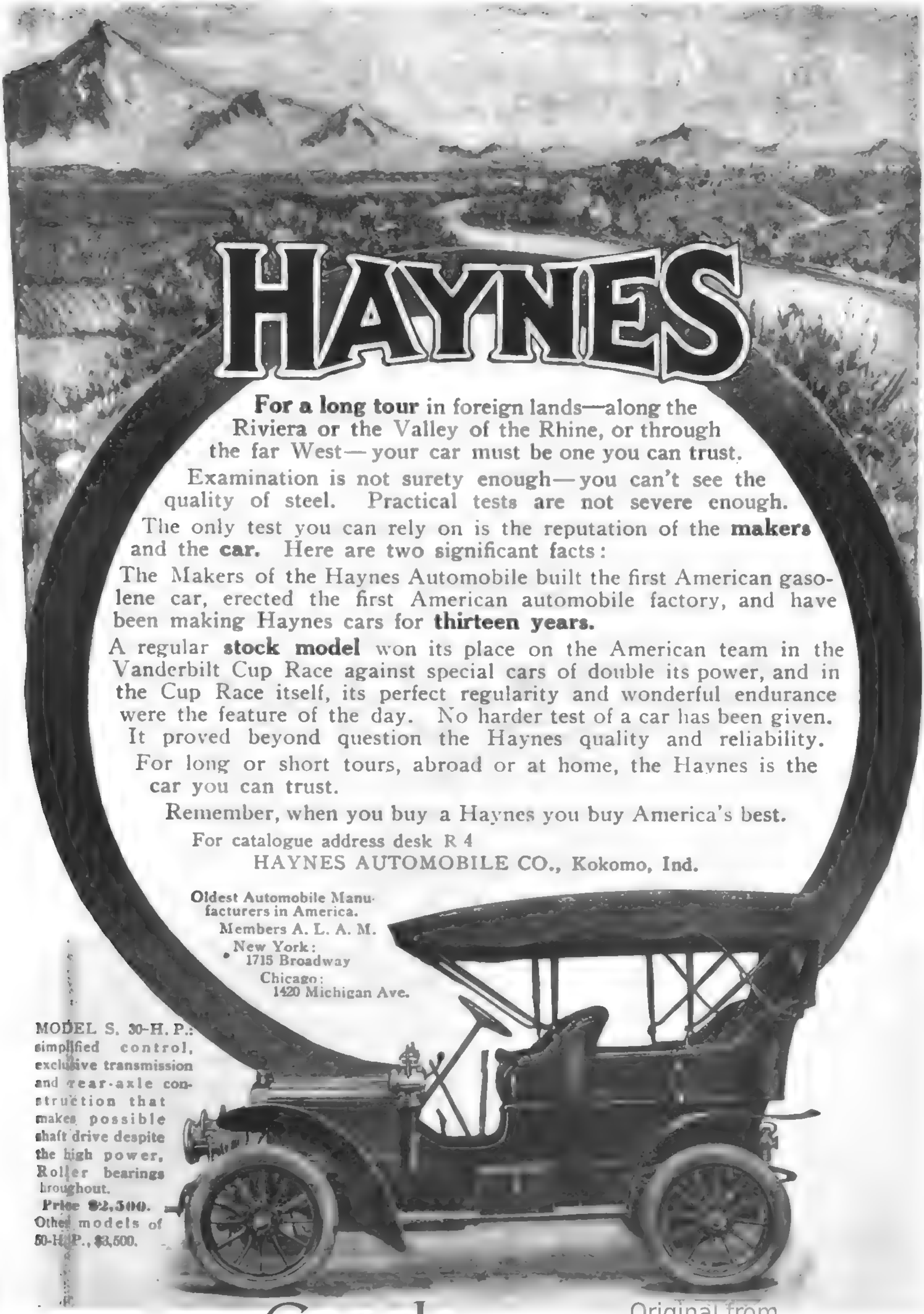

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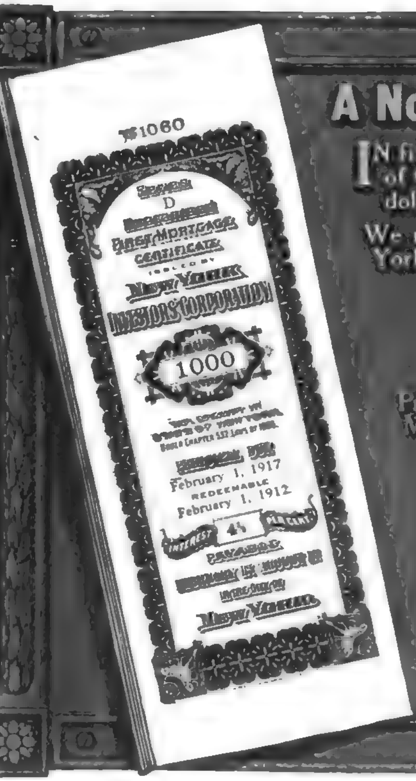

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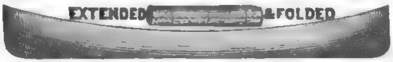

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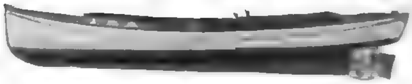

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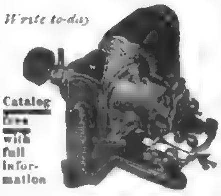

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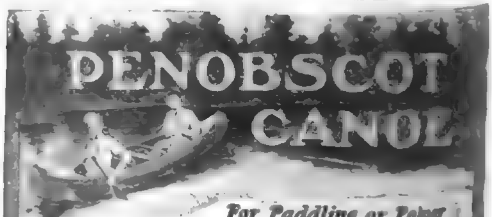

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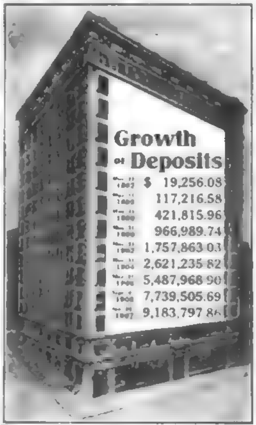

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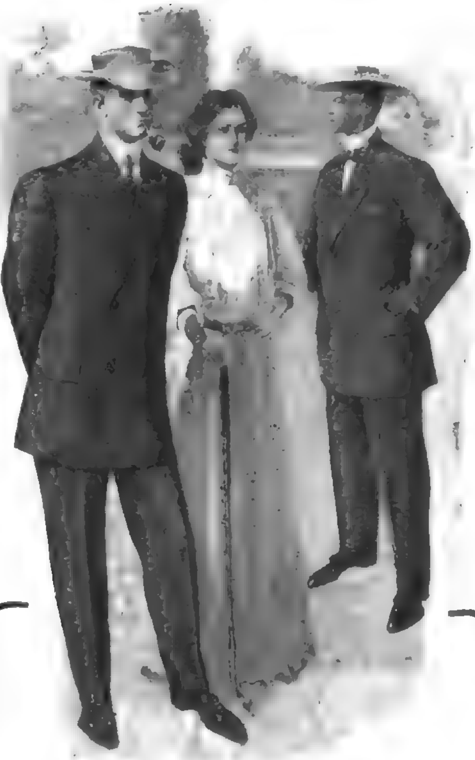

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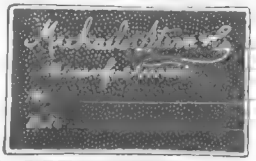

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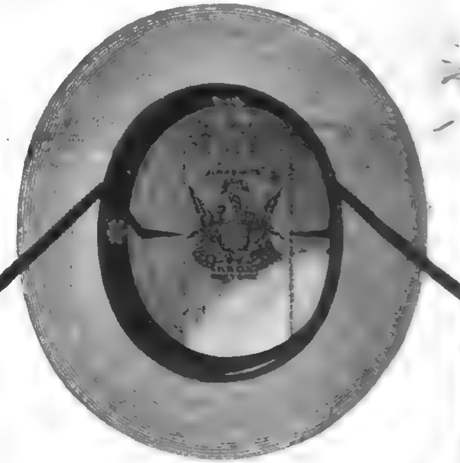

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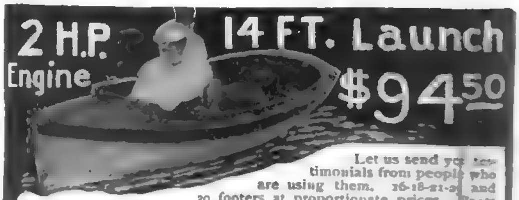

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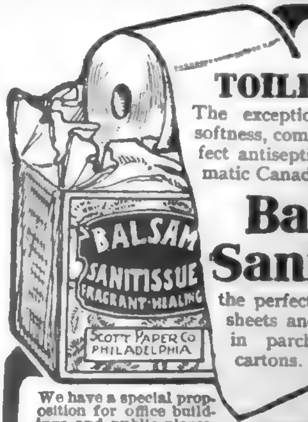

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And it's always ready—Open the camera, pull out a film pack tab, press the trigger and the picture is made.

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And the price is only $5.00 for the camera ; 40c for a 12 exposure film pack.

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Corliss-Coon Collars
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They are made right in every detail. The "fatal spot" where fold collars break first, is made flexible by cutting away interlining, as shown in illustration. A three-ply collar lacks sufficient body. But a collar three-ply *at this point* wears better. Corliss-Coon Collars are always four-ply with three-ply extra flexible corners.

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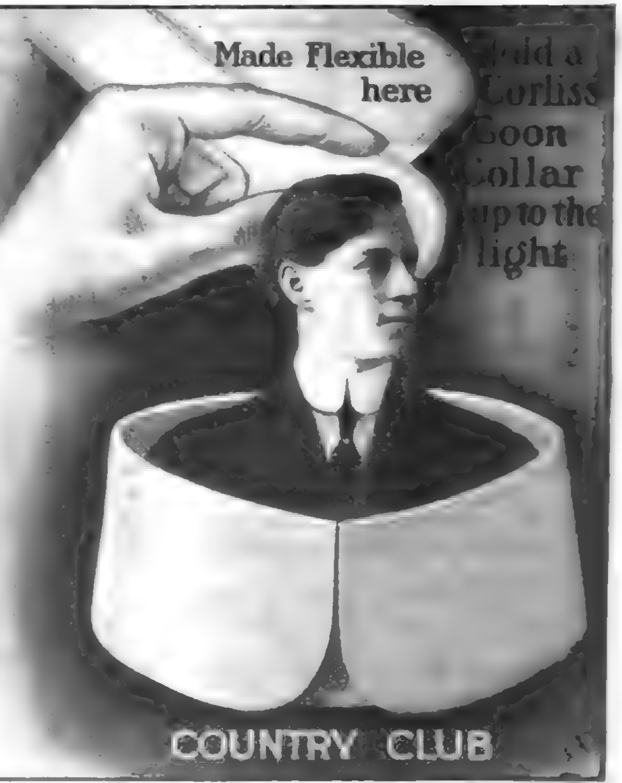

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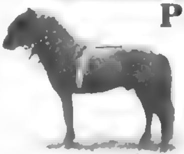

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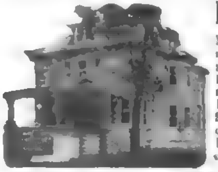

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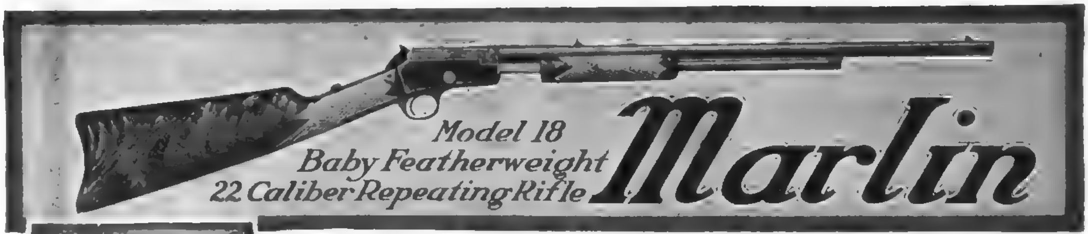

Think of a repeating rifle that weighs only 3 pounds 10 ounces! And be sure to examine one of these *Marlin* Baby Featherweight Repeaters before selecting a .22 for the vacation trip.

This is a mighty capable little rifle as to accuracy and penetration, and has in no way been weakened by the reduction in weight nor has *Marlin* quality been sacrificed to make the cost as low as it is.

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The action is on the trombone system and handles the .22 short cartridge but by means of an extra carrier, readily inserted, .22 long-rifle cartridges can be used, thus making this handy little arm a weapon of no mean execution.

We cannot urge you too strongly to look at one of these rifles if your dealer has one in stock. The *Marlin* featherweight .22 is a most entertaining companion for the fishing trip, hunting trip or vacation wherever it may take you. The cost is small, the ammunition is cheap and light to carry, and the fun to be had with one of these rifles is immense.

Send three stamps for our new catalog, which contains a fuller description of this rifle and tells of the many other *Marlin* guns.

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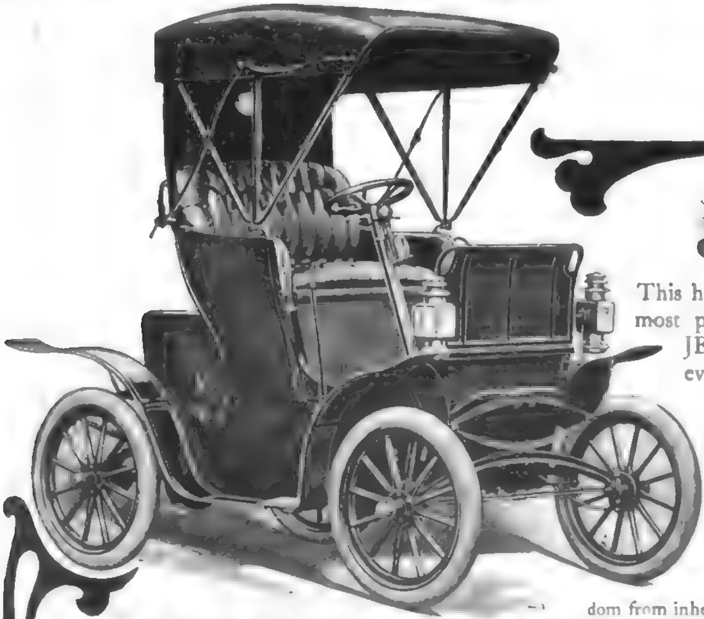

$800.

(Complete)

THE JEWEL

This handsome 1907 Stanhope is the most popular model of the famous JEWEL line, because it has every requisite of a gentleman's gasoline car, yet is moderately priced.

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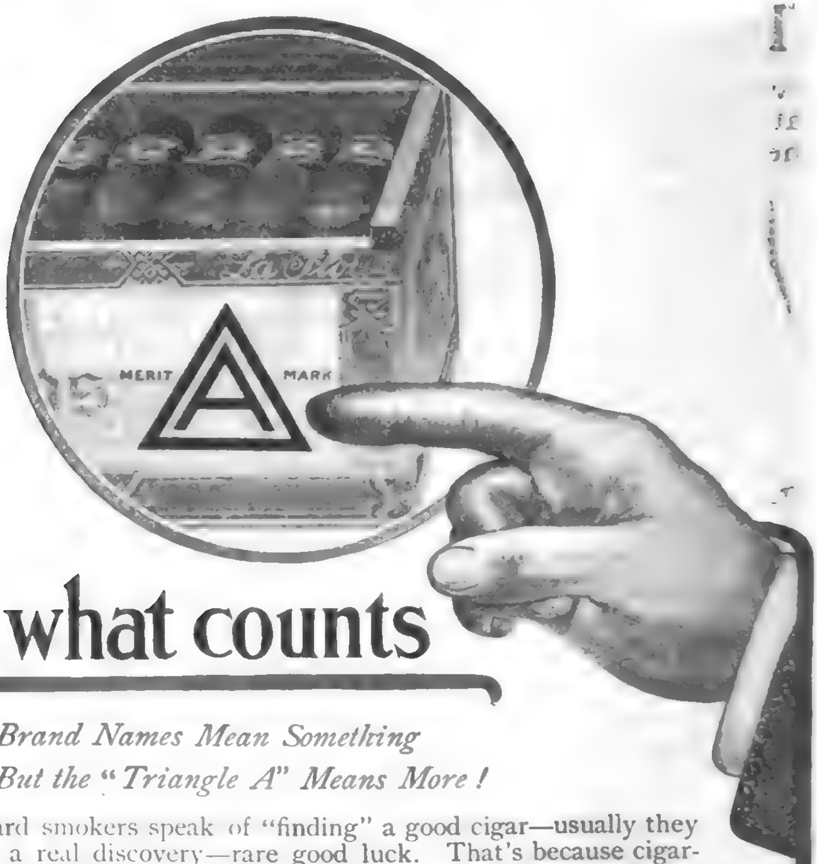
For simplicity, ease of control, economy of maintenance and freedom from inherent faults, the JEWEL has no peer. With ample power giving 4 to 40 miles per hour on the high gear, and with two speeds forward and reverse, the JEWEL is equally desirable for city use, or hard, trying road work.

Ask for our free 1907 booklet, describing this Stanhope and the $600 JEWEL Runabout.

The Forest City Motor Car Co., 266 Walnut St., Massillon, Ohio, U.S.A.



That's what counts

Brand Names Mean Something
But the "Triangle A" Means More!

YOU'VE heard smokers speak of "finding" a good cigar—usually they consider it a real discovery—rare good luck. That's because cigar-buying has always been such a game of chance—a "lucky-if-you-win" proposition.

You've often been puzzled to know what cigar to ask for, which cigar to choose—haven't you? Nowadays there's a way of knowing good cigars *before* you buy—*every time.*

We have made it possible simply by stamping the "Triangle A" merit mark on the boxes of the best cigars made. The "Triangle A" marks brands of different names so you can ask by *name* for what you find best suits your taste. But

The "Triangle A" on the box is what counts

It distinguishes the *best brands* of cigars, all of them the product of our modern methods of cigar making; all of them benefit by our new scientific processes of refining and blending tobacco, which have brought such a noticeable improvement in cigar quality.

As representative "Triangle A" brands we mention

The New Cremo
Anna Held
George W. Childs
(Cabinets)
Buck
Spanaflora
Tarita
Stickney's New Tariff
Continental
(10c. and 4 for 25c.)
Chancellor } 10c.
Caswell Club }
Royal Bengals
(Little Cigars, 10 for 15c.)
The Unico
Benefactor
Palma de Cuba

Merit Mark

Book of complete cigar information sent free

A postal request will bring you a copy. Send for it today.

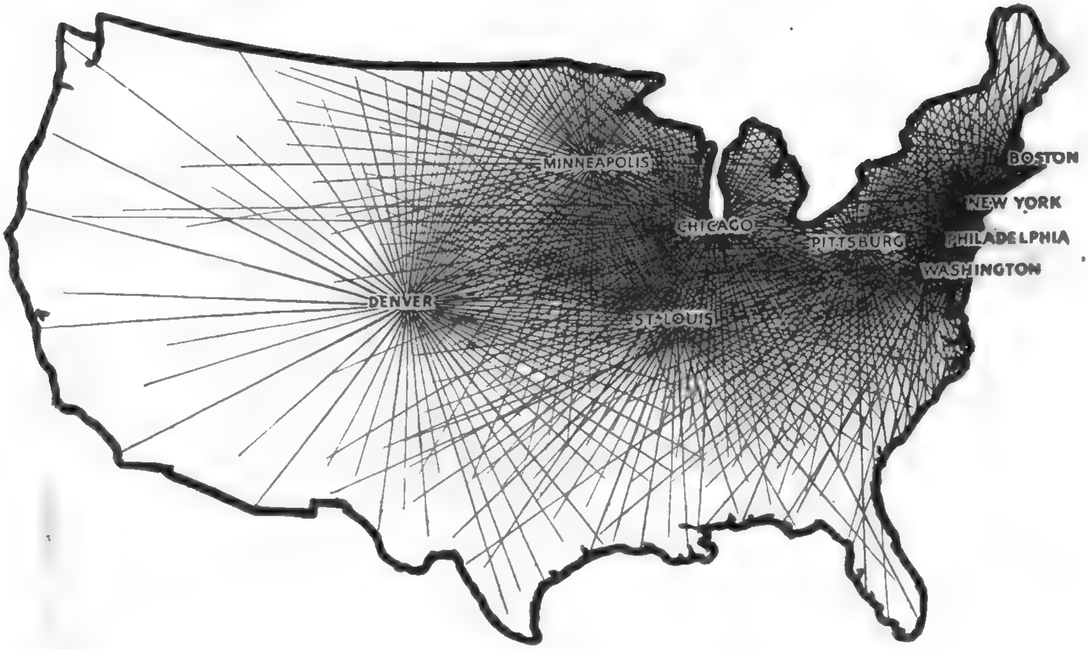
Merit Mark

Department 108

AMERICAN CIGAR CO., Manufacturer, 111 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

THE AREA OF CONCENTRATION

of wealth and population of the United States, over which the Associated Sunday Magazines spreads a weekly circulation of more than One Million copies.



The circulation of the Associated Sunday Magazines has averaged 1,030,745 copies weekly for the year past. This tremendous circulation covers 39 states and territories, in which are located

- 89% of the total population of the United States
- 95% of the Boot and Shoe Stores
- 91% of the Clothing Stores
- 87% of the Drug Stores
- 92% of the Dry Goods Stores
- 92% of the Hardware Stores
- 91% of the Jewelry Stores

No standard magazine can show as much circulation in this Area of Concentration. No standard magazine has an advertising rate as low in proportion to circulation as that of the Associated Sunday Magazines.

THE ASSOCIATED SUNDAY MAGAZINES

(INCORPORATED)

1 Madison Avenue, New York 309 Record-Herald Bldg., Chicago 1130 Old South Bldg., Boston

Issued co-operatively by, and a part of the Sunday issues of the

CHICAGO RECORD-HERALD
ST. LOUIS REPUBLIC
PITTSBURG POST
PHILADELPHIA PRESS
NEW YORK TRIBUNE

BOSTON POST
WASHINGTON STAR
MINNEAPOLIS JOURNAL
ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS
AND DENVER TIMES

Please mention Everybody's Magazine when you write to advertisers.

SIGN ON COUPON BOND

The TRI-COT INVESTMENT CO
OFFICE OF SECRETARY

A letter bearing your signature should be written upon paper whose quality and appearance is in keeping with the dignity and reputation of your house. Pride demands it— results prove its value.

SIGN ON

COUPON BOND

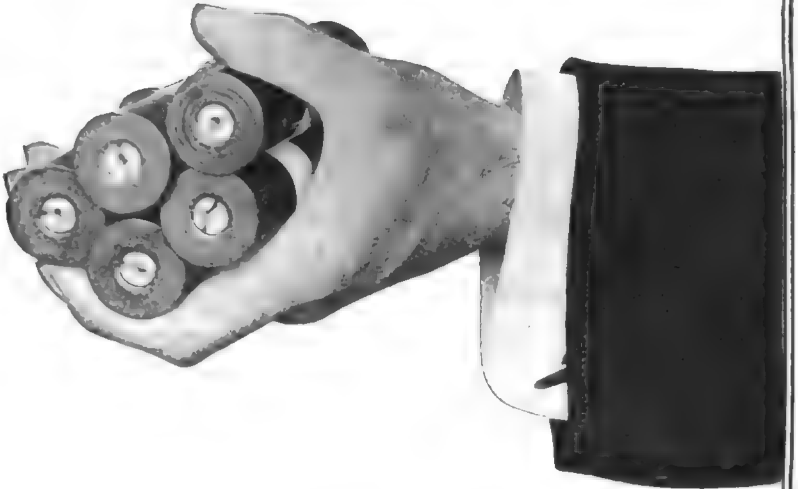
THE DE LUXE BUSINESS PAPER

COUPON BOND because of its quality, its body and its general appearance is by all odds the best bond paper for fine printed and lithographed stationary, checks, vouchers, bonds, bills and receipts manufactured. Yet exclusive as it is, it costs no more than other good bond papers, and in the end is cheaper. The great resources of the American Writing Paper Company make it possible for them to furnish in COUPON BOND an extremely high grade business paper at a comparatively low cost.

Make your printer include COUPON BOND in his next estimate—*it pays*.

Write us on your business letter head or send 10c. stamps–for large sample Book of Coupon Bonds (white and colored) and the name of local printer or stationer who can supply you.

AMERICAN WRITING PAPER CO.,
Largest Manufacturers of Fine Commercial Paper in the World. 29 Mills.
HOLYOKE, MASS.



Just an easy handful of

Kodak Film

will tell the story of your summer vacation. There's film for a dozen pictures in each cartridge, the weight is trifling.

The Kodak itself slips into the pocket and the picture making is simple from start to finish. Press the button—do the rest—or leave it to another—just as you please.

Kodaks $5.00 to $100.00

EASTMAN KODAK CO.

Catalogue free at the dealers or by mail.

Rochester, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

What Paint to Use And How to Use It

When in need of paint, enamel, stain or varnish for any use there is only one thing you need to know—that is to ask for the "Acme Quality" Kind and *look for the*

ACME QUALITY

mark on the label that distinguishes the *Perfect* Paint, Enamel, Stain or Varnish for *Every Purpose.*

Our book tells how to use paint to the best advantage, to finish things old or new and be sure of perfect results.

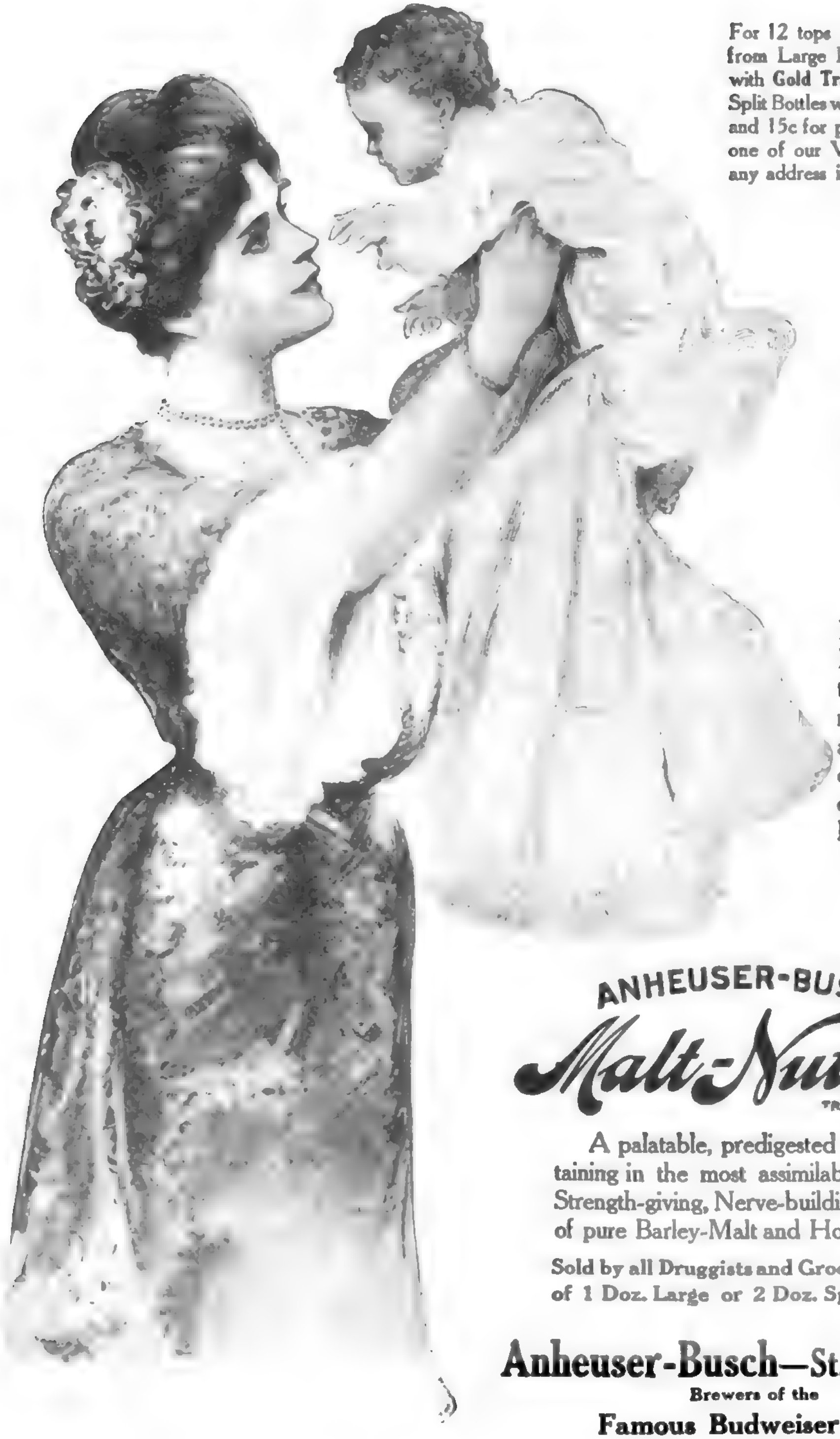
Ask for *"The Selection and Use of Paints and Finishes."* The only book of its kind ever published. Fully illustrated in colors. Explains every operation. Completely indexed so you can turn at once to any information you need, from renewing an old chair to painting the entire house.

PAINTS ENAMELS
THE ACME QUALITY KIND
STAINS VARNISHES

Tells you how to treat all kinds of wood and metal. Gives plain directions for removing old paint, filling, staining, varnishing, waxing, painting. Every home owner, every practical painter, every user of paint, should have this book. *No charge—write for it.*

Dept. B, ACME WHITE LEAD AND COLOR WORKS,
Detroit, Mich.

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 3.



For 12 tops of Red Metal Caps from Large Malt-Nutrine Bottles with Gold Trade-mark or 24 from Split Bottles with Black Trade-mark and 15c for postage, we will send one of our Vienna Art Plates to any address in the United States.

Strength for the Mother, Health for the Child

Nursing Mothers maintain their normal Health and Vigor by drinking the delicious Food-Tonic—

ANHEUSER-BUSCH'S

Malt-Nutrine

TRADE MARK.

A palatable, predigested Food, containing in the most assimilable form the Strength-giving, Nerve-building elements of pure Barley-Malt and Hops.

Sold by all Druggists and Grocers in cases of 1 Doz. Large or 2 Doz. Split Bottles.

Anheuser-Busch—St. Louis, Mo.

Brewers of the

Famous Budweiser Beer

EXPERIMENTAL ADVERTISING

WATER WORKS FOR COUNTRY HOMES and Farms. A Burton Plant furnishes water under pressure for Bath Room, Kitchen, Laundry, Barn, Lawn, and Garden—day or night. No expense or repairs. Anyone can install. Cannot freeze. Perfect fire protection. Sold guaranteed—30 days' trial. Full particulars and catalog on request. C. A. Burton Machinery Co., 30 Main St., Kansas City, Mo.

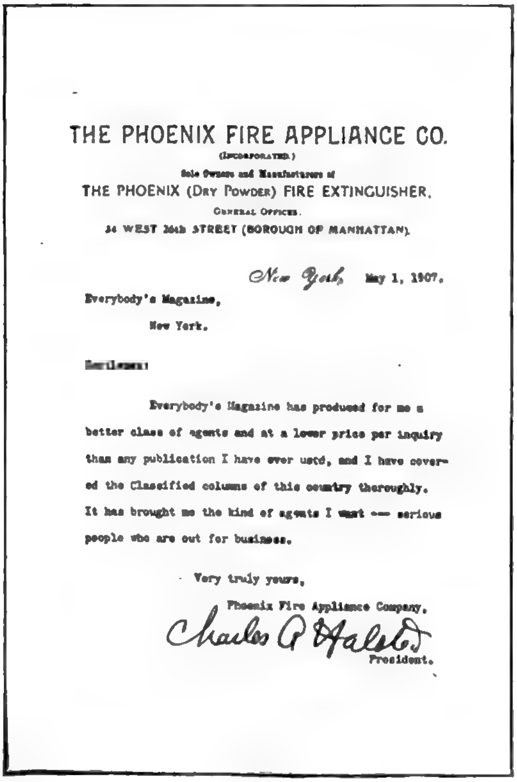
This seven-line advertisement cost $17.50. It brought 50 inquiries. Twenty-seven of the inquirers are rated in Bradstreet. The balance "appear to be responsible parties."

This little blackboard object-lesson settles once and for all the financial rating of Everybody's Classified Pages.

If you wish to conduct a series of experiments in advertising in a small way and at small cost, you can safely make your experiments in Everybody's Laboratory. You will find everything ready to your hand. Examples of successful ad-writing—better than any library of formulae—hundreds of them in the pages following. And for apparatus, the best and the first in the field, the most popular and the most widely used, though not protected by patents.

If you want to prove to your own satisfaction or to convince a partner or Board of Directors, that your business can be built up by advertising, try a few lines in Everybody's Magazine—the favorite of advertisers of experience—ask any one of them.

A six-time contract, with frequent changes of copy, may open up new veins of profit of whose existence you do not now dream. It pays to do occasional prospecting. Rates on next page.



THE PHOENIX FIRE APPLIANCE CO.
(INCORPORATED.)
Sole Owners and Manufacturers of
THE PHOENIX (DRY POWDER) FIRE EXTINGUISHER.
GENERAL OFFICES.
34 WEST 26th STREET (BOROUGH OF MANHATTAN).

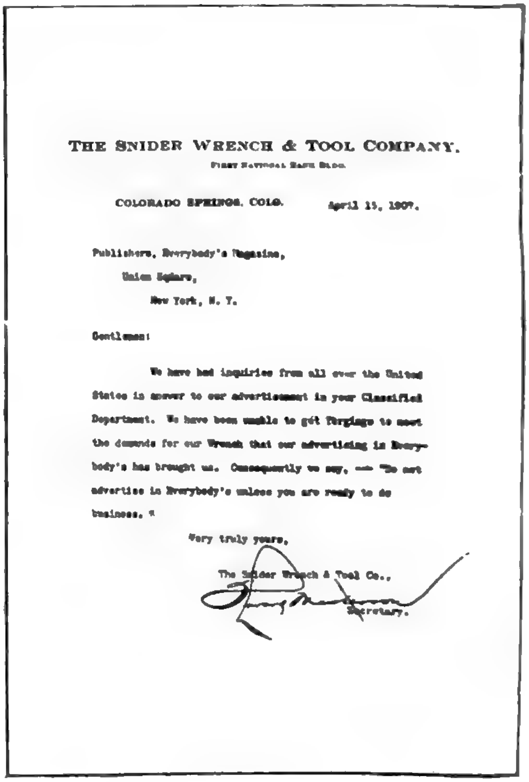
New York May 1, 1907.

Everybody's Magazine,
New York.

Gentlemen:

Everybody's Magazine has produced for me a better class of agents and at a lower price per inquiry than any publication I have ever used, and I have covered the Classified columns of this country thoroughly. It has brought me the kind of agents I want — serious people who are out for business.

Very truly yours,
Phoenix Fire Appliance Company,
Charles A Halsted
President.



THE SNIDER WRENCH & TOOL COMPANY.
FIRST NATIONAL BANK BLDG.
COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.

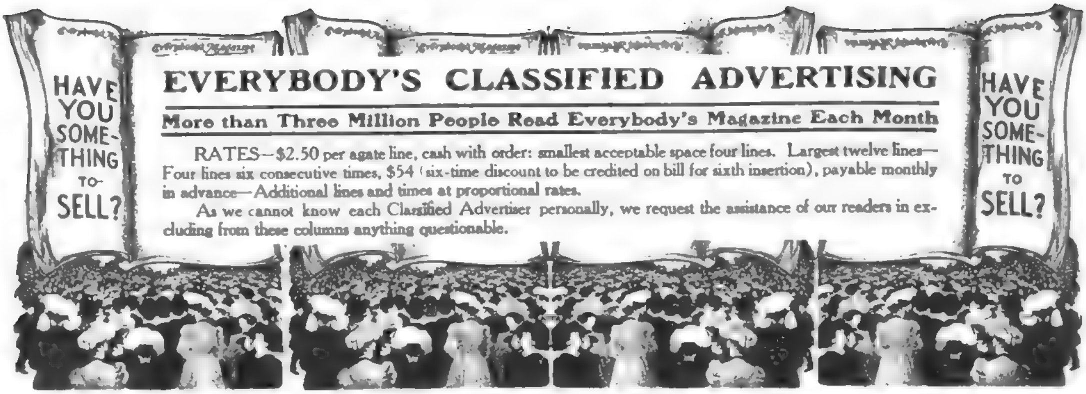
April 15, 1907.

Publishers, Everybody's Magazine,
Union Square,
New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

We have had inquiries from all over the United States in answer to our advertisement in your Classified Department. We have been unable to get Forgings to meet the demands for our Wrench that our advertising in Everybody's has brought us. Consequently we say, — "Do not advertise in Everybody's unless you are ready to do business."

Very truly yours,
The Snider Wrench & Tool Co.,
Secretary.


HAVE YOU SOME-THING TO SELL?
HAVE YOU SOME-THING TO SELL?

EVERYBODY'S CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

More than Three Million People Read Everybody's Magazine Each Month

RATES—$2.50 per agate line, cash with order: smallest acceptable space four lines. Largest twelve lines—Four lines six consecutive times, $54 (six-time discount to be credited on bill for sixth insertion), payable monthly in advance—Additional lines and times at proportional rates.

As we cannot know each Classified Advertiser personally, we request the assistance of our readers in excluding from these columns anything questionable.

REAL ESTATE

PRAIRIE, TIMBER & FARMING LANDS in Ashley County, Arkansas. Prairie Land suitable for Rice. Miss. River Valley Cotton Lands, improved and unimproved. Tracts 40 acres to 9000 acres. Write to Elmo Ahrens, Hamburg, Arkansas.

PEACH FARMS. 10 AND 20 ACRES in Pike Co., Arkansas. Four years development on Monthly Payments; investment secured and Safeguarded. Send for booklet. Fruit Belt Land Co., Oshkosh, Wis.

CALIFORNIA

FOR SALE—GREAT BARGAIN—BUTTE CO., CALIF. Olives—Figs—Peaches—Mineral Water—Nets about $9000 yearly, but will soon double. Further investment of $6000 will make a fortune in few years if you give personal attention. Price $70,000: ½ cash. Balance long time. Bank reference given. C. C. Spotswood, Suite 507–239 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

THE FAMOUS Capitol Avenue Poultry Farm and orchard in renowned Santa Clara Valley, California, 2 miles from San Jose with 50,000 inhabitants. 2 blocks from electric cars. 22 acres prunes with finest producing record of valley for 2 years. Crop worth $4000 to $5000 year. 40 poultry sheds, 6 room house, 8,000 gallon tank, water rights, oil pumping plant, drying trays, sheds, etc. National 1st prize birds, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Tacoma, Oakland, San Jose Poultry Shows. April 1907 daily income $45 from sale of breeding eggs. etc. Mail order business all over world. Shows handsome returns on investment. Price only $16,000—$10,000 cash. Booklet on application. Reed Realty Co., 2075 University Av., Berkeley, Cal.

BEAUTIFUL LAKES AND BROAD ACRES; ideal homes, gilt edged investments, no malaria, no fogs, irrigation not needed, R. R. building. Write to-day for free information to, The May Land & Investment Co., Lakeport, Cal.

LOS ANGELES, the world's best investment field. Growth phenomenal. Land syndicates pay large returns. 25% per year, conservatively, the minimum profit. Correspondence invited. W. W. Sweeney, P. E. Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

CALIFORNIA—Free railroad tickets. Send name for sample copies homeseekers magazine and plan for getting free tickets. We publish answers to your questions about California. The Western Empire, 200 Times Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

SAN DIEGO, Southern California's most delightful city and seaport. Developing rapidly. Offers unusual opportunity in real estate. New railroad now building East. $10 per month now will secure splendid residence lots, broad and level, near new car line in beautiful Normal Heights. Handsome profits assured. Absolutely safe. Bank references. Illustrated booklet. Write immediately. Ralston Realty Co., San Diego, Calif.

CALIFORNIA ORANGE LAND. Superb orange land in the famous Biggs Colonies of Butte County at $60 to $110 per acre. Irrigation water only $1 per acre a year. Land level and fertile. Close to town, two railroads, schools and churches. A thrifty and prosperous community. The right place for a home. Big profits in oranges. Orchards pay as high as $500 per acre in a season. Land also first class for alfalfa, sugar beets, peaches, figs, English walnuts, etc. We sell on very easy terms. Write for handsome booklet, free. Butte County Irrigated Land Co. Dept. 32, 1109 Post St., San Francisco, Cal.

CALIFORNIA GRAPES, FRUIT AND SUNSHINE. Acreage in Sonoma County, where best wine grapes in the world grow. Will sell rich land 1 to 5 acre tracts. Small payment down, balance $5.00 monthly. No interest; no taxes. We want you to write to us. California Vineyard Acreage Company, 2224 Pine St., San Francisco.

CALIFORNIA LAND $1.00 ACRE. Balance entire purchase $1.00 week for each 5 acres. No taxes. No interest. 5 acre tracts. Level, rich, clear. Ready to plow. Under irrigation. Perpetual water right. Immediate possession given. Particulars, Maps, Photographs for 2c. stamp. Stevinson Colony Room 21, 703 Van Ness Avenue, San Francisco.

FLORIDA

FOR SALE: AT WEST PALM BEACH, FLA., an attractive cottage residence containing five rooms, bath room and out cottage. All newly painted inside and out, with large veranda facing Datura Street, the residence street of the City. Supplied by City water. Lot 75 feet front on Datura Street by 153 feet deep. Price $2,100.00. Address Lee Roy Myers Co., Savannah, Ga.

ST. PETERSBURG, FLA. For information and literature of value to the Homeseeker, Invalid, or Investor address Board of Trade. Most popular Florida resort.

$5.00 EACH! 500 beautiful Building Lots, 50 by 150, within a few moments ride of the heart of Tallahassee, Florida (The capital City). Every one guaranteed to double in value inside three years. Ausley Real Estate Co., Tallahassee, Fla.

INDIAN TERRITORY LANDS FOR HOME OR INVESTMENT. Unparalleled opportunities. Write at once to Five Tribes Land Co., Dep't "A" Frisco Building, St. Louis, Mo., or Muskogee, I. T.

NEW ORLEANS—The most substantial, progressive real estate value in the United States. $500,000.00 wanted on Vendor lien mortgage notes 6 and 7 per cent. Write us. National Realty Co., Ltd., 401 Camp St.

MASSACHUSETTS

CHOICE INVESTMENT PROPERTY BEAUTIFULLY Situated in most convenient part of town, near schools, churches, and depot; a large quantity of fruit and shade trees, spacious lawn and garden, an ideal home for a business or professional man who loves a generous, roomy estate; every foot of land available for house lots; contains 56,000 ft., 416 foot frontage, large, modern house; barn with cellar, ample stall and carriage room. This property is well located for large apartments with court and all outside rooms, building lots or manufacturing plant, only 3 miles from Boston, R. E. Abbott, 176 Federal St., Boston, Mass.

SUMMER HOMES in every part of New England—3000 to select from. Beautiful Mountain and Lake Farms. Have you a farm to sell? Send 4c for Bradshaw's Farm Book. E. G. Bradshaw, 101 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

INVEST YOUR MONEY NEAR A GREAT AND GROWING CITY. Building lots in Boston's suburbs at $20 each; cash or terms; on steam and electric car lines. Boston Suburban Land Co., 28 School St., Boston, Mass.

REAL ESTATE—Continued

RELIABLE Information regarding Michigan fruit, stock, farm lands. Maps and illus. books free, comprehensive, authoritative and full of good reason warranting your investigation. S. S. Thorpe, Suite 3, McMullen Bldg., Cadillac, Michigan.

SPECIAL BARGAIN in large tract of Michigan land suitable for sheep or cattle ranches. Also small tracts for farms and fruit. Active, reliable agents wanted. Address for particulars J. E. Merritt, Manistee Michigan.

CASH FOR YOUR REAL ESTATE or business wherever located. If you want to sell, send description and price. If you want to buy, send for our monthly. Northwestern Business Agency, 334 Bank of Commerce Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

SALE OF 300,000 ACRES MINNESOTA STATE School Lands. Great opportunities to secure homes. $5.00 per acre and up, 15% cash. 40 years on balance at 4% interest. For dates of sales and particulars write, S. G. Iverson, State Auditor, St. Paul, Minnesota.

MISSOURI FARMS. Write for land list, state map and weather report. Sent Free. Bazel J. Meek, Chillicothe, Missouri.

OPPORTUNITIES IN A NEW COUNTRY. Leaflet descriptive of the country along the Pacific Coast extension of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. Unusual openings are offered in South Dakota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, and Washington in farming, stock-raising and mercantile business. Leaflet free on request. F. A. Miller, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, or W. S. Howell, General Eastern Agent, 381 Broadway, New York City.

SOME ONE WANTS YOUR REAL ESTATE and I know who it is. I have hundreds of buyers, and 1500 sub-agents. Send description and price of your property. A. Edgar Davis, Room 435 Brace Block, Lincoln, Nebr.

SEASHORE HOTELS & COTTAGES for sale. A licensed hotel at Forked River, N. J., long established, cheap. Also hotel, restaurant, bowling & billiard place well located at Belmar, N. J. Write N. O. Titus, Asbury Park, N. J.

SUMMER RESIDENCE FOR SALE, with all modern improvements, steam heat, 12 rooms, bath, gas and electric lights, large lawn, located on the ocean front. $12,000; also Summer residences for rent. Send for booklet, B. R. Slocum Agency, Belmar, New Jersey.

NEW YORK

LAURELTON, LONG ISLAND, is the place where Your investment will increase one hundred per cent over its original size in less than a year. Write: E. P. Campbell, 1 Madison Ave., New York, Metropolitan Bldg.

BUY NEW YORK CITY LOTS AT LIBERTY HEIGHTS before subways open. The small investors' opportunity to share the profits of New York City's rapid growth. Elevated and Surface lines now with 5c. fare to City Hall; $450 and upwards; 10% down and 1½% monthly or discount for cash; cement sidewalks and curbs, trees, water, gas and electricity. Title guaranteed. Bank references. Maps and Booklets. Bastress, Vought & Co., 350 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE if looking for farms, country homes, timber lands, Florida orange groves, hotels or suburban property. Exceptional chances for investment. Prices reasonable. Real Estate & Builder's Exch., 346 B'way, N. Y.

FOR SALE. FINE FARM ON SENECA LAKE. 83 Acres, West side near Geneva, N. Y. Rich fruit belt, elegant summer house, at bargain. Enquire Fred Wilkie, 134 E. Genesee St., Syracuse, N. Y.

PITTSBURGH'S GREATEST INDUSTRIAL REAL ESTATE: $10.00 secures a lot. $5.00 to $10.00 a month pays for it. On main car lines. Write for booklet "E." G. M. Cypher & Co., McKeesport, Pa.

BUY A FARM IN PENNSYLVANIA, New Jersey, or Delaware. Best States for profitable farming; farm lands my specialty—sold and bought; write for particulars. Raymond C. Frick, 1102 Real Estate Trust Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

I HANDLE MANUFACTURING PROPERTY exclusively. Any kind, anywhere. Write me if you want to buy or sell. I can help you. H. E. Stafford, Specialist in Manufacturing Property, 1128 Banigan Bldg., Providence, R. I.

EL PASO'S QUEEN SUBURB "TOBIN" on The Rock Island R.R. The Terminus of The El Paso Suburban Railway Co. 5c fare to all parts of El Paso. Lots For Sale $10 each, $1 down $1 a month. Frank R. Tobin, El Paso, Texas.

MONEY INVESTED IN TEXAS LAND pays 25% to 200%. You can secure a farm by paying $10, or more, a month. Particulars for the asking. State map, plats, etc., 10c. stamps or silver. E. L. Stratton, 2263 Monadnock Block, Chicago, Ill.

VIRGINIA HOMES, all sizes, best soil, good markets, finest climate in the U. S. For particulars send 10c. for a 3 months' subscription to the Virginia Farmer. Box 675, Emporia, Virginia.

VIRGINIA FARMS, $500 including new 3-room cottage and 25 acres for poultry, fruit and vegetables. Oakdale tract, Waverly, Va. Midway Norfolk and Richmond. Finest climate, water and markets. F. H. LaBaume, A. & I. Agt. N. & W. Ry., Box EBS, Roanoke, Va.

SEATTLE, 200,000 population. Building, million a month. Summer climate delightful. Exceptional field for investment, manufacturing, wholesale, retail lines; also real estate. Surrounding timber and agricultural lands unsurpassed. Information 5c. postage. Seattle Commercial Club.

TACOMA REAL ESTATE GOOD FOR QUICK turn or permanent investment. Prices comparatively low, but steadily advancing because of great influx of people and building of four transcontinental railroads to Tacoma. Population 100,000. Write for particulars as to investments. A. M. Richards & Co., Inc., Tacoma, Wash.

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY. Choice lots $100 each, $10 per month, no interest. Lots are within three and four blocks from P. O. and Bank. Growing agricultural and Copper mining town. Population 1000. Copper smelter making over 1,000,000 lbs. copper monthly. Piped water system, electric lights, telephone system. First R.R. now coming in. Address Geo. Kuntzman, R.E. Established 1897. Encampment, Wyo.

CANADA

OUR CANADA LAND WILL MAKE YOU MORE money than anything else you can do. For maps and particulars write Scandinavian Canadian Land Co., Room 810–14, 172 Washington Street, Chicago.

GREATER CANADA REAL ESTATE CO., LTD., sells coal lands, timber limits and all kinds of western farms, city property in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia. Money received for investment thoroughly protected. Write for pamphlet. Reference—Bank of British North America. R. B. O'Sullivan, Manager, P. O. Box 32, Calgary, Can.

ARE YOU INTERESTED IN WESTERN CANADA? This great wheat country has opportunities which you cannot afford to miss. We want to send you free maps, booklets, etc. Address Dept. "A", either Minister Agriculture Regina, Sask., Minister Agriculture Edmonston, Alta., Minister Agriculture Winnipeg, Man., Land Dept., C. P. Ry., Winnipeg, Man., Traffic Dept. C. N. Ry., Winnipeg, Man., or Supt. Immigration, Ottawa, Ont.

OPPORTUNITIES IN CANADA—There's independence and money in the rich soil of Western Canada. Write for our free book No. 1, "The Home Builders," about lands and profits in the Great Canadian Wheat Region. Prices low—terms easy. Saskatchewan Realty & Improvement Co., St. Paul, Minn.

CANADA THE LAND FOR SETTLERS AND INVESTORS—Send for our Free Book describing Western Canada and the great opportunities for homeseekers or those looking for safe and profitable investments. Our book proves by testimonials that those who have bought land from us during last 10 years have realized a profit of from 50 per cent to 200 per cent on their money. With a capital of $1,000,000.00, of which $780,000.00 is paid in, we offer you every security and chance for investigation. Write today and ask for book 11. Haslam Land & Investment Co., Regina, Canada.

50 SELECTED FARMS among the Saskatchewan Valley wheat lands in the famous Rosthern & Vonda Park Region along the main line of the C. N. Ry. 160 to 640 acres each on easy terms. Write for map and descriptive matter showing photos taken on lands. Kent Realty & Investment Corporation. 213 Ry. Exch. Bldg. Chicago, Ill., 410 Manhattan Bldg., St. Paul, Minn., 403 Union Bank Bldg., Winnipeg Man., 309 DeMers Ave., Grand Forks, N. D. Write to the nearest office.

PORTO RICO

PORTO RICO FRUIT LANDS for sale. Large profits in oranges, grape-fruit and pineapples. Ideal climate. No frost. Cheap freights. Under the American flag. Contracts made for development. Best references. N. A. Walcott, San Juan, P. R.

This Department is indexed. Turn to page 3.

BONDS AND MORTGAGES

IDAHO'S WONDERFUL development offers investors with from $100 up great chances in lands, town lots, mortgages, bonds, etc. Last of the West. Be wise. Investigate. Write to-day. Highest References. Merwin Co., Moscow, Idaho.

BEWARE OF SPECULATION—If you have idle funds, choose the safe, conservative plan of investing in First Mortgage Farm Loans or high grade Corporation or Municipal Bonds. Send for list of Galt's Safe investments. E. Le Roy Galt, 638 Continental Bank Bldg., Chicago.

FOREIGN RIGHTS FOR SALE. U. S. patent all we can handle. Great invention to sell in foreign lands. F. E. Ormsby Company, 26 Van Buren St., Chicago.

INVEST YOUR SAVINGS IN 5% GOLD BONDS. Write for information concerning our first mortgage gold bonds which have paid interest regularly for five years. Represent less than half cash value of property bonded. Guaranteed by ten-million dollar corporation. Endorsed by best banks. Wm. S. Harman, Old Colony Bldg., Chicago.

INVESTORS. We offer high grade bonds at attractive prices. Write for our Monthly and price lists. We send them free upon request. M. T. Reed, 42 Broadway, New York City.

10% DIVIDENDS 10%. You can safely invest your money at 10% a year, 5% promptly paid every six months. If you want your money to help you, invest for profit and get all your money earns. Investigate this opportunity, many others have taken advantage of it, you will find it safe, secure and worthy of your confidence. Invest now and get November dividend of 5%. R. E. Abbott, Banker, 176 Federal St., Boston, Mass.

THE KANSAS CITY, MEXICO & ORIENT RAILWAY is opening up a new territory which offers splendid opportunity for investment. Write us regarding our 7% first mortgage loans. Notes made by owners and occupants of houses in division towns, for only 50% of value of property and in amounts from $500.00 to $1200.00. United States & Mexican Trust Company, Kansas City, Mo.

8% DIVIDENDS CAN BE EARNED on a safe investment. We would like the opportunity of telling you all about such an investment. Address G. H. Dodge, Box 215, Kennett Square, Pa.

6½% PAID UPON the foundation security of the largest sheet metal manufacturers in the world. Security 3 to 1. 6% to 7% upon foundations securities of other well established corporations. Address, Geiger, Jones & Co., Canton, Ohio.

LAWYERS, PATENTS

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SALESMEN WITH EXCEPTIONAL ABILITY to take orders for our fine Custom-made Suits, Overcoats and Trousers. Suits and Overcoats from $12.00 up; Trousers from $3.50 up. 33⅓% commission paid. Large line of samples furnished free to those who can assure us that they mean business. Write at once with reference to A. L. Singer & Co., Dept. 58, 173 Adams St., Chicago.

$25.00 A WEEK EASILY MADE by Lady Agents taking orders for our corsets. Most popular line in the world. Outfit prepaid. Write for catalogue and Agents' prices. Woman's Apparel Supply Co., Dept. E., Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS, BOTH SEXES, get busy! Our new Stereographs—Wedding Set, Jamaica Earthquake, etc., sell at sight. 100 per cent. Profit. Get in while territory is unworked. Art Importing Co., 603 Omaha Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

SOAP AGENTS MAKING $50.00 WEEKLY selling our wonderful $1.50 Soap and Toilet Article Combinations with valuable Premiums for 35c. Crew Managers Wanted. Buy direct of manufacturer. Profitable Vacation work for students. Davis Soap Works, 24 Union Park Ct., Chicago.

AGENTS: HERE IS A WINNER. New household article; $50 weekly easily made. Sells everywhere. No capital required. Credit given. For full information and samples address Dexter Supply Co., Dept. E, Caxton Bldg., Chicago.

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LADY AGENTS ARE MAKING $25 to $35 a week selling the famous E-Z Sanitary Belt and 29 other fast selling articles. 100% profit, or choice of 700 premiums. Catalogue free. A. M. Young & Co., A1—184 Dearborn St., Chicago.

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WANTED—HIGH CLASS REPRESENTATIVES to sell new store necessity needed by all merchants. Sells for $50 to $500. Profits 40 to 60%. State experience, references and qualifications in detail and we will submit proposition, names and addresses of 2000 satisfied purchasers. Exclusive territory for right man. Ref. 1st National Bank, Chicago. Pitner Company, 183–189 Lake St., Chicago.

WANTED MEN, EVERYWHERE: Good Pay: to distribute circulars, adv. matter, tack signs, etc. No canvassing. Address National Adv. and Distributing Bureau, Suite O, Oakland Bank Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

SOAP AGENTS COIN MONEY GIVING FREE with every box of soap our 26-piece solid silveroid set, consisting of 6 knives, 6 forks, 6 tablespoons, 6 teaspoons, 1 butter knife, 1 sugar spoon; all packed in handsome lined leatherette case. Parker Chemical Co., Chicago.

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AGENTS make big money selling our new sign letters for office windows, store fronts, and glass signs. Any one can put them on. Write to-day for a free sample and full particulars. Metallic Sign Letter Co., 60 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

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LEARN SCIENTIFIC business letter writing by mail from man who built up half-a-million-dollar business through letters. His method proved sound. Page-Davis School of Business Letter Writing, Dept. 30, 90 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

SALESMEN TO SELL OUR LINE of Post Cards—new novelties—good sellers—samples light—fine side line that will sell anywhere—good commission—prompt settlement. The Simplicity Company,—1107 Manhattan Bldg., Chicago.

WANTED—LOCAL & TRAVELING SALESMEN to sell our lines of souvenir post cards to retailers and jobbers. Our line is the most complete in the country. Liberal commissions. Lakeside Novelty Co., Chicago.

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MAN cleared $1012, lady $680, last six months selling new celluloid waterproof shoe dressing; why not you? Demonstrated samples free. A. Holladay & Co., 260 Clark St., Chicago.

A PERMANENT BUSINESS OFFER. $50 to $150 per week and upwards positive. Representatives wanted everywhere to operate sales parlors for the Best, most rapid-selling Ladies' and Gents' Dress shoe known; No risk; reply quick. Kushion Kumfort Shoe Co., Lincoln E, Boston, Mass.

FOR 6 TWO CENT STAMPS we will send you a pocket book—ladies or gents size—and identification card that is very valuable in case of need. Send name—address, age—occupation. Box A—3475 Boston, Mass.

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A LADY AGENT TO SELL Je Nee Wa (youth and beauty) a pure face toilet, sell at sight, big profits. Free Samples. Particular, address Jeanette Wall Co., Kansas City, Mo.

I AM PAYING $3000 yearly to one man handling my proposition on the side. Hustlers giving whole time make $300 to $600 monthly. No cash or experience necessary. A new plan of interesting reputable merchants. Tell me what you have done. Address J. P. T., 408 Equitable Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

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SALESMEN WANTED by well rated manufacturer of advertised staple sold by several lines every town. Easy side line; no samples necessary; commission on reorders; big repeater. Sales Mgr., Box 1198, St. Louis, Mo.

HIGH-GRADE HELP WANTED—SALESMEN, ETC.

Continued

HIGH GRADE SALESMEN wanted on salary, commission, to place desirable Exclusive Agencies for Jacobs Sealed Package Candies in their territory. Only those in position to handle high grade proposition. Jacobs Candy Co., New Orleans.

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MANAGER WANTED in every city and county to handle best paying business known, legitimate, new, exclusive control; no insurance or book canvassing. Address Chas. Halstead, 35 West 26th St., N. Y.

A FEW MEN OF EDUCATION and ability to act as canvassers for well known house. Agreeable work along new lines. Guaranteed salary. No books. Experience unnecessary. Write for particulars. L. R. Bailey, 5 West 19th St., N. Y.

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This Department is indexed. Turn to page 3.

HIGH-GRADE HELP WANTED—SALESMEN, ETC.

Continued

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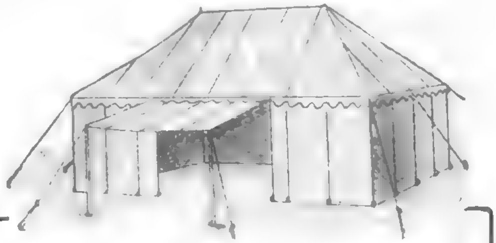

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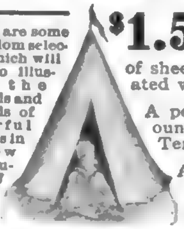

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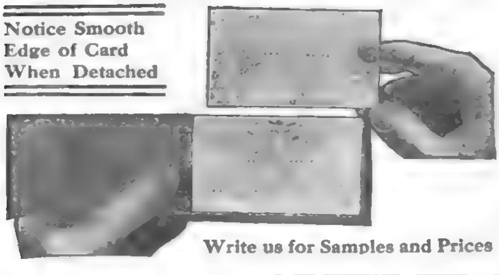

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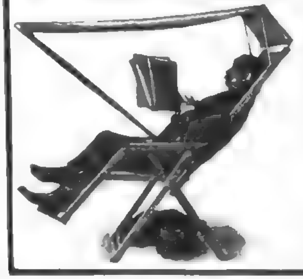

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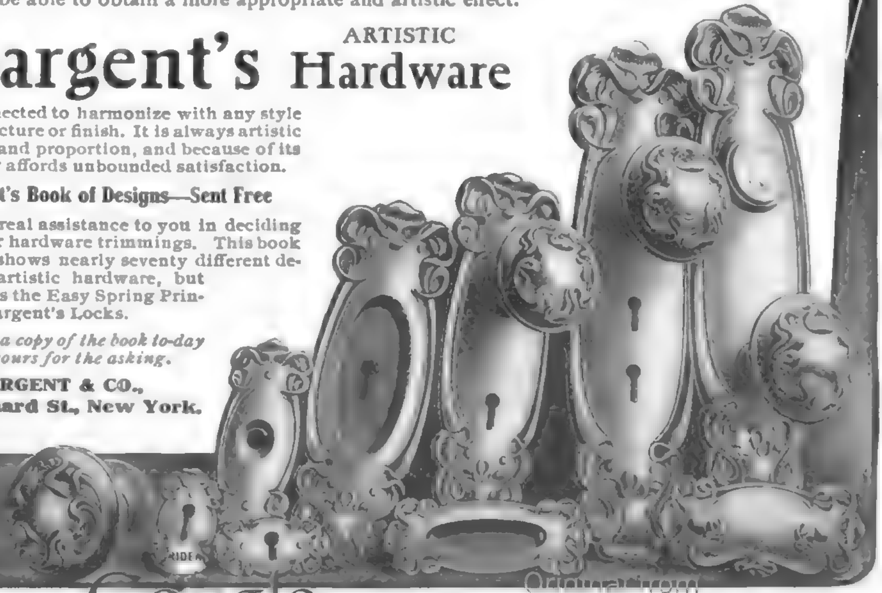

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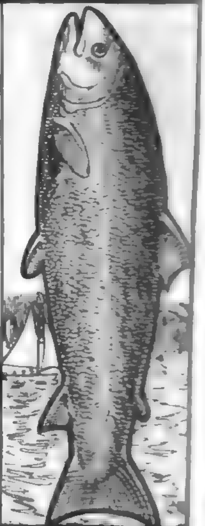

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AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CORRESPONDENCE, CHICAGO

Youth for Women —Yes, and *Health* for All

THIS simple, handy, powerful toilet appliance, **The Arnold Vibrator,** will give you a beautiful, smooth, clear skin and a perfect complexion.

No matter whether you **are young or old,** its results are equally sure.

It makes the skin healthy by **exercise** — literally **rubs out** the age-wrinkles and the worry-wrinkles.

Cleanses and closes up large pores — brings out the natural beauty that makes even irregular features the admiration of all.

The Arnold Vibrater gives a **perfect figure** by removing surplus tissue. **Exercises away** the double chin—restores the natural outlines of the figure, filling up the hollows and angles.

Superfluous fat or over-thinness are both unnatural conditions—the price of indoor life and ease or of over-strenuousness. Get back to normal health by natural methods—not by the use of medicines.

No health appliance of recent years has awakened such widespread interest among intelligent men and women as **The Arnold Vibrator,** as is evidenced by our ever-increasing sales by mail and the welcome accorded our agents, who are rapidly opening up new territory.

Leading physicians recognize the virtues of vibratory massage. Remember that the system responds most readily to health or beauty treatment in the summer months.

Our Illustrated Book, "Massage for Health and Beauty," sent free, postpaid.

THE ARNOL[illegible]BRATOR CO., 2307 Locust St., ST. LOUIS, MO.

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The first Derby made in America was a C & K

Hats for Men

THE 'CHANGE

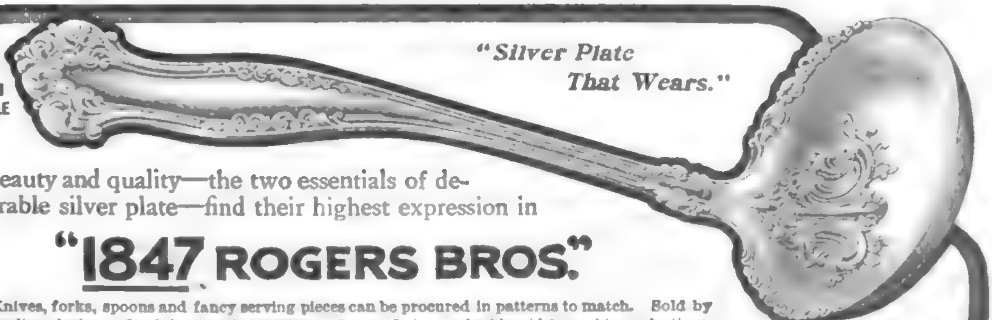
KNAPP-FELT is a wear-resisting fabric peculiar to the C & K shop, where for fifty years the best hats have been made. No detail which could contribute to the comfort or satisfaction of the wearer has been slighted in Knapp-Felt hats and only the best materials and workmanship are used. The styles are exclusive C & K designs of approved taste and appropriateness and the steadfast Cronap dye will not fade nor change color.

Knapp-Felt DeLuxe hats, the finest, are Six Dollars—Knapp-Felt hats, the next best, are Four Dollars, everywhere.

THE ADJUTANT

Write for The Hatman

THE CROFUT & KNAPP CO.
838 Broadway, New-York



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Beauty and quality—the two essentials of desirable silver plate—find their highest expression in

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Knives, forks, spoons and fancy serving pieces can be procured in patterns to match. Sold by leading dealers. Send for our Catalogue F-20. It is a valuable aid in making selections.

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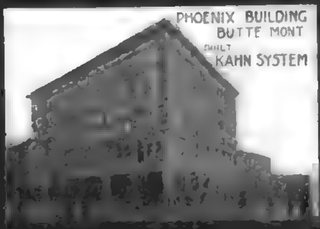
of Reinforced Concrete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Buildings erected by the Kahn System are fireproof, enduring and gain strength with age.

BUILD KAHN SYSTEM—*IT STANDS TO REASON*

The Kahn System is a method of building based on organized engineering skill, experience and facilities for meeting every requirement of reinforced concrete construction in the most economical and efficient way. We insure quality and prompt delivery by manufacturing our own reinforcing material, including the patented Kahn Trussed Bar, Kahn Expanded Metal, Cup-Bar, and Kahn Metal Lath.

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The Rapid Motor Vehicle Co.

Commercial Power Wagons

Are You Interested In Sight-seeing Cars?

Then you will surely want to know more about the famous "Rapid" line, built in the largest factory in the world, devoted exclusively to this class of motor cars. "Rapid" sight-seeing cars are built to carry comfortably 12, 16, 20 and 25 passengers, and present a handsome and impressive appearance. They are operated by a light but powerful two-cylinder gasoline engine that insures speed and power, with freedom from jar and vibrations. Just the thing for hotels, clubs or as private investment. Prices from $1,800 to $4,000.

Write me today for our catalogue, which illustrates our 20 types of commercial motor cars. We make special bodies to fit your requirements. Every car guaranteed for one year.

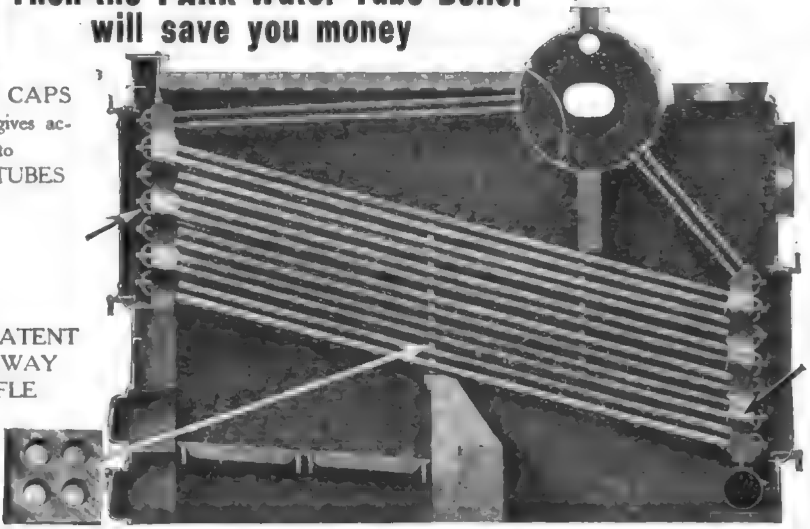
L. W. HENRY, Sales Manager,
RAPID MOTOR VEHICLE CO., Pontiac, Mich., U.S.A.

"Rapid" 12-Passenger Sight-seeing Car
Price $1,800

See our exhibit at the Jamestown Exposition and get a demonstration.

DO YOU USE STEAM?

Then the PARK Water-Tube Boiler will save you money



INSIDE CAPS
Each cap gives access to
FOUR TUBES

PARK PATENT
FOUR-WAY
BAFFLE

PARK UNIT
ONE-PIECE
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No Rivets
No Stay-bolts

Any Boiler may be good enough till something goes wrong—then you wish it were a

PARK WATER TUBE BOILER

Most ECONOMICAL	Because cost of maintenance is reduced to a minimum. No joints exposed to the fire, no strain possible from contraction or expansion.
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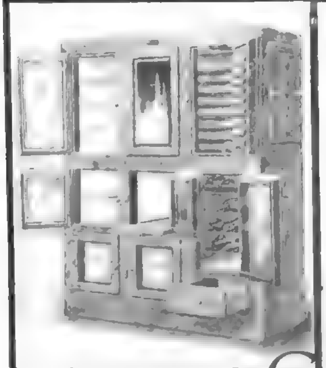
Most COMPACT	Because floor space and head room are less than required for any boiler of equal capacity. Note the short tubes and quick circulation.
SAFEST	Because the latest and best safety appliances are used, and the material and workmanship are in themselves SAFEGUARDS.

LET US TELL YOU more about this up-to-date power plant. We can save you money on maintenance and operating expenses

Write us for Handsome New Boiler Book "A"

The D. D. Flanner Boiler Company, 101 Cleveland St., Toledo, O.
Successors to THE TOLEDO BOILER WORKS CO.

ALL STRAIGHT TUBES
NO JOINTS OR SEAMS IN THE FIRE



McCray Refrigerators

Porcelain Tile, Opal Glass or Wood Lined

are acknowledged by architects and sanitary experts to be the best refrigerators that can be built and they are the cheapest in the end, because they use so much less ice, and soon pay for themselves in saving on ice bills.

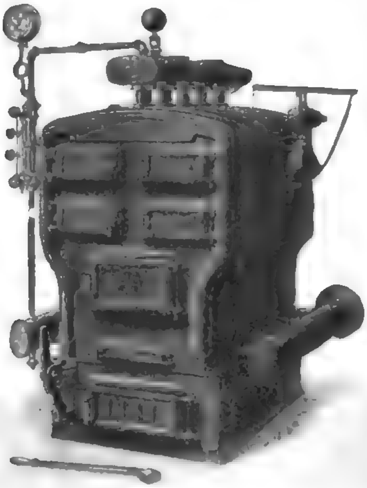
Write Today For Our Catalogue

and let us tell you why the McCray System of Refrigeration is better than any other—why salt and matches keep perfectly dry in a McCray Refrigerator—why it uses less ice than others and why you ought to have one in your home.

McCray Refrigerators are made in stock sizes and built to order, in all sizes for Residences, Hotels, Clubs, Public Institutions, Hospitals, Grocers, Markets and Florists. They are endorsed by physicians and are used in nearly every prominent residence, club, hotel, etc. Every refrigerator guaranteed.

Catalogues and Estimates Free. Catalogue No. 81 for residences; No. 46 for hotels, restaurants, clubs, public institutions, etc. No. 57 for meat markets; No. 64 for grocers; No. 71 for florists.

McCray Refrigerator Company, 573 Mill Street, Kendallville, Ind.
Branches in all principal cities.



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We publish a book which tells in a simple and interesting way what is best and what to avoid in steam or hot water heating plants. It tells how to cut down the yearly coal bill, how to manage the plant, how to properly ventilate the house, etc.

No charge is made for the book; it may be had for the asking. Our

Klymax Boilers

KEWANEE RADIATORS

are constructed on the most correct, modern and heat economizing principles.

We can clearly show you how to economize and to obtain the very best results in heating residences, shops, flats, schools or public buildings, new or old, in the city or country.

Do not specify or purchase a heating plant before you know what Klymax Boilers and Kewanee Radiators will save you in yearly coal bills and maintenance. Write today.

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Own a Home

No matter where you live in the United States, we will build or buy you a home, and you can pay for it in monthly payments which will average about the same as you now pay for rent.

Our plan is new and original and will appeal to every rent payer.

Since it has been in operation it has proved a splendid success.

The plan is fully explained in our free booklet, which every *rent payer* should send for.

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Zon-o-phone leaps into the lead of all talking machines with a complete

NEW LINE OF INSTRUMENTS

ranging from $30.00 to $75.00. The new **Tapering** Arm Zon-o-phone is a marvel of mechanical perfection. Try one. If not satisfied return it for full credit. Send for complete list of new

ZON-O-PHONE RECORDS

12-inch records	- -	$1.00
10 " "	- -	.60

The finest disc records made. They play longer, last longer; are loud, clear and sweet without a trace of harsh or scratchy noises. Write for catalog today.

UNIVERSAL TALKING MACHINE MFG. CO.
369 Mulberry Street, Newark, N. J.

Every Dealer Sells the

Bohn Syphon Refrigerator

America's Favorite Home Refrigerator On the Home Test Plan

The Home Test Plan

EVERY dealer has our authority to deliver a Bohn Syphon Refrigerator to your home for a 10 days' trial. *This Home Test must prove the truth* of all the following claims or the refrigerator may be returned and full purchase price will be refunded.

Celery, muskmelons, onions—any vegetable or fruit will not taint milk butter, and the like (*in open vessels*), in the same Bohn Syphon Refrigerator food compartment. *Proving absence of dead air.*

Milk will remain fresh, sweet and of perfect nourishing quality for at least 72 hours in the Bohn, *proving absence of germ life.*

Matches will light freely after a day or more in the Bohn food compartment—the *supreme test of dryness.*

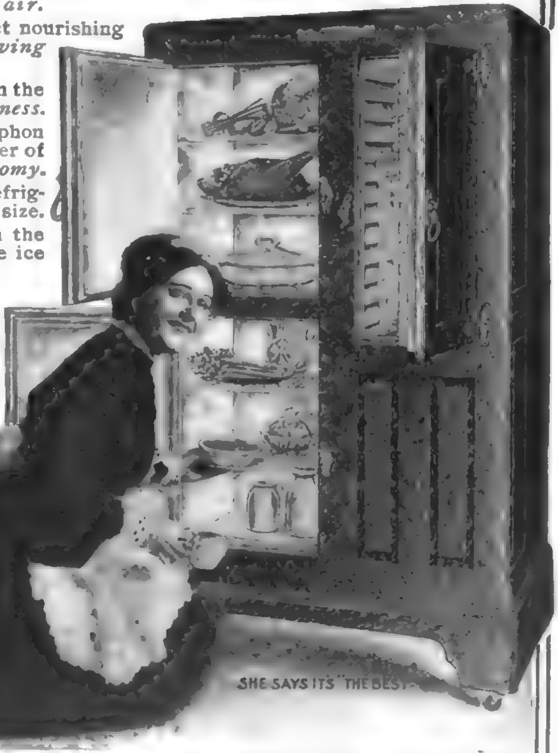
A given quantity of ice will keep the Bohn Syphon Refrigerator 6 to 15 degrees colder than any other of equal size, and the ice lasts longer. *Proving economy.*

The food compartment of the Bohn Syphon Refrigerator is as large as that of any refrigerator for size.

A lighted match will almost flicker out in the active current of live air from the base of the ice chamber, *proving perfect circulation.*

Remember—You prove these statements in your home

There is no refrigerator so beautiful in finish, symmetrical lines, interior spotlessness and daintiness, as the Bohn Syphon Refrigerator.


SHE SAYS ITS "THE BEST"

Officially Tested—Then Adopted by all American Railroads

Tests for economy, for preservation, for dryness, for temperature, were conducted individually by all the American Railroads, and without exception they adopted the Bohn System. Think of that! *Every Bohn Syphon Refrigerator* is equipped with our patented Syphon System of *live-dry-air, germ-killing* circulation.

You get exactly the same construction and refrigerator perfection at your dealer's at a reasonable price, that has given us the immense dining and refrigerator car business.

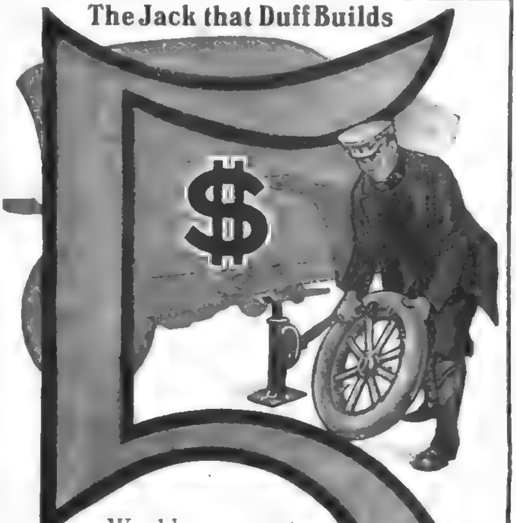
Order by Mail where we have no Dealer. Where we have no dealer, order by mail, and we will send the Bohn Syphon Refrigerator with return privilege. We pay the freight and guarantee fullest satisfaction.

Our Book on Refrigeration FREE. Tells many startling truths about the relation of poor ice boxes to typhoid, epidemics, cholera. It tells the truth about refrigeration and why the Bohn is SAFE. How to care for a refrigerator, etc. FREE. You will appreciate it. It fully catalogs the BOHN REFRIGERATORS.

White Enamel Refrigerator Co., 1544 University St., St. Paul, Minn.

Retailed in the best stores of Canada also.

The Jack that Duff Builds



Would you want to save a dollar by having an unsafe crank-shaft, or other essential part of your automobile? Certainly not. Yet there are times when the jack you carry is equally important to the safety of your car.

Barrett Jacks

are absolutely the only dependable automobile jacks manufactured—the product of the only workshop having facilities for making excellent high-grade jacks.

If not convenient for you to obtain a "Barrett Jack" of your dealer, remit to us the price, $5, and you will be promptly supplied.

The "Barrett Jack" was first in the automobile field, and has never had a serious competitor for quality or efficiency.

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Duff Manufacturing Company

Exclusive makers of "Barrett" Jacks

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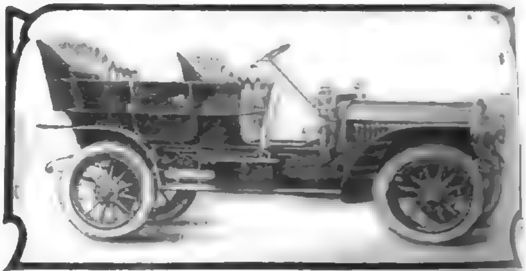

New Model H—Four-Cylinder—30 h. p.
$2,500 f. o. b. Detroit—Lamps not included.

A Car of High Degree

The new Model H Cadillac more than justifies expectations. It upholds every tradition of an honored name.

A sturdy, swift, high-grade automobile, beneath whose beautiful finish you recognize

Another

CADILLAC

Triumph

Specially constructed for the motorist—veteran or beginner—whose ideals are realized only in a car of the greatest comfort and luxury and of ample power. A masterpiece of engineering at a price possible only in the largest factory in the world.

Powerful 30 H. P. engine; direct shaft drive; brakes that lock wheels instantly.

A Marvel of Simplicity

Remarkable ease of control—the logical automobile for the owner who wants *most pleasure and least care.*

Cheerfully demonstrated by your nearest dealer, who will also show you:

Model G—20 h. p. Touring Car 4-Cylinder, $2,000—Described in Catalog GAN
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Send for Catalog of Car in which you are interested.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY,
Detroit, Mich.
Member A. L. A. M.

$6000. CALIFORNIA RACE-GLIDDEN TOUR-HERKOMER CONTEST-CROSS COUNTRY RECORDS-NEW YORK TO FLORIDA-500 HOUR NON STOP RUN-

GOODRICH TIRES

TIRE PERFORMANCE

Hard miles carry more argument than long talks. So, when we say that

GOODRICH TIRES

are strong tires, tough-treaded tires, out and out long wearing tires, we want the great circle of severe Automobile events to prove our statement — and it does.

LITERATURE ABOUT GOODRICH TIRES FREE

BRANCHES IN ALL LARGE CITIES

THE B. F. GOODRICH CO
AKRON, O.

Played with keys like a piano.

DOLCEOLA

A Miniature Grand Piano

THE DOLCEOLA'S captivating harmony and original construction give it instant popularity, and the hearty endorsement of musical experts everywhere. It appeals to the larger number because of its low cost. **Free,** Handsome catalogue.

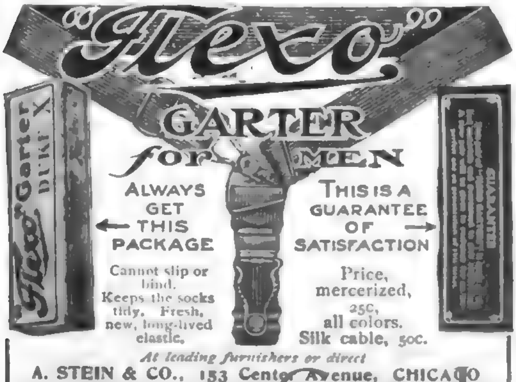
Agents make $100 to $500 monthly.

The Toledo Symphony Co., Toledo, Ohio
634 Snow Flake Bldg

MARINE MOTORS

$2\frac{1}{8}$ H.P. $55. **Perfection** Marine Motors are simple, smooth, quiet, speedy, powerful and reversible—best small motors in the world at any price. **Price includes** full boat equipment, ready to install, including propeller shaft, coil, batteries, stuffing box, plug, switch, wire, oil, screws for fastening to boat, and everything except gasoline tank and piping. Catalogue of all sizes sent free. **$1\frac{1}{2}$ H.P. $45**

The Caille Perfection Motor Co., 1308 2d Av., Detroit, Mich.



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ALWAYS GET THIS PACKAGE ←

Cannot slip or bind. Keeps the socks tidy. Fresh, new, long-lived elastic.

THIS IS A GUARANTEE OF SATISFACTION →

Price, mercerized, 25c, all colors. Silk cable, 50c.

At leading furnishers or direct

A. STEIN & CO., 153 Center Avenue, CHICAGO

KEEP COOL THIS SUMMER!

$6.50 FOR THE MOST CONVENIENT PORTABLE ELECTRIC FAN MADE

The Fidelity Electric Socket Fan screws directly into ordinary lamp socket in your room. Can be put anywhere in office suites, hotels, clubs and homes. Consumes one-fourth as much current as a 16-candle power lamp.

8-inch Blades — Weighs Complete 28 oz.

Prices complete—Prepaid
For Alternating Current $7.00
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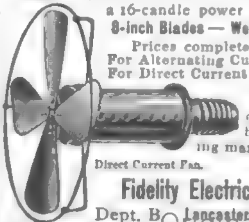
Write for descriptive booklet showing many uses.


Direct Current Fan.

For Alternating Current.

Fidelity Electric Company,
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Strauch Bros.

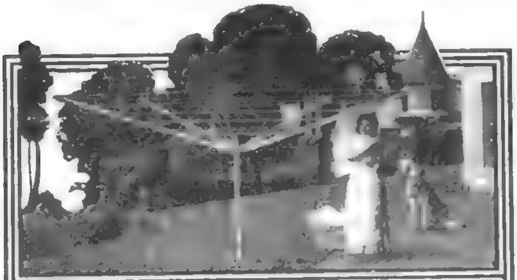
A Perfect Action Does Not Make a Perfect Piano

but a perfect piano is impossible without it. A piano action plays such an important part in tone production that every player and every prospective purchaser of an instrument should understand it. A little investigation will prove that a perfect piano action is necessary to produce perfect touch, perfect repetition and perfect tone quality.

Strauch Bros. Piano Actions have reached a degree of perfection beyond that of any other make. They have been known to the piano trade for forty years and are today the choice of the country's leading manufacturers. You can recognize this famous action by the name "Strauch Bros." which always appears on the genuine. Make sure this name is on the action of the piano you buy and you will buy well.

Write for free booklet, "What Is a Piano Action?"

STRAUCH BROS.
30 TENTH AVENUE NEW YORK



Out of Sight after the Wash

Fold it up, put it away. No disfiguring clothes post to mar the lawn. Holds 150 ft. of line. **The sensible clothes dryer for particular people**—at prices within reach of all.

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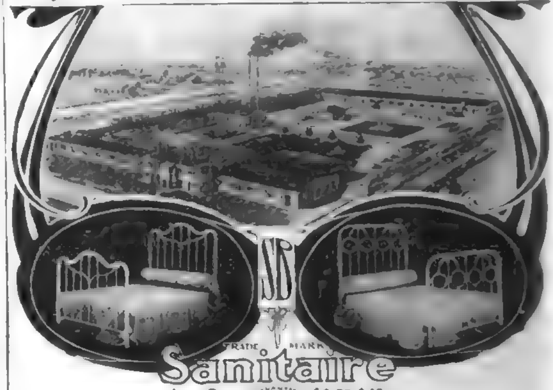
Hill Dryer Company
353 Park Ave., Worcester, Mass.
Also Balcony Dryers

Physicians Urge the Use of "Sanitaire Beds"



Don't Sleep on Unhealthful Beds

The bed of cleanliness and purity, of perfect hygienic, restful sleep, is a "Sanitaire" Bed. Made of metal, with a surface as hard and smooth and brilliant as polished marble. No dust nor disease-germs nor vermin can find lodgment in a Sanitaire Bed. **Every point is penetrable by fresh air and sunlight.**

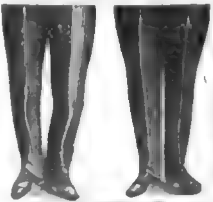
Every "Sanitaire" Bed is made with studied attention to hygienic construction, strength and beauty of line and finish. Compare a dazzling **"Snowy White"** or **"Sanitaire Gold" metal "Sanitaire" Bed** with the dark, heavy, cumbersome structure of a wooden bed. Compare them with other iron beds and see the difference.

The New "Sanitaire" Bed Factory
Is one of the largest and finest factories in the world.

☞ **Sanitaire Beds are sold by reputable dealers everywhere. Look for our "Guarantee Price Tag." You will find it bearing our trade-mark on genuine "Sanitaire" Beds.**

FREE We will send you our illustrated booklet "HOW TO SLEEP WELL," written by Ellen Dean Wade, M.D. **Write for it.**

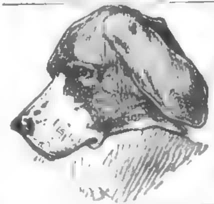
MARION IRON AND BRASS BED CO.
1165 Sanitaire Avenue Marion, Ind., U. S. A.



STRAIGHT LEGS

Positively trim, stylish, straight-line effect with our Pneumatic Forms. **Sent on Approval.** Unseen, unfelt, inexpensive, durable. "A marvelous invention." Now used throughout the world. Also, without charge, new exercises to give shape, force and action to the legs. Write for book, proofs and chart sent free under plain letter seal.

The Alison Co., Dept. 40, Buffalo, N.Y.



Is He Worth 50 Cents?

Your dog is your best friend. **"Sergeant's Condition Pills,"** the great tonic and alterative for dogs keeps him in good health. Tones up the system, improves the appetite, imparts life and vigor. 50c and $1.00 per box by mail.

Also Polk Miller's 80-page dog book free with order, or sent for **10c** in stamps. Every dog owner should read this book.

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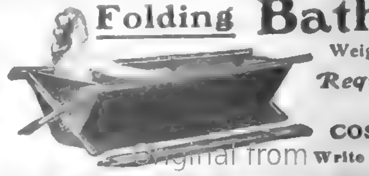

Folding Bath Tub

Weighs only 16 lbs.

Requires Little Water

COSTS LITTLE

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IRON FENCE

Architectural harmony

with the house and grounds is of first consideration in fence or entrance-gate structure. With it Stewart wrought-iron work unites designs of striking character and beauty. Besides fence and gates—lamp posts, hoods for porticoes, garden furniture, grill work; everything in wrought-iron.

Photographs sent; state work desired and character of place. Agencies in principal cities submit designs and estimates without charge. Where not represented we take measurements and erect. THE STEWART IRON WORKS COMPANY, Station 97, Cincinnati, O.

The largest iron fence factory *in the* world

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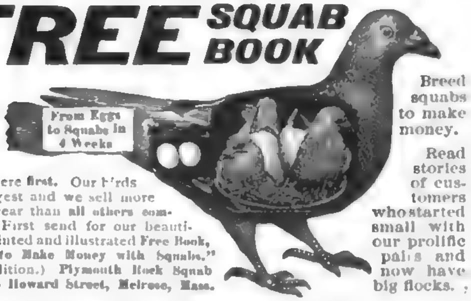
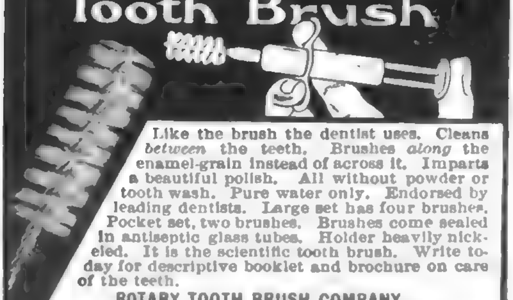

From Eggs to Squabs in 4 Weeks

Breed squabs to make money.

Read stories of customers who started small with our prolific pairs and now have big flocks.

We were first. Our birds are largest and we sell more every year than all others combined. First send for our beautifully printed and illustrated Free Book, "How to Make Money with Squabs." New Edition.) Plymouth Rock Squab Co., 308 Howard Street, Melrose, Mass.

The ROTARY Tooth Brush



Like the brush the dentist uses. Cleans *between* the teeth. Brushes *along* the enamel-grain instead of across it. Imparts a beautiful polish. All without powder or tooth wash. Pure water only. Endorsed by leading dentists. Large set has four brushes. Pocket set, two brushes. Brushes come sealed in antiseptic glass tubes. Holder heavily nickeled. It is the scientific tooth brush. Write today for descriptive booklet and brochure on care of the teeth.

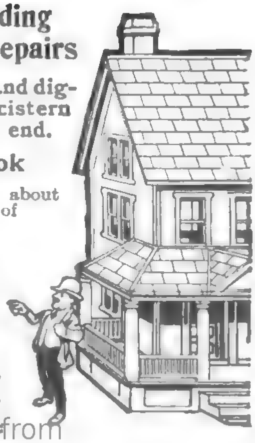
ROTARY TOOTH BRUSH COMPANY,
304 Twentieth Street, Moline, Illinois.

The Chief Roof Virtue

—outweighing all others—is durability (without painting or patching). Roofing makers who can't claim that try to blind you with such sugar coating as "Easy to lay"—"Nicely packed"—"Nails free," etc.

Genuine Bangor Slate Roofs

outlive the building without paint or repairs



won't burn—look neat and dignified — afford pure cistern water—cheapest in the end.

Our free Roof Book

concisely gives all the facts about all the roofs—the words of

the tin people about tin
" tile " " tile
" shingle " " shingle
" patent " " tar, asphalt, gravel, flint, etc.
the slate people about slate

Write for it now!

Genuine Bangor Slate Co.
Worth Bldg., Easton, Pa.

THE EATON PRIZE CONTEST

THE Eaton-Hurlbut Paper Co. takes pleasure in announcing that the judges, S. S. McCLURE, of McClure's Magazine; DR. EDWARD EVERETT HALE, of The Woman's Home Companion; F. N. DOUBLEDAY, of World's Work; NORMAN HAPGOOD, of Collier's Weekly, and J. S. PHILLIPS, of the American Magazine, have awarded the **$1,730** in prizes for the best letters written on and about EATON'S HOT-PRESSED VELLUM, as follows:

THE FIRST PRIZE........	$500,	in cash, to Mrs. Louise Herrick Wall, Berkeley, Cal.
THE SECOND PRIZE	150,	in cash, to Ann Borodel, Williamstown, Mass.
THE THIRD PRIZE........	100,	in cash, to Mrs. T. A. Olsen, Devil's Lake, North Dakota.
THE FOURTH PRIZE....	25,	in cash, to Mrs. J. W. Outland, East Chattanooga, Tenn.
THE FIFTH PRIZE.......	25,	in cash, to Effie R. Dodds, Nagasaki, Japan.
THE SIXTH PRIZE.......	25,	in cash, to Mrs. J. N. Cutler, Albany, New York.
†THE SEVENTH PRIZE...	25,	in cash, to Grace Margaret Gallaher, Baltimore, Md.
THE SEVENTH PRIZE...	25,	in cash, to Cornelia Albright, Delaware, Ohio.

THE CONSOLATION PRIZES—Two reams of **EATON'S HOT-PRESSED VELLUM**, with envelopes to match, stamped with monogram or address, to:

†Lulu Ocillee Andrews, Farmville, Va.; †Lilian M. Bowen, Constantinople, Turkey; Mrs. Lyman Leavitt Brewer, Titusville, N. J.; Mrs. H. S. Church, Jamaica, L. I.; Mrs. W. D. Dickinson, Burkeville, Va.; Mrs. Robert Roy Denny, San Jose, Cal.; Mrs. A. N. Dowson, Oakland, Cal.; Jacquette Hunter Eaton, Chicago, Ill.; Miss Mildred C. Farr, Waitsfield, Vt.; †Mrs. F. L. E. Gauss, Montclair, N. J.; Wilhelmine Gill, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. William Grier, Montreal, P. Q.; Cynthia Halsey, New York; †Fanny Clark Hatch, East Northfield, Mass.; Mrs. Mary C. Hawkins, Canton, N. Y.; Mary F. Haydon, Falfurrias, Tex.; Mrs. J. M. Hoisington, Port Kennedy, Penn.; Mabelle S. Hooper, Danvers, Mass.; †Marian Kent Hurd, Dubuque, Ia.; †Helen M. Kimball, Richmond, Vt.; Carena Lee, Greeley, Colo.; Virginia M. Linn, Philadelphia, Pa.; Emma Mantle, Louisville, Ky.; Marjorie Evelyn Maxham, American Woman's Club, Berlin, Germany; †Frances Denton Opdyke, Batavia, N.Y.; †Valance St. J. Patriarche, Winnipeg, Can.; Lilian M. Potter, Cattaraugus, N.Y.; Eva Winifred Robinson, South Weymouth, Mass.; †Elizabeth Searle, Dowagiac, Mich.; †Florence S. Stafford, Erie, Pa.; Miss Sallie Pate Steen, Enid, Okla.; Mariana M. Tallman, Providence, R. I.; Miss Anna Aston Thomson, Orange, N. J.; Mary M. Watson, London, Eng.; Mary E. Whitney, Royalton, Vt.; Mrs. Gilbert Wilson, Winnipeg, Can.

A TREMENDOUS SUCCESS

THE total number of letters received was **59,681**, of which **30,134** were contestants for the prizes. The extraordinary thing about the contest is not only the large number of letters, but that the standard of excellence is so high. Dr. Hale, one of the judges, says: "I was very sorry that by a mere accident, not knowing what I did, I accepted the commission. I am now very glad that I did so, for this mass of letters which you have sent me has taught me a great deal as to the intelligence and spirit of the women on whom very largely the future of America depends."

It must be a comfort to every woman who competed to find out that she did not know how well she could do until she tried, for the letters all tell this. Those who were unsuccessful have been through a training which will be of great help to them in future contests, which are a part of our plans. Also, every woman who competed must have learned how good a correspondence paper Eaton's Hot-Pressed Vellum is. The idea of this contest was to introduce Eaton's Hot-Pressed Vellum to women who could appreciate it. We know that the judgment of every woman who tried it, whether she received a prize or not, will be that it is the ideal writing paper for the personal correspondence of a woman of taste.

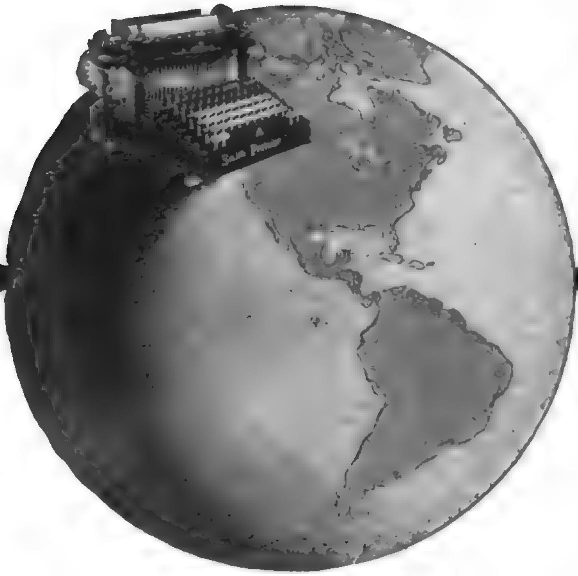
THE PRIZE LETTERS
Do You Want to See Them?

The prize letters are so good that they are worth reading for their own sake, apart from the fact that they won the prizes. The first eight letters have been printed in full in "Eaton's" (our little magazine) for June, together with photographs of those writers who gave permission to publish their pictures, and brief descriptions of the writers. The letters are all so long that they can't be printed here, but since everyone who reads this will want to see the winning letters and pictures of the writers, a copy of Eaton's for June will be mailed for two 2-cent stamps. This will make it possible for everyone to read the results of one of the most remarkable contests ever held.

Everyone who competed for these prizes has already received a copy of "Eaton's" for June.

EATON-HURLBUT PAPER CO., 26 Alder Street, Pittsfield, Mass.

†Owing to the fact that it was necessary to postpone the closing date, we have awarded additional prizes to letters received after the original closing date, so that no letter received within the time first specified has been displaced by any later letter. 14 additional prizes were awarded.



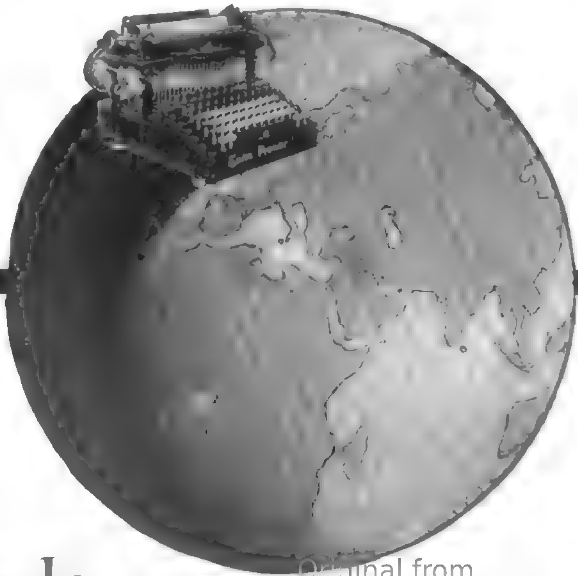
The sun never sets on the SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER

In every part of the world where business is transacted The Smith Premier Typewriter is in use. In every instance where a choice is based on service offered, the

Smith Premier Typewriter

is the one selected. You can know in advance what to expect of a typewriter which has won a world-wide reputation and has become the typewriter of over three hundred thousand operators.

We are pleased to send informing literature to any who are interested.



The Smith Premier Typewriter Co.
Syracuse, N. Y.

BRANCHES EVERYWHERE

In Full Swing

Have You Joined Yet?

The new Wanamaker World History Club is already in full swing. At this date (April 29th) inquiries have been received from over forty States, and the new Club promises to duplicate the remarkable success of former Wanamaker book clubs. Let us tell you again about our remarkable offer.

Through the publishers' introductory sale,

THE HISTORIANS' HISTORY Of the WORLD

was placed in thousands of the best homes all over the United States, and this has created a wonderful demand for The History.

Recognizing this fact, The Wanamaker Stores contracted with the publishers for an entire large edition and are offering the work, in connection with the Wanamaker World History Club,

At about HALF PUBLISHERS' PRICES

Here we have the essentials of a big success.

In the first place: A work of unusual and exclusive merit.

Second: One that is widely known and for which there is already a very large demand.

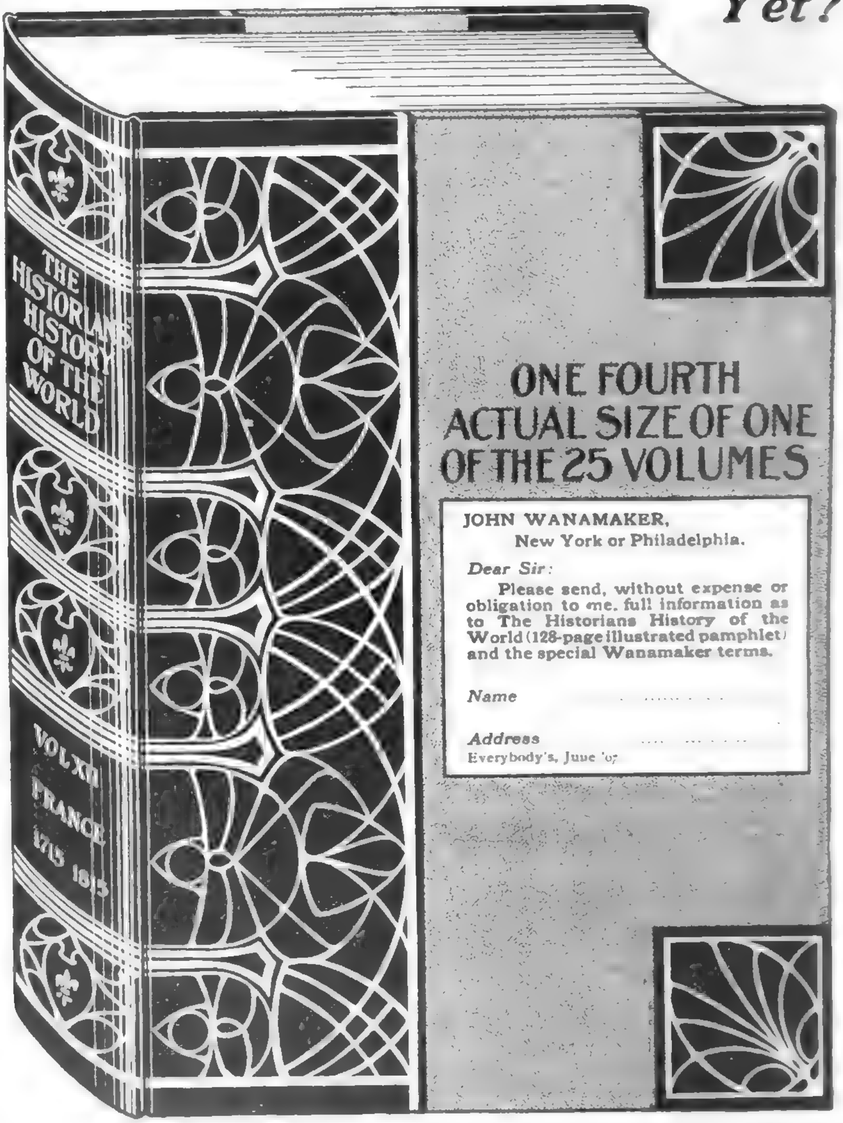
Third: Very low prices, while still maintaining the high standard of excellence in type, paper and bindings.

Fourth: Extremely favorable terms.

There's big satisfaction in doing business this way—taking something that the people want, something that they need, something that is good for them to have, and placing it easily within their reach.

JOIN THE NEW CLUB

For your convenience we have placed a coupon in this advertisement which, if you will fill it out and return it to us, will secure for you full details as to the new Club, the Special Wanamaker Terms, and a handsomely illustrated booklet (128 pages) describing the work itself. To obtain this information costs you absolutely nothing and places you under no obligation whatever.


THE HISTORIANS HISTORY OF THE WORLD
VOL. XII
FRANCE
1715 1815

ONE FOURTH ACTUAL SIZE OF ONE OF THE 25 VOLUMES

JOHN WANAMAKER,
New York or Philadelphia.

Dear Sir:

Please send, without expense or obligation to me, full information as to The Historians History of the World (128-page illustrated pamphlet) and the special Wanamaker terms.

Name ....

Address ....

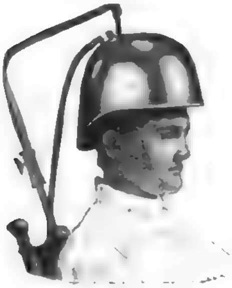
Everybody's, June '07

SEND COUPON TO-DAY

John Wanamaker

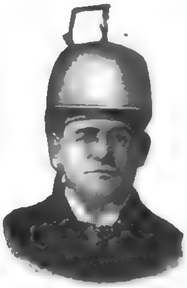
NEW YORK PHILADELPHIA

Hair-Results



The Jefferson Bank, St. Louis, U. S. A., has within a reasonably short period paid to our Company over one hundred thousand dollars from people who have developed a partial or complete growth of hair from the use of the Evans Vacuum Cap.

The letters from many of these people giving their experience with the Cap are most interesting.



Mr. Edwin B. Evans, instructor in the University of Kentucky, Danville, after a five-months' experience with our vacuum method writes: "The Evans Vacuum Cap has done great things for me, and in fact I regard the Cap as an epoch-making invention."

The Rev. H. B. Bowden, of McMechen, West Virginia, writes: "However pessimistic others may be, I now have a growth of hair on my head which shows for itself, and all of my friends in the ministry, whom I met at conference a short time ago, expressed much surprise at the victory I had won from the use of your Cap."

We have a letter from Mr. A. O. Gilbertson, of the firm of G. G. Gilbertson & Son, St. Ansgar, Iowa, from which we quote the following extract: "Recently while at Osage, Iowa, I met an old friend of mine, whom I hadn't seen for a year, and when I shook hands with him he remarked, 'I know your voice, but your face I am unable to place.' I told him who I was, and he said, 'Why, Oscar, what have you been doing to your head? Is that your own hair or are you wearing a wig?'"

Mr. F. R. Antelopfe, of the U. S. Flag Ship, West Virginia, writes from Hampton Roads, Virginia: "I beg to inform you that the Evans Vacuum Cap has given me the best results that could be imagined. When I started using the Cap my head was very bald, but now I have nearly my original growth of hair. Thanks to your Cap. Please send me another rubber diaphragm at once, as the West Virginia will soon leave for China, and I do not want to lose any time in my treatment."

Our Bank Guarantee

We will send you an Evans Vacuum Cap, by prepaid express, for sixty days' free trial. If you do not see a gradual development of a new growth of hair and are not convinced that the Cap will completely restore your hair, you are at liberty to return the Cap with no expense whatever on your part.

As evidence, of good faith we ask that you deposit the price of the Cap with the Jefferson Bank, of St. Louis, who will send you a receipt agreeing to return the amount of your deposit on demand any time during the trial period.

We have published a book which contains all practical knowledge with reference to the improvement and growth of the hair, and our method as presented in this book has been pronounced by the leading medical authorities as being the only logical solution to the problem. The opinions of physicians and the experience of those who have used the Evans Vacuum Cap are found in this book, and it will be sent free on request, postage prepaid.

Evans Vacuum Cap Company

655 Evans Cap Building St. Louis, U. S. A.

Remington
AUTOLOADING RIFLE

WE invite comparison between the new Remington and competing rifles. It loads itself and is "big enough for the biggest game." Hammerless, with a solid breech—it is absolutely safe. It takes down to pack in your suit case. Made for rimless cartridges, .30-30, .32 and .35 Remington. The Remington Autoloading Shot Gun operates on the same principle and is *the* game gun.

New Illustrated catalogues free. Write Dept. 4, N. Y.

REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY
Ilion, N. Y.

Agency
315 Broadway, New York City

Sales Office
515 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

7% INCOME

We offer for sale at par ($100 per share) 7% preferred stock of a New England Industry noted for its remarkable development—one of the strongest and most successful concerns in the United States.

¶ The stock is preferred both as to DIVIDENDS and ASSETS; its DIVIDEND being a FIRST CHARGE ON THE EARNINGS, and the stock practically a FIRST MORTGAGE ON THE ENTIRE ASSETS of the Company.

¶ It is issued solely for the purpose of procuring funds to take care of new business already offered.

¶ Sales for past 13 years show an annual average increase of 49½%—and are not in any way subject to trust manipulation or business depression.

¶ Net earnings for 1904, 1905, 1906 show an average of $218,116.80. Results for first quarter of 1907 indicate for year $350,000.00.

We strongly recommend the purchase of this preferred stock as an investment of sterling value.

Full particulars may be had upon request

SWARTWOUT & APPENZELLAR
BANKERS
Dept. D., 40-42-44 Pine Street, New York

CHICAGO, First National Bank Building; PHILADELPHIA, 600 Drexel Building;
DALLAS, American Exchange National Bank Building; GRAND RAPIDS, Grand Rapids National Bank Building

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 3.

View of San Pablo, main town on Company's plantation.

Notice of Advance

OF $50 IN PRICE OF

International Lumber and Development Co. Stock

On or before June 30, 1907, the price of this stock will be advanced to $350 per share. Already nearly four-fifths of the capital stock is sold. Only a limited number of shares remain to be sold at par value—$300—and as soon as these are disposed of, the advance will immediately go into effect.

REASON FOR THIS ADVANCE

The large amount of development work already accomplished fully warrants the proposed increase. The earnings of the plantation have placed the company on a dividend-paying basis from the start. The dividends paid during the first 2½ years have been furnished from the sale of lumber, the profits of the company's stores and the sale of cattle, hides, corn, etc.

The henequen, rubber, banana and orange plantations are well started; large tracts of pasturage cleared, 20,000 acres fenced in for cattle. Several thousand acres additional cleared ready for planting. Many improvements and extensions, enumerated below in the list of the company's properties.

Altogether, the most successful progress has been made under the plantation's expert management, and the increased price of the stock is but the natural result of its increased market value as a dividend-payer.

8% annual dividends guaranteed; 22% annually estimated on full development of the property. Henequen alone will pay 12%, as each thousand acres, at a low estimate, will pay 1% on the total capitalization, and the company is planting 12,000 acres.

WHAT THE COMPANY OWNS

1—288,000 acres of fertile tropical land in Campeche, Mexico.
2—Large forests of mahogany, cedar, logwood and other valuable cabinet and dye woods covering ¾ of this estate.
3—$100,000 worth of lumber and logs in Company's yards at Mobile and Chicago.
4—60,000 full-grown wild rubber trees; most of them never tapped.
5—250,000 chicle or zapote trees (these yield chicle—the basis of chewing gum).
6—Over 2,000 head of cattle.
7—More than 3,000,000 henequen plants growing.
8—200,000 banana plants growing.
9—7,000 orange trees growing.
10—2 steamships.
11—5 settlements.
12—Over 200 buildings.
13—5 company's stores.
14—Saw mill on plantation.
15—Saw mill in Mobile, Ala.
16—30 miles railroad; rolling stock.
17—Extensive telephone line.

All of this property is clear of debt, and held by a Philadelphia trust company for the protection of stockholders. There are over 5000 stockholders, with one to 310 shares each. There are but 20,000 shares of stock, hence each share represents fourteen and two-fifths acres of land, and is the first and only claim upon it, thus making a share equivalent to a first mortgage bond.

All shareholders have equal voting power, regardless of the number of shares held. Small payments—$5 per month per share. In case of death, all payments returned, if desired, not deducting dividends received.

SUBSCRIBE NOW, OR MAKE FURTHER INVESTIGATION AT ONCE

The International Lumber & Development Co. 723 Drexel Bldg. Phila., Pa.

OFFICERS

President, WM. H. ARMSTRONG,
Ex-U. S. Railroad Commissioner, Philadelphia, Pa.
Vice-President, COL. A. K. McCLURE,
Ex-Editor Times, Philadelphia, Pa.
Secretary and Treasurer, C. M. McMAHON,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Counsel, A. L. WANAMAKER, Philadelphia, Pa.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

Consists of Officers and
H. A. MERRILL, Pres. City Nat. Bank, Mason City, Ia.
JOHN B. BARNES, Justice Supr. Court, Norfolk, Neb.
VICTOR DuPONT, JR., DuPont Powder Works, Wilmington, Del.
A. G. STEWART, Ex-Attorney-General of Porto Rico, Waukon, Iowa.

"The End of the Day's Hunt"

can bring with it no cause for dissatisfaction "if the birds were there" and if your shells were loaded with

DUPONT

SMOKELESS

The Best Shotgun Powder for All Kinds of Work

It possesses all the desirable features that a *perfect shotgun powder* should have. It is a guaranteed powder, and that means everything. The fact that more *Dupont Smokeless* is used, both at the trap and in the field, than all the rest of the shotgun smokeless powders put together, stamps it as the American sportsman's favorite.

Specify DUPONT SMOKELESS in all your loaded shells

(N. B.—DU PONT RIFLE POWDERS meet all requirements. Write for descriptive folders, stating caliber and make of rifle.)

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS POWDER COMPANY

Established 1802 **WILMINGTON, DELAWARE**

Pleasure Planning *for the* Summer

Nowhere is good music so greatly needed as in the country home. Rainy days, idle evenings, and the intervals between outdoor sports are at once relieved of their tedium if you have a

PIANOLA or PIANOLA PIANO

No previous musical knowledge required in order to play them artistically.

EACH year witnesses an increased demand for the Pianola in summer homes. It insures an abundance of *whatever class of music you enjoy most*—classical, popular, operatic, rag-time, dance-music or song accompaniments.

Best of all, you *can play the music yourself*, putting your own expression and taste into the interpretation. The Pianola has nothing in common with the many instruments that play in a mechanical way, for its unequalled responsiveness or sensitiveness places it distinctly in a class of its own.

Be sure that it is the genuine Metrostyle Pianola that you purchase. Although there are nearly one hundred different Piano-players in the market, more Pianolas have been sold than all of the others combined. It is a mistake to pay the price of the Pianola for an instrument lacking the features that have given it universal supremacy.

Perhaps you have thought you would like to own a Pianola, but have deferred acting on account of the cost. Do you know that our new monthly payment system makes the expense so slight as hardly to be felt? Let us send you the full details of the plan.

THE AEOLIAN CO., Aeolian Hall
362 Fifth Avenue, New York

The Aeolian Company
362 Fifth Avenue
New York

Send Catalog K and details of your new purchase plan to

Name ____________________

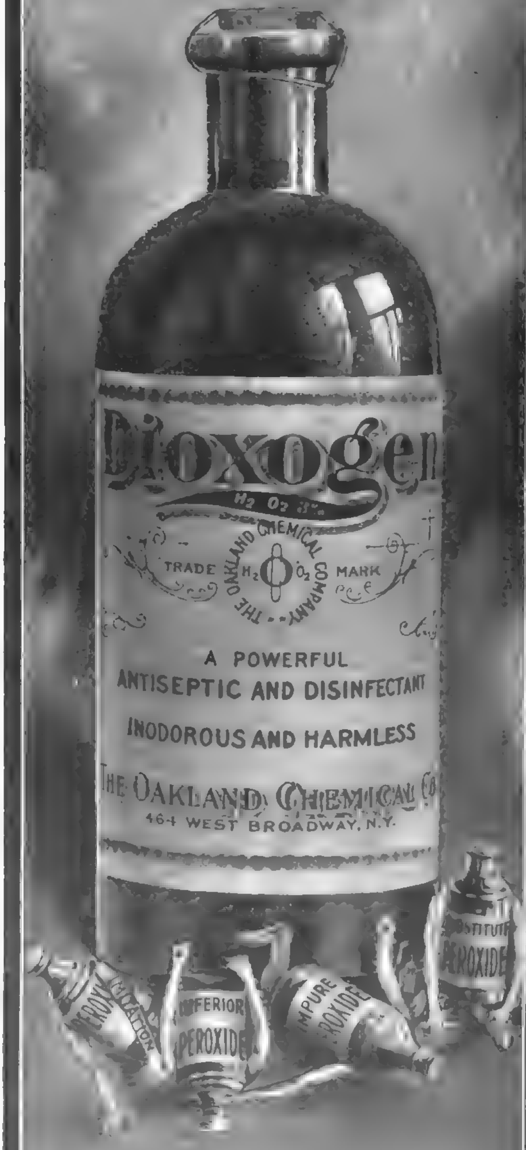
Street and No ____________________

City ____________________

Dioxogen

H_2 O_2 3%

THE ABSOLUTELY PURE PEROXIDE OF HYDROGEN


Dioxogen
H_2 O_2 3%
THE OAKLAND CHEMICAL COMPANY
TRADE H_2 O_2 MARK
A POWERFUL ANTISEPTIC AND DISINFECTANT
INODOROUS AND HARMLESS
THE OAKLAND CHEMICAL Co
464 WEST BROADWAY, N.Y.
PEROXIDE IMITATION
INFERIOR PEROXIDE
IMPURE PEROXIDE
SUBSTITUTE PEROXIDE

HOW TO TELL

IMPURE **INFERIOR**
IMITATION **SUBSTITUTE**

PEROXIDES

¶ Inferior Peroxides undergo changes, turn rank, spoil, explode, or develop a sweetish, sickish odor, or a bitter "feverish" taste. Purity is essential to stability.

¶ DIOXOGEN, the original purest Peroxide, "The kind that keeps," has a clean wholesome taste. It does not change. Its stability is due to its purity. Its unequaled quality is acknowledged by the highest authorities.

¶ As a prophylactic cleanser of mouth, teeth, throat, nose, skin and tissues, DIOXOGEN holds the pre-eminent place among all who put emphasis upon preventive cleanliness.

IS YOUR MOUTH REALLY CLEAN?

¶ Rinse your mouth for two minutes with DIOXOGEN. If it is clean, there will be only slight foaming; if not clean, there will be much foaming. Make the test. See and feel it cleanse thoroughly. DIOXOGEN cleans cavities, interstices, and parts which the brush cannot reach. Ask the best dentists.

¶ Never call merely for "Peroxide." Call for DIOXOGEN. Get the original sealed package. Three popular sizes on sale everywhere.

The Oakland Chemical Company, New York

Richmond, Virginia.

The Financial, Commercial and Manufacturing centre, as well as the Most Attractive and Desirable Residential City in the South Atlantic States.

Largest bank capital and bank clearings—six trunk lines of railroad (nine different lines radiate from the city)—at the head of steamship navigation on the James River—distributive facilities that are unsurpassed from a commercial and manufacturing standpoint.

Richmond's historic associations and social atmosphere give it an unequalled charm to all who come within its influence.

JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION--two hours by rail.

Frequent trains and special low rates make Richmond the ideal stopping place from which to see the Jamestown Exposition. Hotels at Richmond reasonable and delightful. The trip down James River to the Jamestown Exposition passes through the most historic and interesting part of our country, both as to Colonial history and the Revolutionary and Civil wars.

All railroads issuing tickets to the Jamestown Exposition allow ten-day stop-over at Richmond.

If you are interested in Richmond, write for handsomely illustrated booklet, giving full information about the city. Mailed free, on request.

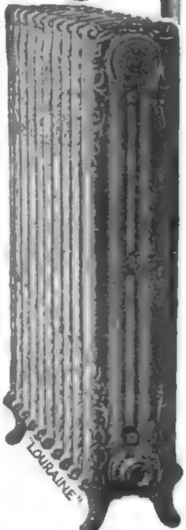
Address Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce,

Richmond, Virginia.

PIERCE MARK

Healthful Heating

with all the "life-quality" and vitality of sunlight and sun heat left in it—not the baked, dried-out kind — a system of radiation that gives the nearest approach to sun warmth, that promotes Health and Comfort with Economy—isn't that the sort of Heating System you want for your house?



PIERCE SYSTEMS

of Steam and Hot Water Heating diffuse *warmed fresh air;* maintain an even temperature throughout the entire house—no matter what the weather conditions may be—because of their perfect control.

"Pierce" Boilers are adapted for all kinds of fuel—hard or soft coal, coke, wood or gas. "Pierce" Boilers are made in more than 300 styles and sizes for use wherever heat is required.

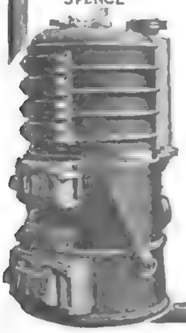
The time to prepare for next winter is NOW—before winter comes. Don't wait until you are obliged to send in a "rush" order. "Pierce Quality"

SANITARY PLUMBING

goods in Porcelain Enamel and Solid Vitreous Ware make the Bath, Laundry and Kitchen attractive and sanitary parts of the home. "It's good economy to procure both heating and plumbing goods of one manufacture."

Send for "Common Sense Heating and Sanitary Plumbing," a very practical and interesting book. Free on request. The name of your Architect, Steamfitter and Plumber would be appreciated.

PIERCE, BUTLER & PIERCE MANUFACTURING CO.
32 James St., Syracuse, N.Y.
Branches in all leading cities.



The toast to the bride will be more pleasing—the sentiment it expresses more touching, if quaffed in nature's purest beverage —

WAUKESHA Arcadian WATER

The healthful mineral water that adds sparkle and pleasure to all festivities.

Waukesha Arcadian Ginger Ale is made from this world renowned water.

Waukesha Arcadian Company
Waukesha, Wis.

Arcadian
Arcadian WAUKESHA WATER

Pabst Extract

The "Best" Tonic

For Nervousness

Nervousness knocks at the door of every man and woman under the present day strain. Its health shattering force is plainly evident in every direction you may look. In this ambitious age nobody seems able to resist the temptation of overdoing until exhausted nature rebels and is avenged by the nervous prostration that follows. At this serious stage—when you are liable to become the victim of fever or other prevalent disease—when not only the nerve forces must be restored but also the impaired system strengthened and rebuilt, you will find

Pabst Extract
The "Best" Tonic

because it combines the quieting and tonic effects of the choicest hops with the nutritive and digestive elements of rich barley malt. Hops contain those tonic properties which both soothe and build up the nervous system. They induce sweet, refreshing sleep, while the nourishment offered by the pure extract of barley malt, being in predigested form, is easily assimilated by the blood and carries in it those elements that quickly rebuild the delicate nervous substances and tissues. At the same time an appetite is created and your system is furnished the power to draw quicker and greater energy from what you eat.

Pabst Extract
The "Best" Tonic

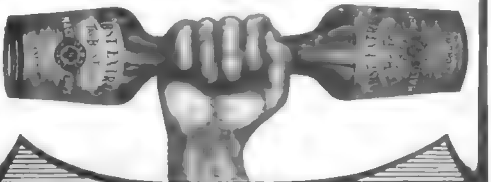
builds up and strengthens. This liquid food in predigested form is welcomed by the weakest stomach. It revitalizes the nerves and restores energy, while the phosphates furnished from nature's own warehouse rebuild and revive the tired brain.

For Sale at all Leading Druggists
Insist upon the Original

Guaranteed under the National Pure Food Law
U. S. Serial No. 1921

Booklet and picture entitled "Baby's First Adventure" sent free on request.

Pabst Extract Dept. 18 Milwaukee, Wis.



A BAD DAY—EH?

Work must be gotten out, but the tired brain refuses to respond to the urgent demands. Head is all in a whirl—you've worked your limit and need a mental bracer. Put on your coat, seek the nearest soda fountain and drink a glass of

Coca-Cola

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

You will find that you have put in several more rounds of mental ammunition. It will fill you chuck full of brain and body "go"—clear your mind—settle your nerves, and put you in shape to do several more hours of good work.

Delicious Refreshing Bracing
Thirst Quenching

ALL THE WATER THROUGH THE NOZZLE
GREENLEAF GARDEN HOSE
GREENLEAF
TRADE MARK

is guaranteed to be incomparably superior to any other brand of hose you can buy.

In "GREENLEAF" all points of weakness—such as develop pin-hole leaks, cracking, peeling and rot in other hose within a few months—are absolutely absent.

It is so tough and strong that it not even expands under pressures that burst ordinary hose. It is extremely light and flexible.

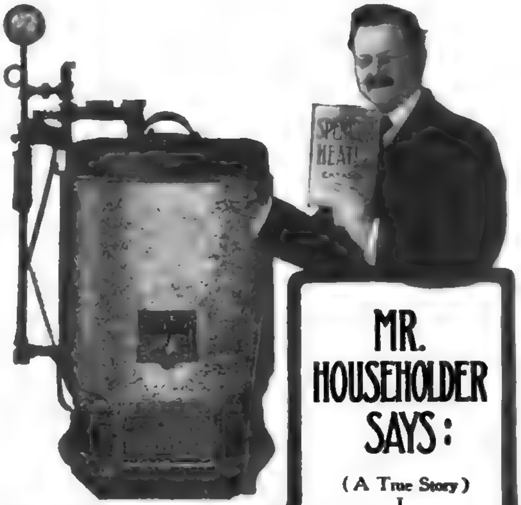
Ask your dealer for "GREENLEAF" hose. If he hasn't it, take no other. Send $10 to us direct and we will express prepaid 50 feet "GREENLEAF" hose, complete with standard nozzle and coupling.

PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER COMPANY

JEANNETTE, PA.

Send post-card request for our interesting little book—"HOSE SENSE" containing "Inside" facts.

NEW YORK	1741 Broadway
CHICAGO	1241 Michigan Avenue
PHILADELPHIA	615 N. Broad Street
ATLANTA, GA.	102 N. Prior Street
BOSTON	20 Park Square
BUFFALO	717 Main Street
DETROIT	237 Jefferson Avenue
CLEVELAND	2134-6 East Ninth Street
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.	512-14 Mission Street
LONDON	26 City Road



MR. HOUSEHOLDER SAYS:

(A True Story)

I.

"After looking over all the heater propositions last year, I decided to install a 'Spencer' Steam Heater, because I figured that it would need only half as much attention as the others, and would save an immense amount of fuel.

"Well, now that I've used the

SPENCER HEATER

all through the winter, I'm convinced that every claim made in the catalog is absolutely true.

"For instance, I have to shovel coal only half as much as formerly, because the 'Spencer's' water-jacketed magazine feed holds sufficient to burn 24 hours or more in moderate weather, and its perfect automatic regulation keeps the house at a uniform temperature—all night long, too.

"I can burn pea or No. 1 buckwheat coal now, and my fuel bills are from 30 to 60% less than they used to be. I use cheaper coal and less of it, than any of my friends."

Handsome illustrated catalogue sent free on request. Kindly mention your dealer's name. Write to-day and get the winter's heating problem off your mind!

SPENCER HEATER CO.
300 Commonwealth Building, Scranton, Pa.

(Interesting proposition for dealers in open territory.)

7000
people were roasted alive in the U. S. during 1905. Is not this appalling?

¶ Most of these fires were due to the use of single furnace pipes, that set between wood studdings and lath and plaster.

¶ Fires of this kind most always occur at night and during the coldest weather, and which accounts for such great loss of life.

¶ When you build have

Perfection Safety Pipe

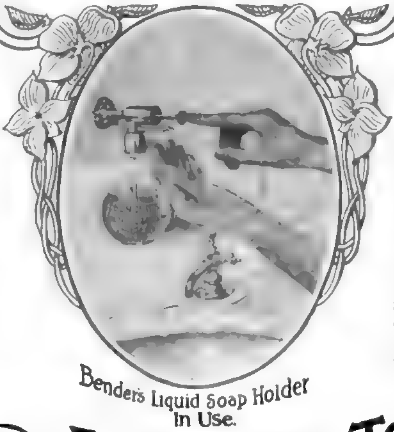
put in your house.

¶ Sample and catalogue free upon request.

The PERFECTION FURNACE PIPE CO., Broadway, Toledo, O.

Don't Use Soap Others Have Used

The use of a cake of toilet soap by several persons, one after the other is decidedly ***uncleanly and dangerous.*** To say nothing of the mere "skin dirt" which the careless leave on a cake of soap, there are many users who have skin *disorders*, and these are more quickly communicated by "cake" toilet soap, than in any other way.



Bender's Liquid Soap Holder in Use.

Use the New and Better Kind of Soap

And now a new kind of soap has made the promiscuous use of toilet soap wholly unnecessary. In Bender's Liquid Toilet Soap you have a soap strictly individual —pure, fresh, UNUSED soap at each using. Any number of persons can draw from the same supply, and each have soap none of the others has even *touched.* Absolute cleanliness and sanitation are thus assured.

BENDER'S SANITARY LIQUID TOILET SOAP

is simply the very highest class toilet soap, in *liquid* form; and even aside from the unique and improved method of using, you will prefer it to any other soap. Delicately scented; also tar, for shampooing, etc. Bender's Liquid Soap can be used either directly from the sprinkle-top bottles, or from the patented soap holder, shown in the illustration above. Either the bottle or holder saves 50 per cent on your soap bill, as there is absolutely **no waste.**

Bender's Liquid Soap is a real need in all cleanly homes, and a sanitary necessity in Hotels, Clubs, Public Buildings, Steamships, Parlor Cars, and all public lavatories. Already installed in Capitol at Harrisburg, Pa., offices of Penna. R. R., Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific R. R., B. & O. R. R., etc., and thousands of homes all over the country.

Sprinkle-Top Bottles, 25 cents. Quart Bottles, 75 cents
Bender's Liquid Soap Holder (Patented) $2.00

Special Introductory Offer to July 1st: A Holder and One Gallon of Liquid Soap, $3.50

Write for illustrated booklet. If your dealer does not carry Bender's Liquid Soap, send to

BENDER MFG. CO., 537 Land Title Bldg., Philadelphia

1867 **1907**

40 Years **Test**

ELECTRO SILICON

Is Unequalled for
Cleaning and Polishing
SILVERWARE.

Send address for a **FREE SAMPLE,** or 15c. in stamps for a full box.

Electro-Silicon Soap has equal merits.

The Electro Silicon Co., 30 Cliff St., New York.

Grocers and Druggists sell it.

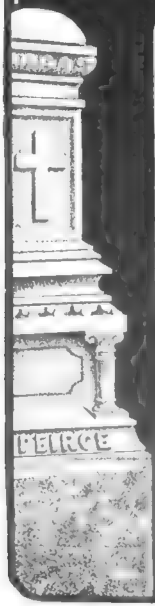
3 IN 1

REGISTERED TRADE-MARK

See that the *big red* "1" is on the label of the bottle. If it isn't, then you are not getting "3 in One." And if you don't get "3 in One" you don't get the best oil and the only oil for lubricating, cleaning, polishing and preventing rust. Try ten cents worth for oiling sewing machine, typewriter, fire arms, clocks, locks, & polishing piano, table, chairs, preventing tarnish on nickel bathroom fixtures. FREE generous sample bottle and a valuable book. Write to-day.

G. W. COLE COMPANY
24 Broadway
New York City

EVERLASTING WHITE BRONZE MONUMENTS



MONUMENTS

"The White Bronze Soldiers' Monument which you erected here 22 years ago, is as good to-day as ever. I see no reason why it will not stand 22 hundred years."—Park Commissioner, Carbondale, Pa.

WHITE BRONZE

is better than granite because it is guaranteed to withstand the ravages of the severest climate. You see them in the cemeteries, perfectly preserved, while stones of all kinds are disfigured and broken.

Let us send you pictures and prices. State amount you would expend.

Reliable representatives wanted

MONUMENTAL BRONZE CO.
353 HOWARD AVE., BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

White Mountain Ice Cream Freezer

Not the troublesome kind that tires you out before the freezing's done.

A simple device with the wonderful triple motion principle that cuts the freezing time down to half what other freezers take. Makes the finest ice cream you ever tasted.

A FREE BOOK

"Frozen Dainties"

Describes many delicious conceptions that are healthful and refreshing—delicious ice cream, cooling sherbets, sparkling water ices. Remember, it's FREE. *Write to-day.*

WHITE MOUNTAIN FREEZER CO.,
Dept. P Nashua, N. H.

TRIPLE MOT
WHITE MOU
ICE CREAM FR

CALOX

Liberates nature's purifier, OXYGEN
Cleanses and whitens the teeth
Destroys the germs of dental decay
Keeps gold and amalgam fillings bright

THE Oxygen

CALOX forms Milk-of-Lime, which
Neutralizes corroding mouth acids
Removes all odor from the breath
Keeps plate and bridge-work aseptic

Tooth

The OXYGEN Does It
all druggists 25 cents
Send for sample and booklet
Guaranteed absolutely pure under Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1906
McKESSON & ROBBINS, 91-97 Fulton St., New York

Powder

YOU OUGHT TO TRY
No 4711 WHITE ROSE
GLYCERINE
SOAP

WHITE ROSE
TRADE MARK
REG U.S. PAT OFF
GLYCERINE SOAP

PURE—DELIGHTFUL—ECONOMICAL.
Ask for "No. 4711." Beware of Imitations.
FERD. MÜLHENS, Cologne o/R Germany.
Mülhens & Kropff, 298 Broadway, New York.
Send 15 cents in stamps for *full size* sample cake.

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK

Reliable Food
for Infants

It is a pure and safe food where the mother does not nurse the baby. An invigorating food-drink for the nursing mother.

Horlick's Malted Milk is quickly prepared, delicious to the taste and easy to digest. It builds up both the bone and muscle tissues, giving a sturdy body and good health to the growing child.

At druggists everywhere. Simply mix with hot water and it's ready to use.

Ask for Horlick's—others
are imitations.

The ideal food for all ages.

The original and only genuine

SOUVENIR POST CARDS

10 Beautiful colored views of Rock Island Arsenal and Historic Battle Grounds along the Mississippi River 25c

M. MONTGOMERY, ROCK ISLAND, ILL.

CHEW...
Beeman's
THE ORIGINAL
Pepsin
Gum

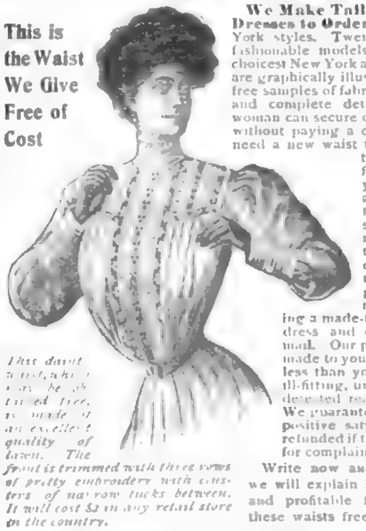
A delightful confection
and good for digestion

All Others are Imitations.

$2 Waist Free

We want to add 20,000 new customers to our great Suit-to-measure department. To arouse wide-spread interest we have decided to send the waist illustrated to every woman who writes for our latest book of New York fashions and full information about our plan of distributing 20,000 two dollar waists **absolutely free of expense.**

This is the Waist We Give Free of Cost



This waist which may be obtained free, is made of an excellent quality of lawn. The front is trimmed with three rows of pretty embroidery with clusters of narrow tucks between. It will cost $2 in any retail store in the country.

We Make Tailored Suits and Dresses to Order in the latest New York styles. Twenty-five beautiful, fashionable models that express the choicest New York and Paris creations are graphically illustrated. We send free samples of fabrics, our style book and complete details of how any woman can secure one of these waists without paying a cent for it. If you need a new waist this is your opportunity to get one free that will cost you $2 or more in any retail store in the country. Our sole desire is to make 20,000 additional women acquainted with our up-to-date and greatly improved method of transacting a made-to-order suit, skirt, dress and coat business by mail. Our prices for costumes made to your own measure are less than you have to pay for ill-fitting, ungainly and easily detected ready-made apparel. We guarantee a perfect fit and positive satisfaction. Money refunded if there is any ground for complaint.

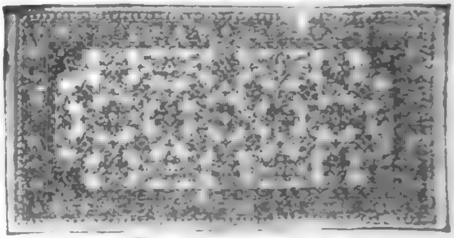
Write now and by return mail we will explain how it is possible and profitable for us to supply these waists free.

THE UNITED CLOAK AND SUIT CO.
SYRACUSE, N.Y.

IMPERIAL

Smyrna Rugs

Pattern 9318 Tan



Twenty-six different sizes
From 18 x 36 inches to 12 x 18 feet

Up stairs and down. Before the door, the bureau, the wash-stand and by the bedside. In the halls, the living rooms and before the hearth—one and all call for rugs in special sizes.

There's an "**Imperial**" **Smyrna** for every floor space.

More than this—many of the splendid "**Imperial**" patterns are produced in the entire range of sizes.

Foyer and reception room—all rooms opening one upon the other even the long and narrow hallway—can have an "**Imperial**" of the same design and coloring.

Prices according to size, $1.75 to $75.00.

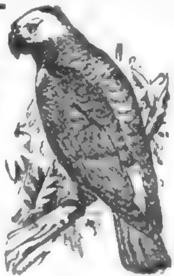
"**Imperials**" may be had in fine Oriental and many other effects. They are seamless and reversible—two wearing surfaces. Absolutely all wool. Every genuine "**Imperial**" has the letters "**I. S. R.**" woven in the selvage. Sold by 10,000 dealers in the United States.

Send for booklet, "Art and Utility," showing "**Imperials**" in exact colors.

W. & J. SLOANE, Estab. 1843
Sole Distributing Agents
26 East 19th Street, New York City

HUMAN-TALKER

is the registered name of my genuine Mexican Double Yellow Heads



the only **Parrot** in existence which imitates the human voice to perfection and learns to talk and sing like a person. Young, tame, hand-raised nest birds.

SPECIAL PRICE June, July, August $10

Each Parrot sold with a written guarantee to talk. Sent by express anywhere in the U. S. or Canada.

Cheaper varieties from $8.50 up

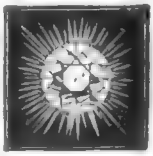
One of a Thousand Similar Letters on File

"Maxie is the finest talker and singer I have ever heard. He talks everything. You can carry on a conversation with him. He sings the words of the chorus of a great number of songs. I could write a book of all he says, etc." MRS. KATIE ZAHN, Newark, O.

Write for booklet, testimonials and illus. catalog, etc., free

GEISLER BIRD CO., Dept. J, Omaha, Nebraska
Largest and oldest mail order Bird House in the world. Est. 1888

"The Colorado Gem," Newest Product of Our Gem Mines



A beautiful **Genuine Topaz**, of purest white color, finest Diamond cut, wonderful brilliancy, and great hardness. Endorsed by leading experts. Far superior to the best imitation Diamond ever produced. Remember, I guarantee these stones to be **genuine**. Special price, $2.00 each, 3 for $5.00. Size, up to 2 carats. Free booklet. Address, with remittance,

H. LINDEMANN, Expert Gem Cutter,
1536 Champa Street, Denver, Co.

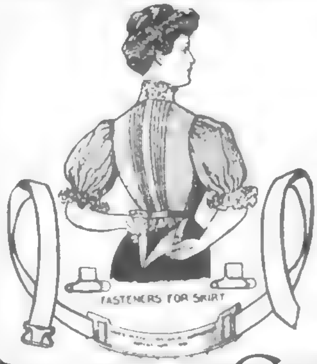
MUSICAL HANDBOOK FREE

Write us what musical instrument you are interested in and we will send you a copy. Contains illustrations, descriptions and the lowest prices on 25,000 instruments and supplies of artistic musical quality. Also much valuable information. Our name for 44 years has been the standard

PIANOS, VIOLINS, MANDOLINS,

Band Instruments, Talking Machines, etc. Everything known in music is sold by us. Write today.

LYON & HEALY, World's Largest Music House
14 Adams St., Chicago



LONDON'S GREATEST SUCCESS!!

WAISTS HELD DOWN. SKIRTS HELD UP.

Gair's "Perfection" Waist Retainer and Skirt Supporter

At last! Ladies can wear a shirtwaist with perfect comfort; without the use of safety pins, hooks or eyes and obtain that NEAT, SMART, trim appearance envied by all women. The simplicity and the security of GAIR'S SUPPORTER recommends it to all waist wearers. It will not injure the daintiest fabric and will support the heaviest skirt. Made in white, gray and black; all sizes. In ordering, mention size and color desired.

On sale at all leading Dry Goods Stores, or supporter and 12 catches enough for 6 skirts sent prepaid direct from manufacturer on receipt of 35 cents. A few first-class agents wanted.

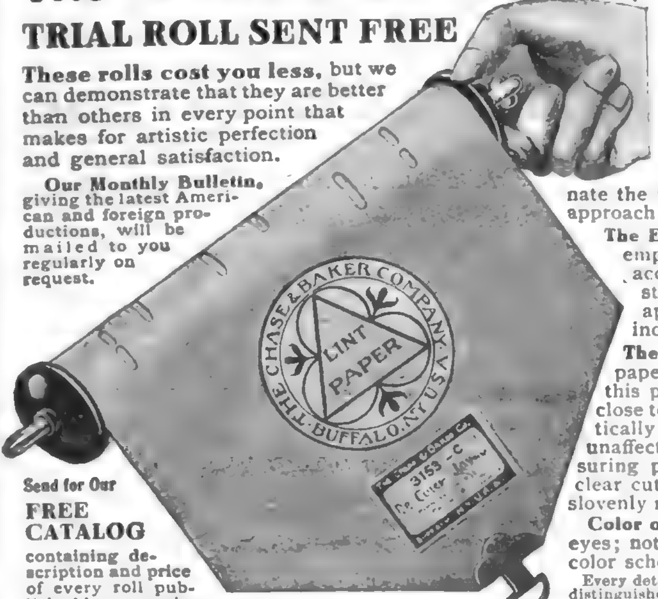
M. GAIR, Dept. F, - - - 51 Leonard Street, New York.

The Chase & Baker Music Rolls

TRIAL ROLL SENT FREE

These rolls cost you less, but we can demonstrate that they are better than others in every point that makes for artistic perfection and general satisfaction.

Our Monthly Bulletin, giving the latest American and foreign productions, will be mailed to you regularly on request.



Send for Our FREE CATALOG containing description and price of every roll published by us—embracing the whole field from popular to classic.

For Standard (65 Note) Piano Players

Our Melographic Rolls are all made from master stencils, prepared in our own factory, arranged from the original score by competent professional musicians, with special reference to the possibilities of piano players, resulting in productions which eliminate the mechanical effects and most nearly approach manual playing.

The Expression Marks are those regularly employed in musical notation, in strict accordance with the score, easily understood and followed by the layman, but appealing to the intellect, and making individual interpretation possible.

The Paper is a superfine, imported lint paper, manufactured exclusively for us for this purpose; very strong and tough; of close texture; very thin and smooth; practically noiseless in operation; almost entirely unaffected by dryness or moisture, thus insuring perfect "tracking." Perforations are clear cut and remain permanently so. No slovenly reproduction possible.

Color of Sheet is olive-green—easy for the eyes; not easily soiled and in harmony with color scheme of instrument.

Every detail is of that high grade of excellence, which distinguishes the well known **Chase & Baker Piano Players.** If you don't find **Chase & Baker Music Rolls** in your city, write us. Trial roll free—send 24c. for postage.

Send for the trial roll and free catalogue, enclosing 24c. for postage to **Dept. F, The Chase & Baker Co., Buffalo, N.Y., U.S.A.** London Chicago Berlin

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CREX
GRASS CARPET
TRADE MARK

The Writing on the Wall Spells "CREX"

and the definition of CREX is—"the only sanitary floor covering which assures perfect satisfaction and unlimited durability."

CREX Carpets & Rugs demand the attention of every housekeeper—they settle beyond a doubt the question of, "What is the correct floor covering?"

CREX satisfies the most exacting requirements for a floor covering which harmonizes with all surroundings.

In the ideal home CREX Carpets & Rugs predominate; their beauty of design and artistic finish are a source of real enjoyment.

CAUTION: Avoid imitations—be sure you get **CREX**—there is only one genuine. Substitutes which may be represented to be just the same as **CREX** are of inferior quality and lighter grade. Insist on having "**CREX.**"

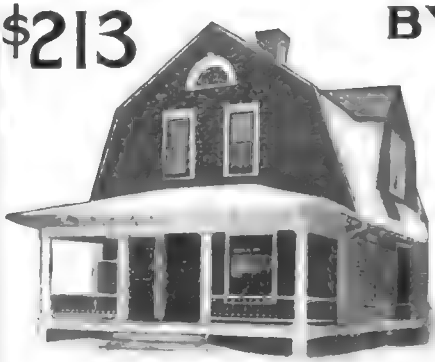
SOLD WHEREVER CARPETS ARE SOLD

AMERICAN GRASS TWINE CO.

377 BROADWAY, NEW YORK
ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA

HEATING

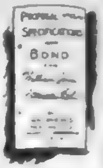
$213 BY HOT WATER



SAVES 1/3 YOUR FUEL BILL AND MAKES YOUR HOUSE WARM ALL OVER

Our Factory-to-User selling plan saves purchasers 25 to 50 per cent.—as many of their letters tell us—saving them $50 up to $200 on a single job

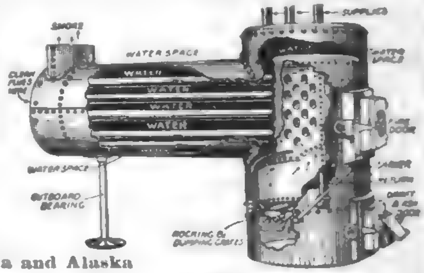
We can save you money and give you a hot water heating plant planned for your house by our heating engineers, submitted to you for approval, before work is begun and guaranteed by a



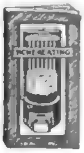
360 DAYS' FREE TRIAL GUARANTY BOND

The Andrews Steel Boilers are built of 60,000-pound steel of same thickness as used in steam power boilers. As the diagram shows, they have an unusually large amount of very effective heating surface surrounded by thin sheets of water, making these boilers most efficient and economical in fuel consumption—easily cleaned and no repairs; steel does not crack like cast iron, and being thinner it transmits the heat correspondingly rapid.

The Andrews Regurgitating Safety Valve adds 50 per cent to the heating power of the radiation, by making the water circulate rapidly under pressure thus increasing the efficiency, and reducing greatly the amount of dead metal in the plant. Our piping is all reamed when it is cut and threaded to promote rapid and free circulation.



Our Home Heating plants are planned carefully, sent to you complete, ready to erect, so that any man handy with tools can screw together in accordance with the full and complete instructions sent with each plant.



Send for our 72-page Book, "Home Heating" which tells what you want to know about Heating Plants in general. How to locate boilers—gives information on costs, fuel consumption—experience in erecting. We send it free for the names of two persons who are likely to be interested in heating.

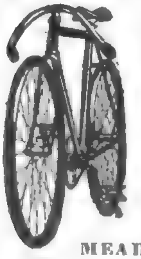
We do it right in 44 States, Canada and Alaska

570 LaSalle Bldg.
CHICAGO
ILL.

ANDREWS HEATING CO.

628 Heating Bldg.
MINNEAPOLIS
MINN.

RIDER AGENTS WANTED



in each town to ride and exhibit sample 1907 model. *Write for Special Offer.*

Finest Guaranteed 1907 Models **$10 TO $27** with Coaster-Brakes and Puncture Proof tires.

1905 & 1906 Models all of best makes **$7 TO $12**

500 SECOND-HAND WHEELS

All Makes and Models, good as new **$3 TO $8**

Great Factory Clearing Sale. We ship on Approval *without a cent deposit*, pay the freight and allow **TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL.**

Tires, coaster-brakes, sundries, etc., half usual prices. **Do not buy** till you get our catalogs. *Write at once.*

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. B-43, Chicago

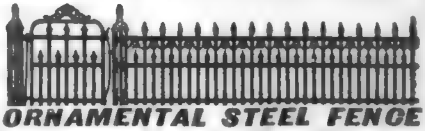
DEAFNESS

"The Morley 'Phone"

A miniature Telephone for the ear, invisible, easily adjusted, and entirely comfortable. Makes low sounds plainly heard. Over fifty thousand sold, giving instant relief from deafness and head noises. There are but few cases of deafness that cannot be benefited.

Write for booklet and testimonials

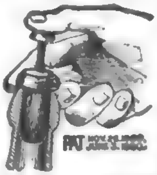
THE MORLEY COMPANY, Dept. 82
51 SOUTH 16th STREET PHILADELPHIA



ORNAMENTAL STEEL FENCE

Combining Strength and Art for Lawns, Churches, Cemeteries, Parks Lasts a Century. 34 Styles. Catalogue No. 20 Free. Also ornamental Wire and **Don't Rust Farm Fence.**

THE WARD FENCE CO., Box 38, Marion, Ind.

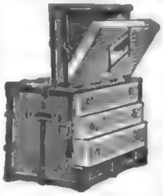


GREATEST THING OUT FOR HOME USE

THE PERFECTION STOPPER

for bottled goods after the cork is drawn. Fits any bottle absolutely airtight by simply pressing down the pin and the last glass will be found as fresh and sparkling as the first. Postpaid 25c, stamps or silver.

E. C. MARKS, 260 So. Clark Street, Chicago



Stallman's Dresser Trunk

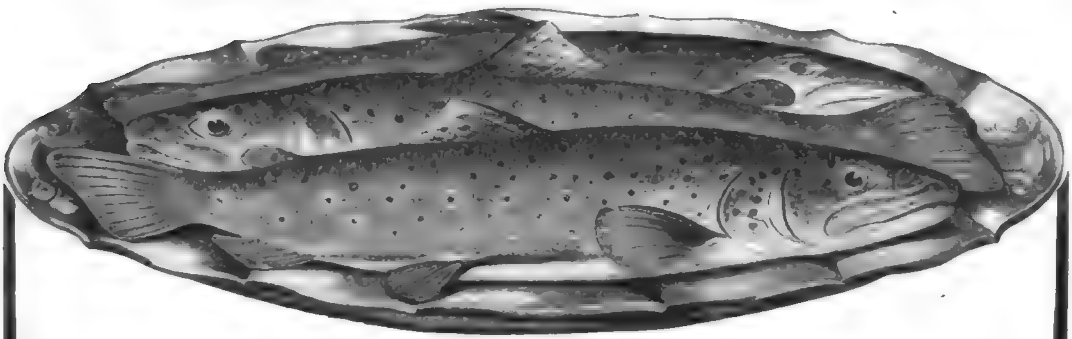
Easy to get at everything without disturbing anything. No fatigue in packing and unpacking. Light, strong, roomy drawers. Holds as much and costs no more than a good box trunk. Hand-riveted; strongest trunk made. In small room serves as chiffonier. C. O. D. with privilege of examination.

2c. stamp for Catalog.

F. A. STALLMAN, 48 W. Spring St., Columbus, O.

Hagan's Magnolia Balm,

A liquid preparation for face, neck, arms and hands. Makes the skin like you want it. Does it in a moment. Not sticky or greasy. It's harmless, clean, refreshing. Can't be detected. Use it morning, noon and night, Winter, Spring, Summer, Fall. Sample FREE. Lyon Mfg. Co. [illegible] S. Fifth St., Brooklyn, N.Y.



Fish, more than any other dish needs careful seasoning. It is rendered more appetizing by

Lea & Perrins' Sauce

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

It is a delightful seasoning for Scalloped Oysters, Broiled Lobster, Cod Fish Balls and Steaks, Deviled Clams, Fish Salads, etc.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

John Duncan's Sons,
Agents, New York.

The Decay of Wood

Is due to bacteria—just as cholera and smallpox and other ills that vex our flesh are due to bacteria. So long as the bacteria are excluded, wood cannot decay. Good paint excludes the bacteria that produce decay. So long as a building is properly protected by good paint, it will remain sound and firm. Paints that protect longest and most thoroughly are based on **OXIDE OF ZINC.** See that your paint is that kind. Our pamphlet, "Paint: Why, How and When," (free to property owners) explains the matter.

The New Jersey Zinc Company

71 Broadway, N. Y.

We do not grind zinc in oil. A list of manufacturers of zinc paints sent on application.

ALABASTINE
ALABASTINE
ALABASTINE
ALABASTINE
Alabastine

Dainty Walls Make Homes Charming

Simple effects are often the most artistic. The dainty Alabastine tints can be combined in an endless variety of simple and artistic treatments for wall decoration.

The expense of decorating with Alabastine is less than the cost of wall papers, kalsomines or tapestries, and walls treated with Alabastine are more durable and far more sanitary.

Alabastine

The Sanitary Wall Coating

can be applied to any wall in any tint or combination of tints, either with or without border decoration. Beautiful stencil designs can be used.

Alabastine becomes a solid part of the wall and one coat can be applied over another. This makes the cost of redecorating with Alabastine less than one-half what it would be were kalsomine, wall paper, or other materials used.

Alabastine is sold in properly labeled and carefully sealed 5-lb. packages by dealers in drugs, paints, hardware and general merchandise, at 55c the package for tints and 50c for white.

Ask your dealer for Alabastine and accept no package that does not bear the word Alabastine in plain letters. Send 10c coin or stamps for the handsome book, "Dainty Wall Decorations," containing beautiful colored plans and much valuable information. Tint cards mailed free on request.

The Alabastine Company
913 Grandville Avenue, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Eastern Office, Dept. N, 105 Water St., New York City.

TRADE MARK
NATIONAL LEAD CO

Who Guarantees the Paint?

The words "Pure White Lead" on a paint package do not necessarily mean that the package contains Pure White Lead. Out of eighteen brands of what was sold as White Lead, analyzed by the North Dakota State Chemists last year, five contained *no white lead,* five less than 15% of white lead, and only two were what they claimed to be, viz.: Pure White Lead. National Lead Company's was one of the two.

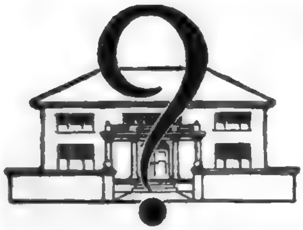
In other words, buyers have two chances in eighteen of getting what they pay for if they go merely by the words "White Lead" on a label. Look for the Dutch Boy Painter on the side of the keg. He guarantees that the words "White Lead" on the head of the keg mean *Pure White Lead.*

Our Beautiful Book Free

Full of practical suggestions and helps to the effective and economical use of paint. It is handsomely printed, and illustrated by the celebrated artist, Henry Hutt. A postal card request will bring you free a *de luxe* copy.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY
in whichever of the following cities is nearest you:
New York, Boston, Buffalo, Cleveland,
Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis,
Philadelphia [John T. Lewis & Bros. Co.]
Pittsburgh [National Lead & Oil Co.]

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 3



What Makes Home Beauty?

IT is largely a matter of paint and painting. Don't forget *that!* Architectural effect is essential—beauty of coloring, imperative. If you want your home to represent the "master work of a master painter" secure the *best* painter you know—

—And supply him with *true colors* that work properly under the brush, and that remain bright and beautiful upon your building.

Lowe Brothers "High Standard" Liquid Paint

Gives Best Results

—Always. Absolute uniformity of quality insures that every gallon and each fresh brushful shall be like the last, in consistency and color.

"HIGH STANDARD" LIQUID PAINT contains only the materials necessary to give it body, life, elasticity, color, beauty, brilliancy, wear-resisting qualities. It wears down to a clean, even surface—ideal for repainting. "HIGH STANDARD" PAINT covers thirty to fifty more square feet to the gallon than ordinary paint, and lasts from two to three years longer.

Let us send you our book, "Paint and Painting;" contains information that should be in the hands of every one interested in the beauty and care of a home. Mailed *free.*

"The Little Blue Flag"

—Your Protection

The Lowe Brothers Company, 450-456 Third St., East, Dayton, O.
Paintmakers, Varnishmakers New York Chicago Kansas City

"LOOK FOR THE BOY" TRADE MARK REX Flintkote ROOFING

Everything but the man and the hammer comes in the roll—goes down like a carpet. Any workman can lay

REX FLINTKOTE ROOFING

Contains no paper and no tar; will not leak or crack or soften or shrink or stretch; is made of tough, fibre wool-felt, treated by our special process; keeps out the cold in winter, the heat in summer and the wet always. What more could any roof do?

Write for Free Samples

which we will gladly send you and also our valuable free booklet on roofing. "Look for the Boy" on every roll.

J. A. & W. BIRD & CO.
42 India St., Boston, Mass.
Agents everywhere

KING MANTELS

are much better than the price would indicate. They are so well made, well finished and dependable that our customers are delighted. We have selected a few dozen letters from the hundreds we have and duplicated them in our book called "Evidence,"—what others say about us—which is yours for the asking. Send for it.

IF YOU NEED SOME MANTELS

send 12c for our beautiful 64-page catalogue (12x14 in.) with supplement, "Colonial Beauties," which illustrates the most beautiful mantels for the money in this country. These two books cost us 50c to deliver and are only for those interested. Kindly state number of mantels you will require and we will gladly send catalogues as above. **KING MANTEL CO., 521-523 West Jackson Ave., KNOXVILLE, TENN.**

Copper Brown

Fashion is a mark of civilization—in paints as in other things.

The best taste this spring runs to COPPER BROWN and COPPER VERDE for house painting.

They are well-made, beautiful colors, designed to look well and last long.

For Fashion Plate see "Saturday Ev'g Post" of May 25

These two colors come in SEALED CANS ONLY.

They can be obtained from all first class dealers.

Prepared by all leading manufacturers from the best materials, according to carefully tested formulas.

A pamphlet of paint information—and paint is a live topic to every property owner—sent free on request by the Paint Manufacturers' Association of the U. S., 636 The Bourse, Phila., Pa.

Copper Verde

A. G. C. Fletcher, Architect, New York

Cabot's Shingle Stains

For Shingles and all Rough Woodwork

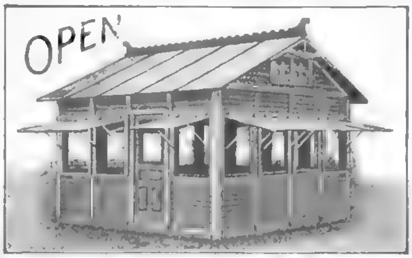
Are 50% cheaper than paint
Cost 50% less to apply
Look 100% handsomer than paint

The colors are softer and richer; nearer to nature than paint, and "wood treated with Creosote is not subject to dry-rot or other decay."—*Century Dictionary.*

Samples on wood and litho watercolor chart of Stained Houses sent free on request.

SAMUEL CABOT, 4 Oliver St., Boston, Mass.
Agents all over the country.

"QUILT," the warmest sheathing paper



Fight the "White Plague" with Fresh Air!

"It is an outrageous shame that so many people die needlessly of Tuberculosis. Tuberculosis is generally nothing short of suicide. People coop themselves up in the stuffy, vitiated air of living rooms all day and night and then wonder why the "White Plague" slowly chokes them to death. Get out into the fresh air that God gave you! You have no excuse for breathing poison when for a few dollars modern devices make it possible to fill your lungs with the breath of life."—*From Dr. Baker's address to tubercular patients.*

M. Portable & Open-air M. Cottages

are as movable as a tent, as comfortable as a house; Water Tight Roof and Dry Matched Pine Floor. Light and Fresh Air in abundance. Enclose 2c stamp for handsome Illustrated Catalogue of our M. & M. Portable Houses, Summer Cottages, Automobile Houses, etc.

WE PAY THE FREIGHT.

MERSHON & MORLEY CO., 611 Broadway, Saginaw, Mich.

The bride feels a delicious thrill of joy when the present is of silver, of table-ware that she will use throughout her married life, and leave to her children.

She is fortunate if the service is marked "R. W. & S. Sterling."

She is almost as lucky if she gets plated ware, but in this case each piece *must* be marked "1835 R. WALLACE" if it is to give the greatest possible service.

This is because the only brand of plated ware that receives "Sterling silver care" in the making is

1835 R. WALLACE

SILVER PLATE that *resists* wear

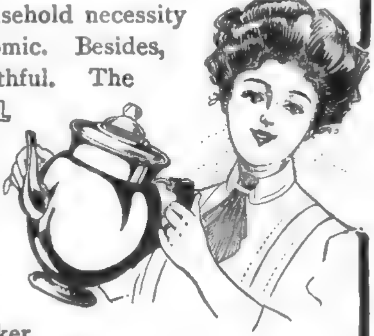
Your dealer can show you a number of exquisite patterns in silver plate that *resists* wear. Don't forget the word "resists" when you ask him.

A postal card from you to R. Wallace & Sons Mfg. Co., Box 25, Wallingford, Conn., will bring you free, a book, "The Story of Silverware and How to Take Care of It."

UNIVERSAL COFFEE PERCOLATOR

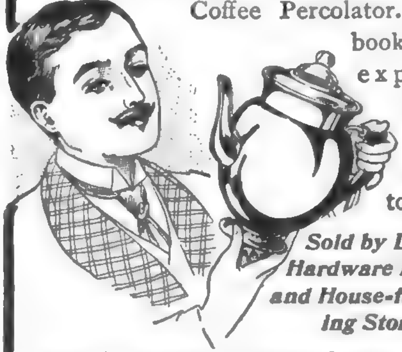
If the breakfast coffee isn't right, then the day goes wrong.

Let your coffee troubles end; buy a UNIVERSAL Coffee Percolator — the coffee scowl will be no more. Making coffee the UNIVERSAL way isn't a fad — it's a household necessity and economic. Besides, it is healthful. The UNIVERSAL makes better coffee in less time than any other coffee maker.



It saves one-third your coffee bills because it requires *less than* the usual quantity.

There are many other reasons why you should possess a UNIVERSAL Coffee Percolator. Our booklet will explain. Send a postal for it to-day.



Sold by Leading Hardware Dealers and House-furnishing Stores

Made of aluminum and enamel ware. Different styles and sizes, $2.00 up. A postal request from you will bring our free booklet.

LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK

236 Commercial Street

New Britain, Conn.

Don't Neglect The Teeth

If they can't do their work the stomach (and so the general health) must suffer. It is easy to keep them sound and healthy by using

Calvert's CARBOLIC Tooth Powder

It cleans so quickly and thoroughly without injuring the enamel; no grit to scratch; no need for hard brushing and it has a recognized sanitary value.

In tins, 15c., 30c., & 45c. Glass jar with sprinkler stopper, 38c. (If not at your dealers, we will forward on receipt of price and 10c. postage). Send 2c. stamp for free sample. Descriptive booklet on request.

Park & Tilford, U.S.A. Agts., 917 Broadway, N.Y.

Makers: F. C. CALVERT & Co., Manchester, England.
Canadian Depot: 349 Dorchester St., West, Montreal

A WEDDING GIFT DIRECT FROM "PEACOCK'S: CHICAGO: Est. 1837"

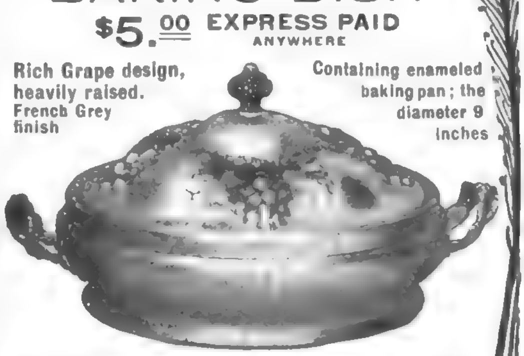
"Peacock" Extra Heavy Quadruple Silver Plated

BAKING DISH

$5.00 EXPRESS PAID ANYWHERE

Rich Grape design, heavily raised. French Grey finish

Containing enameled baking pan; the diameter 9 inches



Write today for "Shopping Guide No. 5" of the Peacock Store. Sent free on request to any point in the world.

A valuable book of 200 pages, showing photographically 6000 different articles priced from 25c to $1,200. It brings the great metropolitan assortments and city prices straight to you. "Shop without the fatigue of travel." Send your name on a postal today to

C. D. PEACOCK STATE ST. at ADAMS **CHICAGO** EST. 1837

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

YOUR LITTLE ROSEBUD

needs Mennen's Powder — a sure relief for Prickly Heat, Chafing, Sunburn, etc. Put up in non-refillable box bearing Mennen's face. Sold everywhere or by mail 25 cents. Sample Free.

Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1906—Serial No. 1542.

Gerhard Mennen Co., Newark, N. J.

PROF. I. HUBERT'S MALVINA CREAM

"The one Reliable Beautifier"

Positively removes Freckles, Sun-burn and all imperfections of the skin, and prevents wrinkles. Does not *merely cover up* but *eradicates* them. **Malvina Lotion** and **Ichthyol Soap** should be used in connection with **Malvina Cream.** At all druggists, or sent on receipt of price. Cream, 50c., postpaid; Lotion, 50c., express collect; Soap 25c., postpaid. Send for testimonials.

PROF. I. HUBERT, Toledo, Ohio.

LABLACHE FACE POWDER

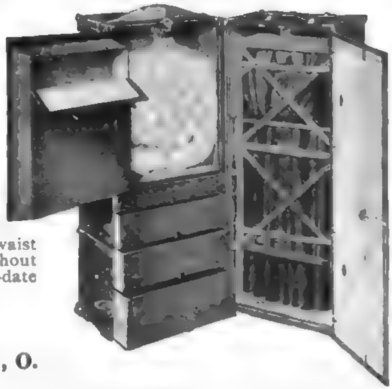
FRESH AS A DAISY

is the appearance of the woman who, by a touch of **Lablache**, protects her skin from sun or wind which cause tan and redness. **Lablache** is cooling and refreshing.

Refuse substitutes. They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream, 50c. a box, of druggists or by mail. *Send 10c. for sample.*

BEN. LEVY CO., French Perfumers
Dept. S, 125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 3.



Mendel Wardrobe Trunks

THE discomforts of travel—the packing and unpacking of wearing apparel—have been banished by the MENDEL WARDROBE TRUNK.

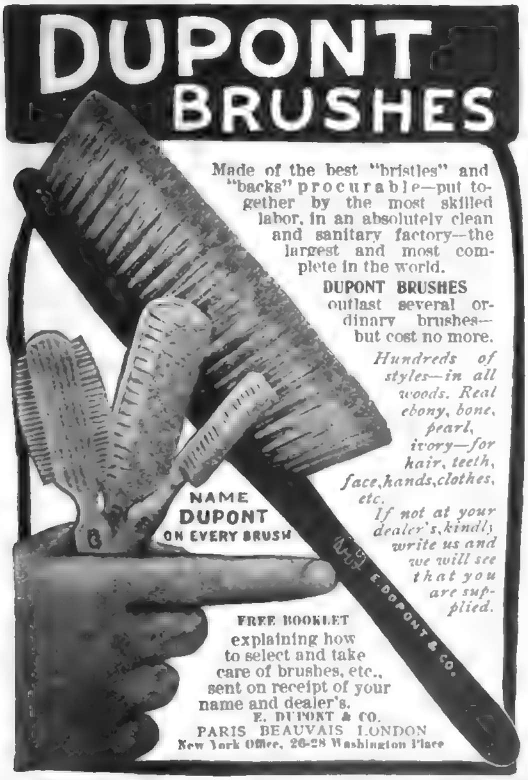
With a MENDEL, you enjoy in traveling the same comfort afforded by home conveniences. You may remove any garment or article desired without disarranging anything else. No re-packing required before resuming your journey. You simply close your MENDEL Trunk and snap the lock.

Our Patent Inside Automatic Locking Device is only one of many exclusive features of this modern aid to travel comfort

Illustration shows our No. 3—Ladies' Wardrobe Trunk (Price $65) with waist and skirt compartment open. Plenty of room for 18 waists and 12 skirts without mussing or crushing. Special models for men. We make a *full line* of up-to-date trunks and traveling bags.

Send for prices and free booklet—"At Home on the Road"—full of Valuable Information for Travelers. Agents in all Principal Cities.

MENDEL & COMPANY, 141 W. Pearl Street, Cincinnati, O.



DUPONT BRUSHES

Made of the best "bristles" and "backs" procurable—put together by the most skilled labor, in an absolutely clean and sanitary factory—the largest and most complete in the world.

DUPONT BRUSHES outlast several ordinary brushes—but cost no more.

Hundreds of styles—in all woods. Real ebony, bone, pearl, ivory—for hair, teeth, face, hands, clothes, etc.

If not at your dealer's, kindly write us and we will see that you are supplied.

NAME DUPONT ON EVERY BRUSH

FREE BOOKLET
explaining how to select and take care of brushes, etc., sent on receipt of your name and dealer's.

E. DUPONT & CO.
PARIS BEAUVAIS LONDON
New York Office, 26-28 Washington Place

Ivers & Pond PIANOS

FOR SMALL ROOMS

If in your city, country or seashore home you have a small room that has seemed to have floor space too limited to conveniently accommodate an upright piano, our new Style 415 will interest you and probably solve the problem. In our opinion no upright piano has ever been made containing 7⅓ octaves (same as concert grand) that takes up so little floor space and has such a large volume of tone, and that will stand in tune and resist wear and climatic changes up to the standard of this piano. The possession of our Style 415 assures a perpetual illustration of piano economy and satisfaction. Should a small grand be preferred, our Princess Grand will interest you.

How to Buy. In case no dealer sells Ivers & Pond Pianos in your vicinity write us and we will mail you our new catalogue and interesting piano literature, as well as price-list and full explanation of our unique system of furnishing our pianos on gradual payments. *We can supply you as easily and advantageously as if you were a resident of Boston. Write us.*

Ivers & Pond Piano Company
163 Boylston Street, Boston

LATEST PHOTO OF MRS. GRAHAM

I am a grandmother with grandchildren going to school. Kosmeo has kept my skin youthful and my complexion clear, therefore I **know** that it will make your complexion clear and youthful.

Mrs. Graham's ***Kosmeo*** Creates a Perfect Complexion

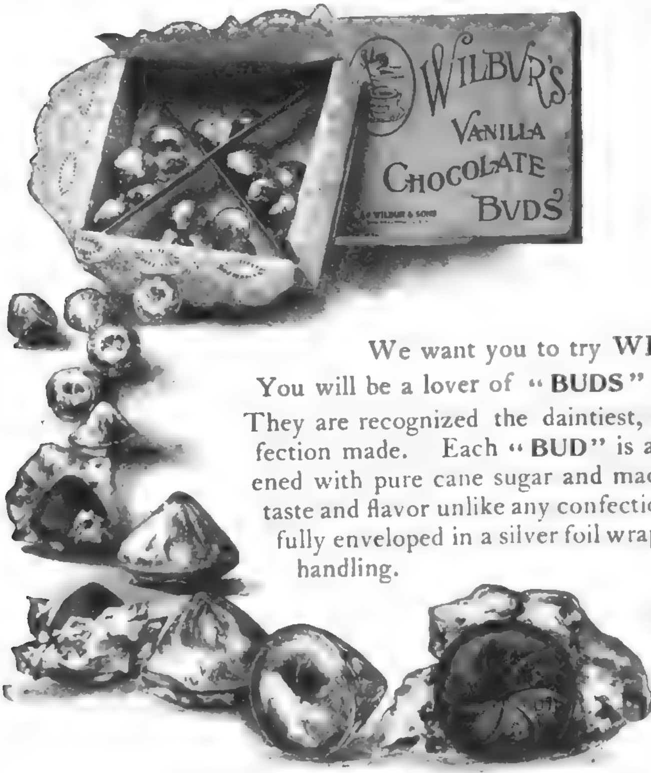
In a healthy, natural way Kosmeo cleanses the pores, stimulates the glands, increases the blood circulation and feeds and nourishes the skin tissues, thereby keeping the skin free from flabbiness, wrinkles, chapping, pimples, blackheads, and all ordinary blemishes. It protects the skin from tan, freckles and sunburn. For men's use after shaving it promptly allays all irritation.

Price 50 Cents. At all first-class dealers, or by mail postpaid.

A Sample Box and Kosmeo Book Free

Mrs. Gervaise Graham, 1473 Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

KOSMEO
THE FINEST
TOILET CERATE



We Will Send You This Box of WILBUR'S CHOCOLATE BUDS

Postpaid for 30 Cents

We want you to try WILBUR'S **"BUDS."** You will be a lover of **"BUDS"** ever after.

They are recognized the daintiest, purest, most delicious chocolate confection made. Each **"BUD"** is a pyramid of vanilla chocolate, sweetened with pure cane sugar and made by a special process that gives it a taste and flavor unlike any confection you know. Each **"BUD"** is carefully enveloped in a silver foil wrapper that keeps it fresh and free from handling.

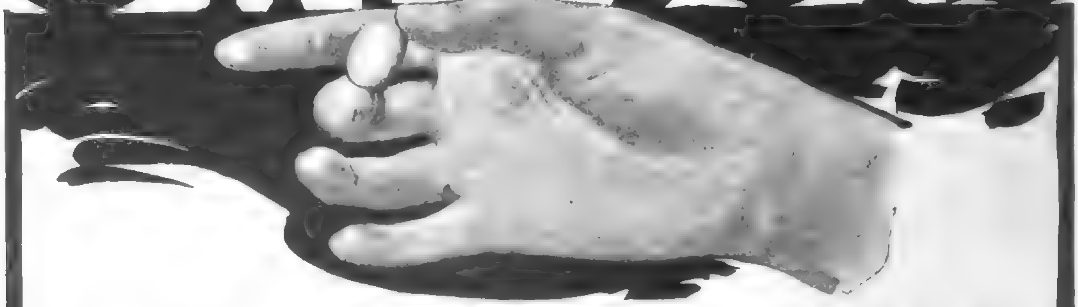
If your confectioner or druggist cannot supply you, send 30 cents, stamps or coin, and we will send this dainty box of WILBUR'S delicious **"BUDS"** direct to your home.

Large Box, $1.00

H. O. WILBUR & SONS
237 North Third St. Philadelphia, Pa.

Wilbur's Cocoa—as good as the "Buds"

Chiclets



CHICLETS contain everything that makes Chewing Gum "good," and such other things as make the best of all Chewing Gums. Chiclets are encased in delicious pearl-gray candy and each one is so richly flavored with peppermint that you need but chew a Chiclet after eating a hearty meal to insure good digestion. The better kind of stores sell Chiclets at 5c the ounce out of those handsome glass topped boxes, and in 5c and 10c packets—or send us a dime for a sample packet and booklet.

CHICLET PALMISTRY.—Look at your hand. If your Life Line is separated at the start from the Head Line it shows energy and pluck.

The Heart Line (the first line running across the hand below the base of the fingers) when forked at the start signifies happiness in love.

Little lines on the Mount of Jupiter (the cushion at the base of the first finger) predicts inheritance.

**You can read any hand with the CHICLET PALMISTRY CHART—
Sent free with every ten-cent packet.**

FRANK H. FLEER & CO., Inc. 511 No. 24th St., Philadelphia, U. S. A.

A Distinguished Paper for Business Correspondence

Strathmore Parchment

EVERY man who has had occasion to buy good paper for advertising booklets has the words "Strathmore-Mittineague" stamped on his mind as the symbol of quality. It is only natural that the "Strathmore Quality" papers—made at Mittineague, on the River Agawam, in Massachusetts—should make a deep and lasting impression on any man who loves to see and handle beautiful paper. Now, the selection of a paper for business correspondence is as important as any other advertising work. The paper must rightly represent the business which trusts its reputation to its correspondence. No paper ever made in any mill is so worthy to represent a good business house as "Strathmore Parchment."

WHEN you go to your printer, lithographer or engraver and ask for samples of "Strathmore Quality" papers, he will show you not only "Strathmore Parchment" but many other Strathmore papers of various grades, various colors and various finishes, including the popular fabric finish. Or, we will send you a board-bound book, 6½ x 9½ inches, showing 104 kinds of "Strathmore Quality" writing papers. To secure this book, which costs us seventy-five cents, you must write for it upon your business stationery, indicating that you have the selection of correspondence paper for a business house of sufficient importance to use "Strathmore Quality" papers.

MITTINEAGUE PAPER COMPANY
MITTINEAGUE, MASS., U. S. A.

The "Strathmore Quality" Papers

The Varnish that lasts longest

Made by Murphy Varnish Company.

Barrington Hall

The Steel-Cut Coffee

can be used without ill effects by persons who are compelled to give up the use of ordinary coffee

AN INTERESTING TESTIMONIAL

Seattle, Wash.

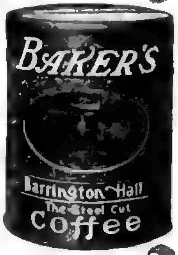
Baker & Co.,

Gentlemen:- The sample can which you mailed free to us a year ago proved that Barrington Hall was different from other coffees. We have used it every day since, and without the ill effects which were so severe in other coffees as to force us to discontinue their use. The flavor is delicious and satisfying. Mrs. J. R. S.

BARRINGTON HALL is pure, high grade coffee prepared by our patented process—a common-sense method of treating the berry whereby all substances which contribute nothing to its flavor or healthfulness, are removed, and the coffee flavor preserved to a remarkable degree.

BETTER FOR THREE REASONS

FIRST: Our process removes all dust and the tannin-bearing skin (placed by nature around the heart of the berry to protect it). When steeped alone this foreign matter is undrinkable, and its removal must necessarily make a corresponding improvement in the flavor and healthfulness of Barrington Hall, the steel-cut coffee.



SECOND: We cut the berry into small uniform particles. This does not crush the little oil cells as does grinding, and the rich, aromatic oil (food product) is preserved to an extent impossible with any mill-ground coffee.

THIRD: Sanitary methods never before thought of are used in every department of our business, and when you buy a pound of Barrington Hall you get a pound of the **best part** of the coffee berry only, pure, wholesome and delicious, and you will agree with Mrs. J. R. S. in what she says above.

CAUTION—Barrington Hall has its imitations. Accept only the genuine, always packed in sealed tins as shown above. At least do not judge our coffee by its imitations.

PRICE—35c to 40c per pound according to locality. If your grocer will not supply you, let us tell you of one nearby who will gladly do so.

CUT OFF OR COPY THIS COUPON

Address nearest point

BAKER & CO.
Coffee Importers
228 N. 2d Street
Minneapolis, Minn.
110 Hudson Street
New York, N. Y.

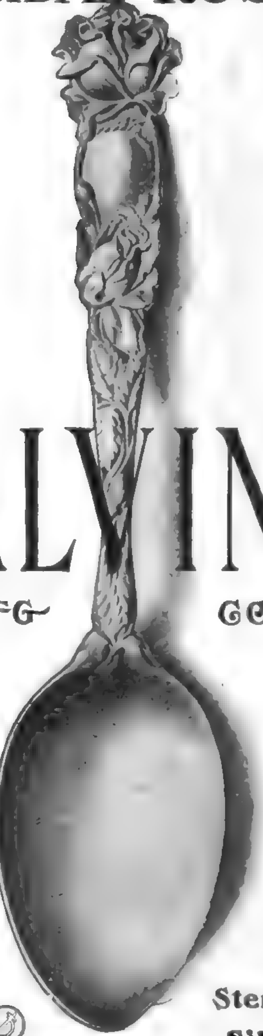
Please send me free sample can of Barrington Hall coffee and booklet "The Secret of Good Coffee." In consideration I give my grocer's name (on the margin) and name of magazine

My own address is..

....

Send for FREE SAMPLE CAN

BRIDAL ROSE



ALVIN

M'F'G CO.

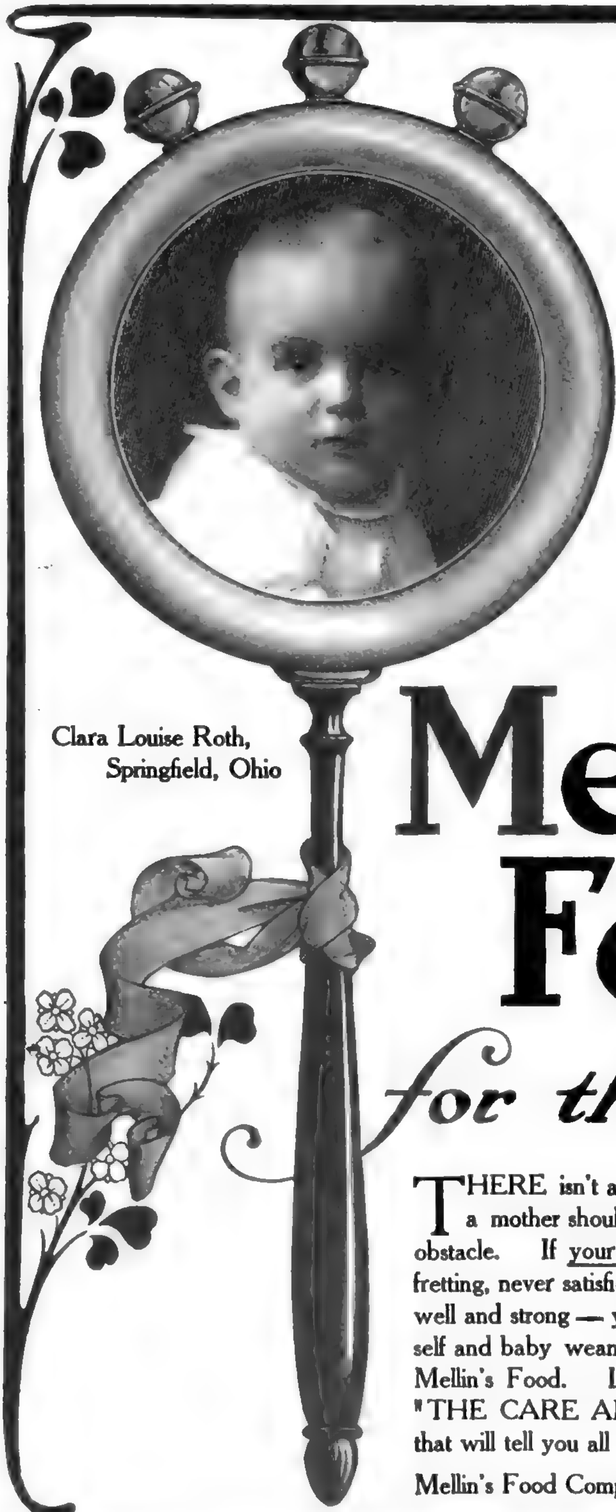
Sterling Silver

Purchasers of wedding and wedding anniversary gifts can find no more appropriate pattern than the Bridal Rose design shown above. It can be furnished by your dealer in all the articles required for the complete equipment of the table.

SEND FOR PAMPHLET

Fifth Ave. at 35th St.

NEW YORK CITY



Clara Louise Roth,
Springfield, Ohio

OUR little daughter Clara Louise, is just 13 months old, weighs 28 lbs., and is a very plump, healthy baby.

She has been fed exclusively on Mellin's Food since her birth.

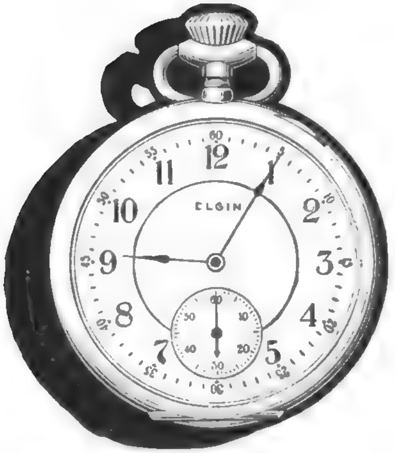
I recommend Mellin's Food to all.

H. J. Roth,
Springfield, O.

Mellin's Food *for the* Baby

THERE isn't a particle of truth in the old idea that a mother should nurse her baby in spite of every obstacle. If your nursing doesn't agree and baby is fretting, never satisfied and not thriving, or if you are not well and strong — you ought in simple fairness to yourself and baby wean him from the breast and give him Mellin's Food. Let us send you our beautiful book, "THE CARE AND FEEDING OF INFANTS," that will tell you all about it. It is FREE for the asking.

Mellin's Food Company, Boston, Mass.



About this ELGIN in Particular

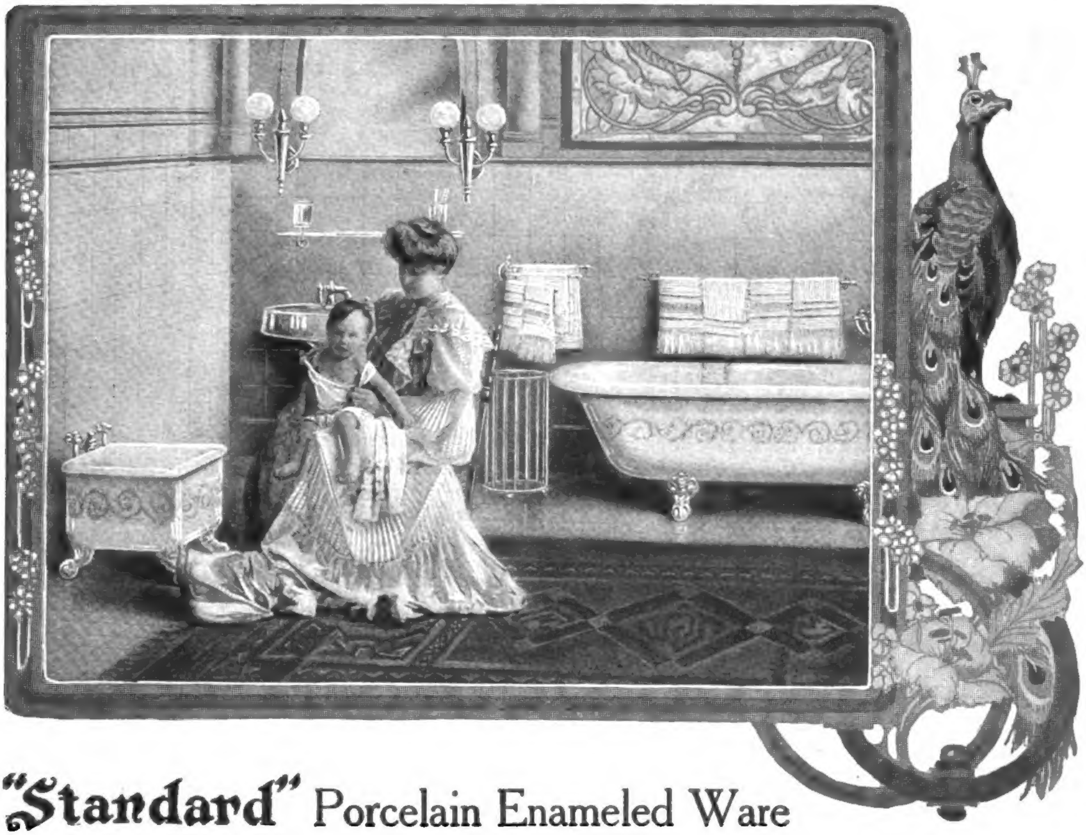
"The Watch That's
Made for the
Majority."

It is second nature when thinking of watches to think of ELGIN. Accuracy, reliability, durability—all these attributes of a perfect watch are expressed by this one word—ELGIN.

The name ELGIN stands for various grades of watches—varying according to the number of jewels, character of materials and workmanship entering into the construction.

The ELGIN in particular that we mention is the G. M. WHEELER Grade Movement. This designates an ELGIN of popular price—*"The Watch That's Made for the Majority."* A 17-jewel, finely adjusted movement which can be had in the various sizes for men's and boys' use, and in the models now so popular. Ask your jeweler to show it to you.

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO.,
Elgin, Ill.



"Standard" Porcelain Enameled Ware

in the modern home adds the final touch of perfection to the domestic appointments, and its absolute sanitation affords a constant safeguard of family health for many years to come.

Our book, "MODERN BATHROOMS," tells you how to plan, buy and arrange your bathroom, and illustrates many beautiful and inexpensive as well as luxurious rooms, showing the cost of each fixture in detail, together with many hints on decoration, tiling, etc. It is the most complete and beautiful booklet ever issued on the subject, and contains 100 pages. FREE for six cents postage and the name of your plumber and architect (if selected).

CAUTION: Every piece of "Standard" *Ware bears our* "Standard" *"GREEN and GOLD" guarantee label, and has our trade-mark* "Standard" *cast on the outside. Unless the label and trade-mark are on the fixture it is not* "Standard" *Ware. Refuse substitutes—they are all inferior and will cost you more in the end. The word* "Standard" *is stamped on all our nickled brass fittings; specify them and see that you get the genuine trimmings with your bath and lavatory, etc.*

Address Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co Dept. G, Pittsburgh, Pa., U.S.A.

Pittsburgh Showroom, 949 Penn Avenue

Offices and Showrooms in New York: "Standard" Building, 35-37 West 31st Street

London, Eng.: 22 Holborn Viaduct, E. C.
New Orleans: Cor. Baronne & St. Joseph Sts.
Louisville: 325-329 West Main Street
Cleveland: 208-210 Huron Street

DESIGN AND DURABILITY UNSURPASSED
TRADE Standard MARK

# Van Camp's

BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE

PORK AND BEANS

The Succulent Slice of Tender Pork

That's what puts the richness—exactly the right degree of richness—into every can of Van Camp's Pork and Beans with Tomato Sauce. Only young and tender pork goes into Van Camp's. And it must be prime and corn-fed and come from good home-grown stock—for otherwise it would not be sufficiently full-flavored, juicy, sweet and nutritious to measure up to the Van Camp standard.

That spicy slice of pork in the top of the can is just another contribution to the dainty deliciousness which makes a meal of Van Camp's fit the fancy of the veriest epicure. Such perfectly regulated richness—such delicacy—are possible only because Van Camp's know how to select the pork as well as the beans and tomatoes.

And the odor—the tempting, appetizing odor of sweet young pork which greets you as soon as a can of Van Camp's is turned into the dish—doesn't it make you want to hurry and begin? Then, too, the fine flavor of this succulent slice blends perfectly with the flavor of the beans, the tomatoes and the spices, and the result is the rare distinctive, piquant tang which goes with every can of Van Camp's Pork and Beans with Tomato Sauce.

Another thing, Van Camp's are heavily laden with healthful, strengthening elements.

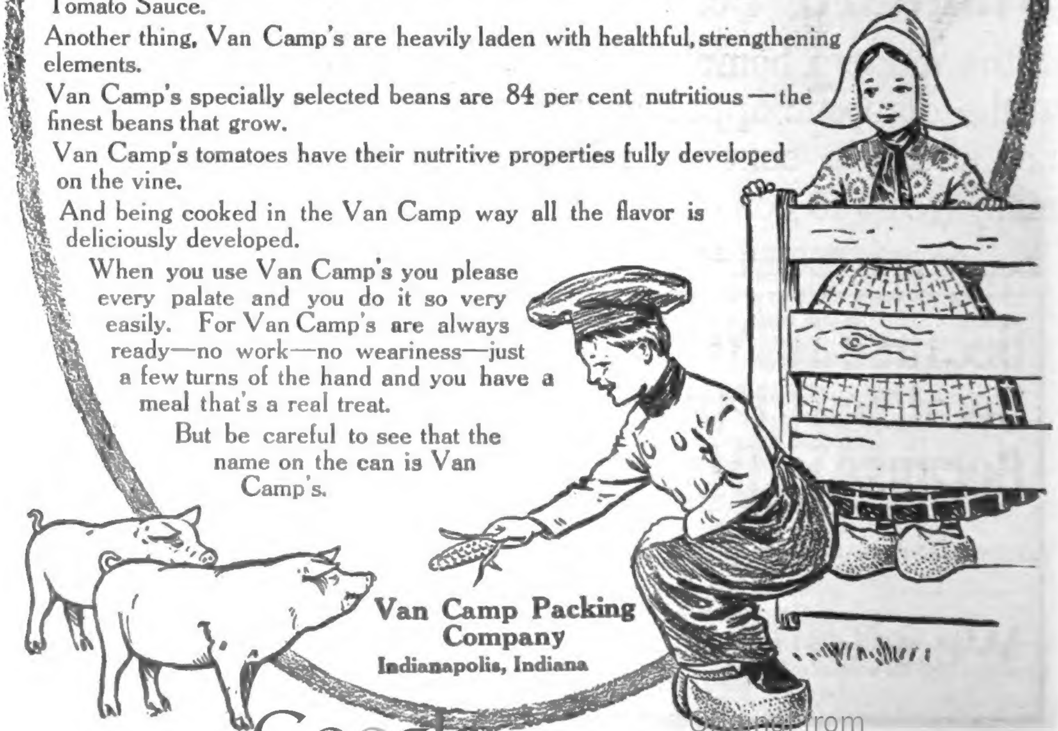
Van Camp's specially selected beans are 84 per cent nutritious—the finest beans that grow.

Van Camp's tomatoes have their nutritive properties fully developed on the vine.

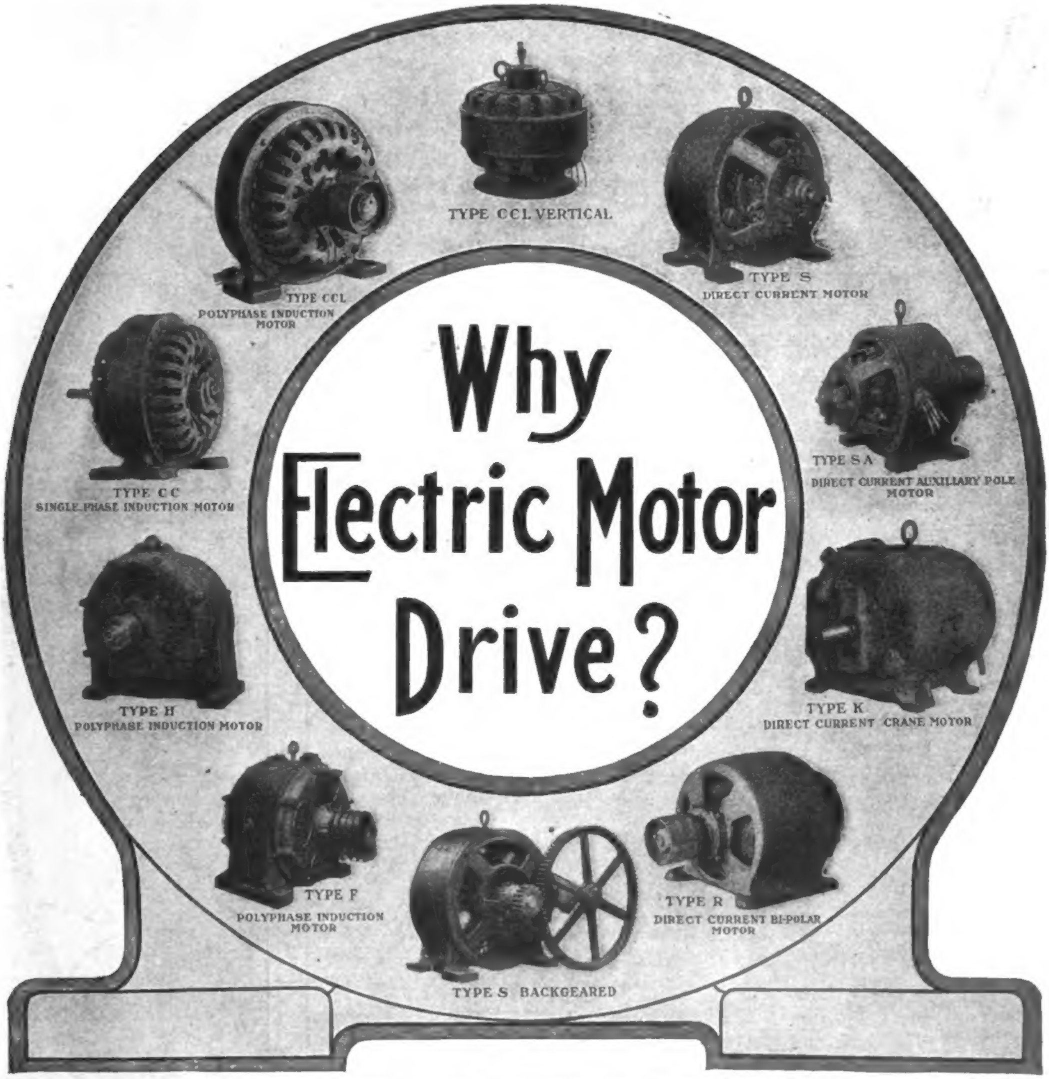
And being cooked in the Van Camp way all the flavor is deliciously developed.

When you use Van Camp's you please every palate and you do it so very easily. For Van Camp's are always ready—no work—no weariness—just a few turns of the hand and you have a meal that's a real treat.

But be careful to see that the name on the can is Van Camp's.



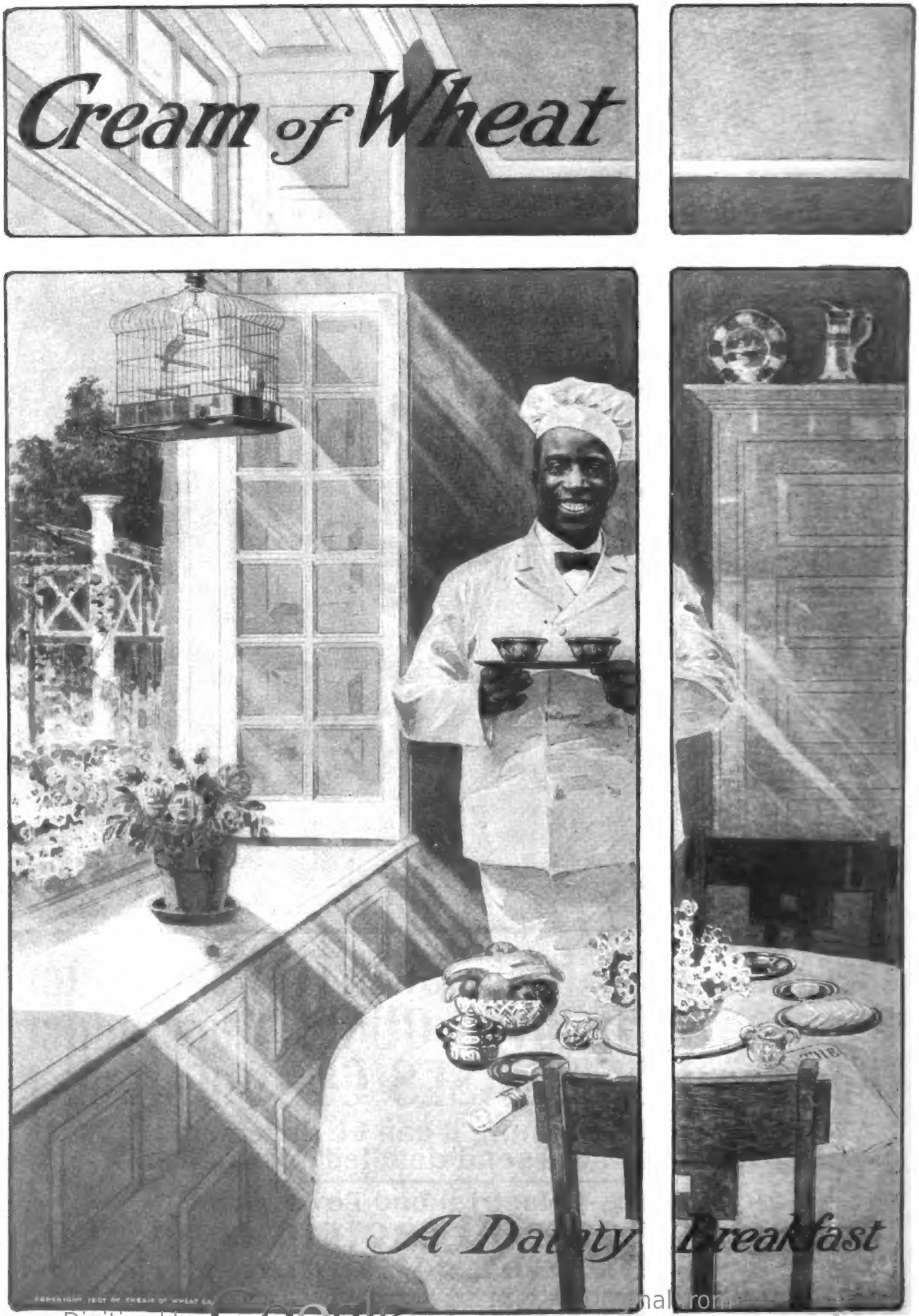
Van Camp Packing Company
Indianapolis, Indiana


Why Electric Motor Drive?
TYPE CCL VERTICAL
TYPE S DIRECT CURRENT MOTOR
TYPE CCL POLYPHASE INDUCTION MOTOR
TYPE S A DIRECT CURRENT AUXILIARY POLE MOTOR
TYPE CC SINGLE-PHASE INDUCTION MOTOR
TYPE H POLYPHASE INDUCTION MOTOR
TYPE K DIRECT CURRENT CRANE MOTOR
TYPE F POLYPHASE INDUCTION MOTOR
TYPE R DIRECT CURRENT BI-POLAR MOTOR
TYPE S BACKGEARED

Because it INCREASES QUANTITY of product
Because it IMPROVES QUALITY of product
Because it DECREASES COST of product

Let us tell you how it can be done; write
us and we will send detailed information.

Address-Industrial and Power Dept.
Westinghouse Electric & Mfg. Co.
Pittsburg, Penna.


Cream of Wheat
A Dainty Breakfast
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